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The Wofford College Journal

NOVEMBER

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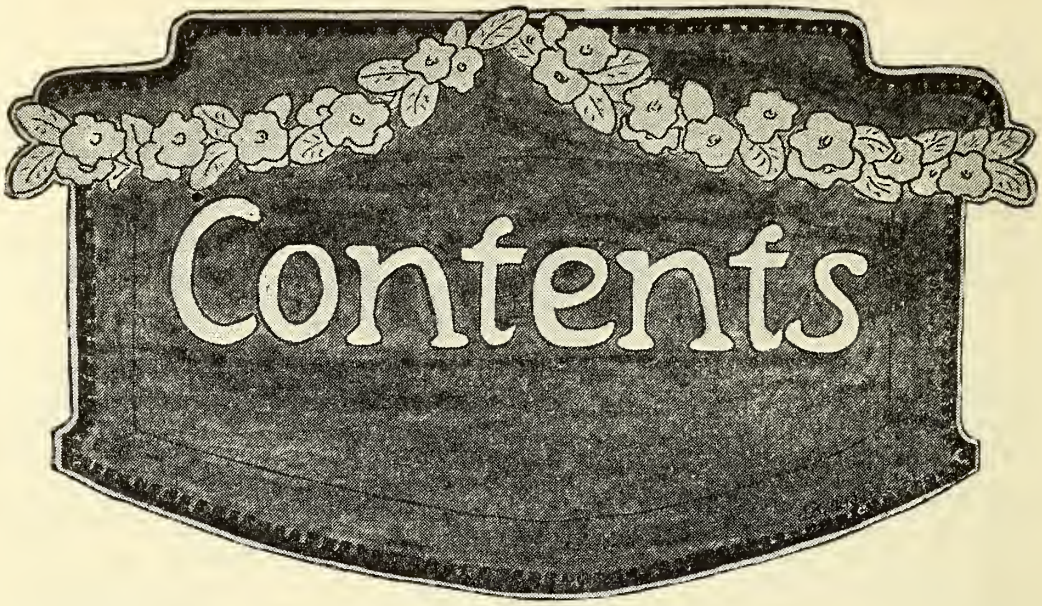

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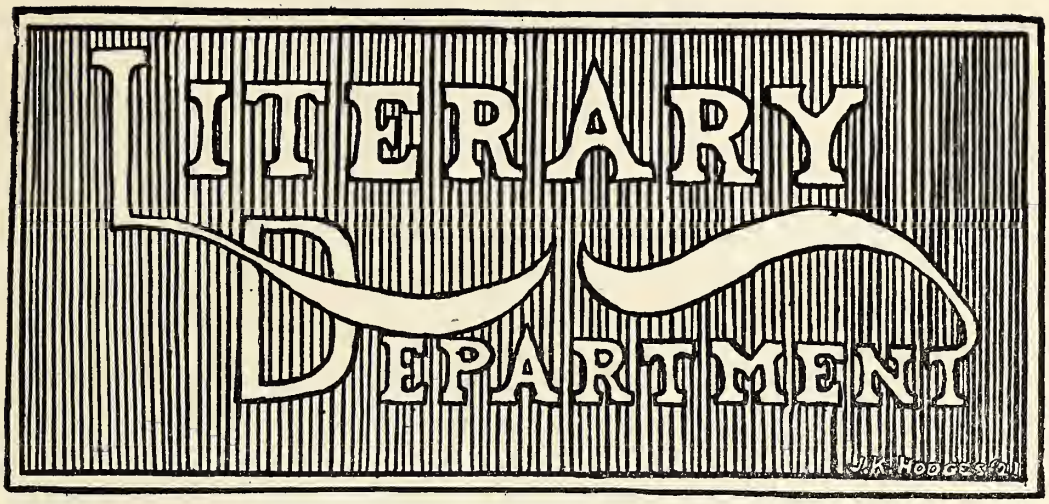

E. C. Mitchell ..... *Editor*
Woodrow Ward ..... *Assistant Editor*

THE INDEPENDENT EXISTENCE OF MIND

WE HAVE, in truth, the same kind of evidence for the existence of mind that we have for the existence of matter, namely, from its properties. After diligent study, the former appears to be the least liable to deception. A scholarly gentleman (a certain Mr. Stewart) said, "Of all the truths we know, the existence of mind is the most certain. Even the system of Berkely concerning the non-existence of matter is far more conceivable than that nothing but matter exists in the universe." A similar mode of reasoning may be applied to the modification of materialism more prevalent in modern times, by which mind is considered as a function of the brain. That is to say, mind is related to the brain as noise is to the machine; and upon this has been founded the conclusion that, like our bodily senses, it will cease to be when the bodily frame is dissolved.

The brain, it is true, is the center of that influence on which depend sensation and motion. There is an inexplicable gap between this organ and the manifestations of mind; and by various diseases of the brain these manifestations are often modified, impaired or suspended. We shall see later that these results are very far from being uniform; but even if they were

uniform, the facts would support no other conclusion than that the brain is the organ of communication between the mind and the external world. When the materialist advances a single step beyond this, he plunges at once into conclusions which are entirely gratuitous and unwarranted. In this connection, a very common error is made in drawing a marked distinction between the private nature of consciousness and the public nature of material objects which is not as far-reaching as it seems at first. All sciences are built up by means of observation. But every observation is the observation of some *one* person. The material object which I see is my object, and the material object which you see is your object. You can never experience my object, and I can never experience your object. They become common to both of us only when they are described in the same terms; that is, reduced to the same symbols. In like manner, my consciousness and your consciousness become common property when described and communicated through the medium of language. The reliability of these descriptions depends entirely upon the degree of accuracy with which the symbols of language are used. There is greater opportunity for variation and error in the language description of mental facts than in that of the material facts. But even in the material sciences there is variation and error. No two observers report the identical same results from the observation of material objects.

We rest nothing upon this argument, than to contend that the presumption is clearly on the other side, when we consider the broad and obvious distinctions which are exercised through the means of bodily organization. They do not admit of being brought into comparison, and have nothing in common. The most exquisite of our bodily senses are entirely dependent for their existence upon impressions from external things. We cannot see without the presence of both light and a body reflecting it. If we could suppose light to be annihilated, though the eye were to retain its perfect condition, sight would be extinguished. But mind owns no such dependence on external things, except in the origin of its knowledge in regard to them.

When this knowledge has once been acquired, it is retained and recalled at pleasure. That which has long ceased to exist is still distinctly before it; or is recalled, after having been long forgotten, in a like manner even still more wonderful. Scenes, deeds or beings which never existed are called up in a long and harmonious succession, invested with all the characters of truth and all the vividness of present existence. The mind remembers, conceives, combines, and reasons. It loves, fears, and hopes, in the total absence of any impression from without that can influence these emotions; and we have the fullest conviction that it would continue to exercise the same functions in undiminished activity, though all material things were at once annihilated. This argument may be considered only as negative; but this is all that the subject admits of. For when we endeavor to speculate directly on the essence of mind, we are immediately lost in perplexity.

Destruction of certain definite portions of the cortex involves losses of memory and of acquired motor faculty of quite determinate sorts, which are known technically under the title of aphasias. Taking all such facts together, the simple and radical conception dawns upon the mind that mental action may be uniformly and absolutely a function of brain action, varying as the latter varies, and being to the neural-action as effect to cause. In one sense this conception is materialism: it puts the Higher at the mercy of the Lower. But even if we should concede that the coming to pass of thought is a consequence of mechanical laws, because the laws of brain-action are purely mechanical laws, we do not explain the nature of thought by granting this dependence, and in that latter sense our proposition is not materialism. Those who always unconditionally affirm the dependence of our thoughts on our brain to be a fact are usually the strongest advocates of the fact of the great inexplicable gap between the two, and the intimate essence of consciousness can never be rationally accounted for by any material cause. Let us remind ourselves that the biologist cannot explain life, the physicist cannot explain matter, nor can the electrician explain electricity except in terms of

their manifestations. They cannot be explained ultimately, neither can the psychologist explain what consciousness is.

So in our study we must use terms borrowed from analogies with material things; therefore, the unsatisfactory nature of every physiological or metaphysical argument respecting the essence of mind, arising entirely from the attempt to reason the subject in a like manner of which it is not susceptible. It does not admit of any ordinary process of logic, because the facts on which it rests are the objects of consciousness only. And the argument must consist in an appeal to the consciousness of every man, that he feels a power within totally distinct from any function of the body. What other conception than this can he form of that power by which he recalls the past, and provides for the future; by which he ranges uncontrolled from world to world, and system to system; surveys the works of all-creating Power, and rises to the contemplation of the Eternal Cause? To what function of matter shall he liken that principle by which he loves and fears, and joys and sorrows, by which he is elevated with hope or sunk in the horrors of despair? In the most peaceful state of corporeal function passion or remorse may range within; and while the body is racked by the most frightful diseases the mind may repose in tranquility and hope. He is taught by physiology that every part of his body is in a constant state of change, and that within a certain period every particle of it is renewed. But, amid these changes, he feels that the being whom he calls himself remains essentially the same. In particular, his remembrances of the occurrences of his early days he feels to be totally inconsistent with the idea of an impression made upon a material organ, except he has recourse to the absurdity of supposing that one series of particles, as they departed, transferred the picture to those which came to occupy their room. If the being, then, which exists between the peculiar phenomena of mind and those functions which we call mind or soul be, to the utmost extent of our knowledge, thus dissimilar to and distinct from anything that we know to be a result of bodily organization, what reason have we to believe that it

should be affected by any change in the arrangement of material organs, except in so far as relates to its intercourse with the external world?

The effects of that change which we call the death of an animal body are nothing more than a change in the arrangement of its constituent elements; for it can be demonstrated, on the strictest principles of chemistry, that not one particle of these elements ceases to exist. We have, in fact, no conception of annihilation; and our whole experience is opposed to the belief of one atom that ever existed having ceased to exist. There is, therefore, as Dr. Brown has well remarked, in the very decay of the body an analogy which would seem to indicate the continued existence of the thinking principle, since that which we term decay is itself only another name for continued existence. To conceive, then, that anything mental ceases to exist after death, when we know that everything corporeal continues to exist, is a gratuitous assumption, contrary to every rule of philosophical inquiry and in direct opposition not only to all the facts relating to mind itself, but even to the analogy which is furnished by the dissolution of the bodily frame.

WALDO LEVER, '20.

WITH US ONCE AGAIN

Rah! rah! rah!
Zip! boom! bah!
    Old, familiar sounds.
See 'em wince,
Bring the splints,
    Call the doctors 'round.

Mamma's boy,
Pride and joy,
    Laid out in the fray;
Five ribs broke,
What a joke!
    Dandy work! Hooray!

Kick their shins,
Break their chins,
    Tie 'em in a knot;
Beat 'em up,
Eat 'em up,
    Drag 'em 'round a lot.

Smash the line!
Gee! that's fine!
    Let no man escape.
Kill the ends,
Make their friends
    Put on yards of crepe.

Do your worst,
Do it first;
    There's no law to fear.
Rah! rah! rah!
Zip! boom! bah!
    Football season's here!

RAY W. NEIGHBOUR, 20.

THRIFT AS A COLLEGE STUDENT'S PROBLEM

(*Courtesy of the Treasury Department.*)

THE WAR demanded that every American save money, and students in educational institutions were not excepted. The Liberty Bond and War Savings campaign showed that even the college student who is self-supporting could set aside a small margin for saving and investment. After-war economic conditions are demanding a continuance of war economics and universal saving and safe investment on the part of all our people. Shall the college student have a part in this after-war program? At first thought, one would say that it is inexpedient for the college student to set aside part of his current money for savings, but a closer examination of the student's own best interests, regarded from the long-time point of view, and of his fundamental relation to the national economic crisis through which we are now going, has led thoughtful advisers of the Treasury Department's Savings Division to urge that the present opportunity for regular saving and investment in government securities be put before the college students of the country as was the need for war savings.

The Treasury Department is offering the 25-cent Thrift Stamp, $5.00 War Savings Stamp and the $100 and $1,000 Treasury Savings Certificates as a means of popular saving. It is also urging the continued purchase of Liberty Bonds now held by banks as a means of reducing the expanded credit, which is partly responsible for constantly increasing prices.

College students are urged to participate in government savings primarily because the country needs a rapid increase in its savings fund and because the practice of regular saving carries personal economic benefits so fundamental and lasting that college students as future leaders will wish to share in this movement.

Many a college student has earned and saved money before going to college, and during his four years or more of academic and professional training has got entirely out of his habits of thrift, and so starts his business or professional career heavily

handicapped by the weight of unthrifty standards taken on during college life. The college student who practices thrift gets a self-discipline that, like faith, will move mountains.

The Treasury Department proposes the following program:

That students, as a matter of national service as well as personal advantage, work during term time when opportunity affords and during part at least of vacations.

That every college student should save a minimum of a dollar a week during his entire college course.

That these savings should be funded as the nucleus for the start-in-life fund for use after graduation.

That these savings be invested safely in government savings securities.

That the student, on reciving an allowance from home, set aside, as a first charge on this allowance, his weekly savings.

That the student who is working his way through college and paying his own expenses, in whole or in part, should set aside regularly a sum for savings, even if it be so little as 25 cents a week, the cost of a U. S. Thrift Stamp.

That students plan their personal expenditures with a personal budget, now recognized as the most practical instrument for promoting wise expenditure in government, in business and in personal finance.

That students discuss in debating clubs, fraternity clubs and other organizations the relation of personal thrift to business efficiency and success in life, and the relation of individual savings to the country's capital fund and to present economic problems.

That student organizations should, as a national after-war service, organize a public discussion of the economic problems related to thrift, savings and investment, seeking particularly a statement of their practical bearing on the reconstruction problem and of the personal responsibility which the college student has during college and afterwards for personal thrift and for its promotion in the community, to the end that colleges and all higher institutions share in the work and save program for the bigger and better America.

MY CREED

I will be true—for there are those who trust me;
  I will be pure—for there are those who care;
I will be strong—for there is much to suffer;
  I will be brave—for there is much to dare.

I will be kind—to all the poor, the friendless;
  I will be giving—and forget the gift;
I will be humble—for I know my weakness;
  I will look up—and love—and laugh—and lift.

—*Selected.*

MY MOTTO

Loyal in all things.

QUOTATIONS

None but the brave deserve the fair.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense.

Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.

THE DIGNITY OF THE HUMAN MIND

THE DIGNITY of man consists in the elevation of his mind. In direct proportion to the development of the mind, he rises in the scale of being. Objects are dignified either from their intrinsic value or from their intimate relation to other objects. We may consider the dignity of the human mind through both of these mediums. The highest existence in the universe is mind. The material world is beheld with admiration. The heavens and the earth are vast and wonderful—in many instances exquisitively beautiful, eminently sublime. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." But this outward system of universal law and order is itself the product of mind, and consequently inferior. All of its harmony, beauty and grandeur are the fruits and manifestations of thought. This is the supreme agency which gave being to all worlds. It is the unseen power which at first spread out the heavens as a curtain and hung the earth upon nothing, and which still bears up the pillars of the universe and controls the destiny of all created beings.

The human mind is noble in itself, but it assumes a more elevated rank from its intimate relation to higher intelligences. It is the only existence on earth that bears the likeness of its Creator. It is true that the invisible Being is exhibited in all the works of His hands. His beauty is seen in the flowers and fruits that adorn the surface of the earth. In all that is grand and sublime, His aweful majesty is displayed. How enhanced is the beauty, how exalted the grandeur, even of material substances, when employed to exhibit the wisdom and the power of the Almighty. But an incomparably higher degree of dignity is conferred on the human mind. Other objects of creation are only works of Jehovah, while this bears the bright impress of God Himself; for God is mind.

It is natural for us to judge the character and dignity of objects by the attention which is paid to them. For example, should we see a stranger receiving tokens of respect and honor

from the good and the great of the world, this simple fact would be sufficient to raise him in our estimation. What, then, must be the character of the human mind, which has received the most striking marks of attention from the highest order of beings?

A cultivated mind commands the respect and admiration of the world. High intellectual endowments have preserved the names of ancient sages from oblivion, and will perpetuate the only true fame to the end of time. The world places a high premium upon a cultivated mind.

The tyrant may be remembered; but the wise man is remembered and admired. The victorious general may retire from the field of battle followed by an applauding crowd; but the man who furnishes the world with rich stores of deep and useful thought confers a great blessing on mankind and purchases a renown which rests upon a firmer basis. That fact does not necessarily detract from the merit which is considered due to corporeal strength, or to the beauty of outward form; but this is not to be compared with that reputation which rests upon superior mental qualities. It has been well said, "The mind is the standard of the man."

In every survey of the mind we are filled with wonder and delight. The more we know of it, the more we appreciate the utterance of the psalmist when he said, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Considering its capacities, already great, yet continually enlarging, and that in a progression which knows no limits, we are absolutely lost in amazement. It can compose, combine, distinguish, reason and judge. It can discover latent truth and detect the false representations of the senses. At pleasure, it can revive the past and anticipate the future. It wanders over the wide creation, penetrates the deep recesses of the earth, and unlocks the mysteries of nature. It can soar away to the planetary orbs and investigate their laws and behavior. But it does not stop here. It ascends to God Himself, and expands in the contemplation of His eternal nature. By all of this variety of action its native energies are not impaired, but improved. It is not wearied, but refreshed;

not satisfied with its present acquisitions, but stimulated to new and increased exertions.

In additional to all of this, the mind is immortal. The material world must yield to the wasting hand of time and eventually dissolve away. Human institutions and works of art inherit human frailty. The body itself is not immune to disease and the resistless hand of death. But the mind bids defiance to them all. It cannot be confined within the narrow boundaries of this life. It carries within itself ample proof of a higher destination. Nor do we think it is inconsistent with reason or the teaching of the Bible to suppose that its attainments in knowledge will remain unimpaired by the wreck of matter and will survive and continue to exert a growing influence in other worlds. Knowledge is as lasting as mind. Some one has said, "Knowledge is a precious jewel which will never decay."

Tennyson, in his immortal lines, teaches the great truth that knowledge and the Creative Mind are inseparable:

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but *if* I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

WALDO LEVER, '20.

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of the Junior or Senior Classes submitting the best short story from those classes, and also to the member of the Freshman or Sophomore Classes submitting the best short story from those classes. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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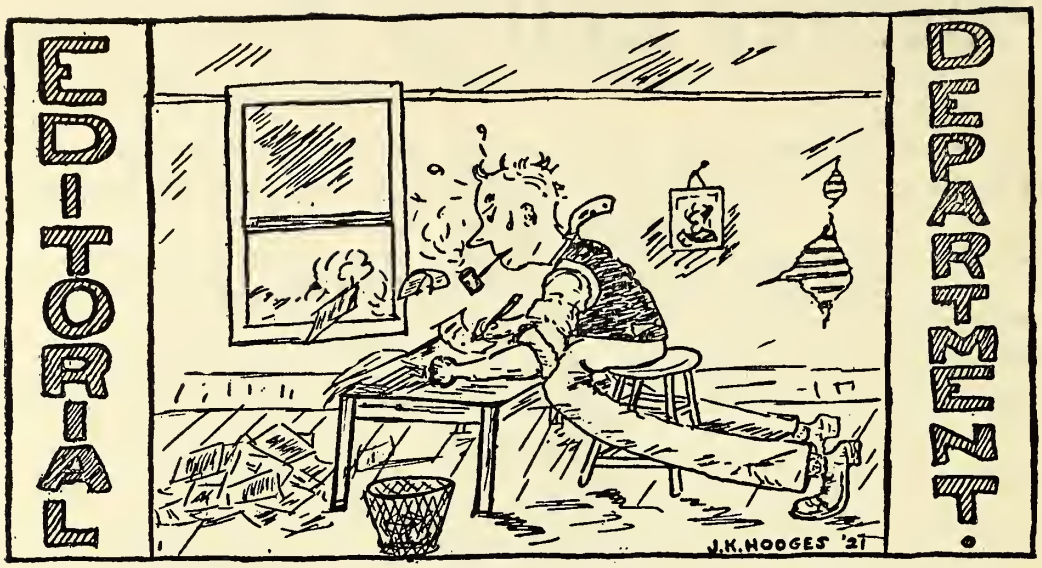

A. Stokes King ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
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College Spirit

The new college year is well under way now and the boys have at last settled down to the regular routine of college life. It is important at the outset that every student resolve to throw himself whole-heartedly into all the various activities of college life and determine that he will show more real, genuine college spirit than he has ever shown before. By this time the Freshmen have imbibed some of the old Wofford spirit—the spirit that cannot be downed. It is up to each new man to fall in line and do all in his power to keep the Wofford standard where it belongs and enable us to live up to the slogan—"Watch Wofford Win!"

The football team has been making a very creditable record this year, and reflects credit upon the entire institution. But the team cannot do its best unless it has the undivided support of the student body. Very often a game is lost because the students failed to properly support the team from the side lines, and the players become disheartened and fail to play their best simply because it seems that it doesn't matter to the students whether the game is won or lost. Not only is it necessary for every student to be present at the game, but he should make himself heard and let the team know that he is back of it.

But college spirit does not apply solely to athletics. While they are an important phase of college activity, yet the literary societies and the college publications are just as important. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Therefore, *you* do your part.

An Explanation

While the publication of THE JOURNAL is a little delayed this year, yet we trust that hereafter it will be issued promptly on time. What we lose in quantity we shall strive to make up in quality. But, fellows, did it occur to you that the college publications are just what you make them? If you want an interesting, attractive magazine, you can get it. This JOURNAL is yours; it does not belong to the staff. We are your servants, to do your bidding. So let us have your stories, essays, poems, jokes and anything you think might be of interest. And especially do we invite the new men to contribute. Your college year will be incomplete unless you have your name in print at least once. Was it not Burns who said:

> "'Tis pleasant, to be sure, to see
> Your name in print. A book's a book,
> Altho' there's nothing in it?"

LETTERS OF A BACKWOODS FRESHMAN TO A CHUM HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

Dere Soder Cracker,

Sense i hav now bin at Mister heiny nelson snider's colidge bout 2 months an hav now got my bereins, tho i kain't say they is zactly ball-berein, i am goin' to shoot yu sum of my prognosticatiuns on my surroundins. That furst wurd is Carlyle hall tabul etikette an means pass, but not forwud pass, pleas bere in your bean, for that belongs to the feet ball area. The secund wurd is so classy i dout if you cood understand it, even if i explaned it to you. i skearse understand it mysef, an i am the leadin freshman of my clas.

we wiggled into toun bout haf pas 4 on a trane frum Columby on the evenin of the day i left yu jellus caus yu coodn't go. we split ole Spartanberg wide opun, too, for they had lade a ralerode trac rite thru toun for us, so honered they felt in gettin sum fresh intellijense in xchange for the stale an tater house kine they hav here.

whin the trane stopped at a big place called sumthin like Onion, the teenest little man got on, who sed he represented the Blours Transfur Cumpany. i thot at furst Tom Thum had come back to life. This little man sed that for the modrate sum of fifty sense he wood see that our trunks got to Wofford colidge all hinkey dory. i was skeared to trus him, for fere he wuz a cirkus man an mite run away with my spondulosis—that's what us colidge fellers call money. Ain't we somethin sticky? Got a nu name for everthing. But seein so many uther boys take a chance, I thot i mite as well, too, i'll try anything wunce. But ther are sho sum things i ain't goin to try twice. One is smokin corn silk cigretts an anuther is tryin to harness a mule frum behinde. One feller was so ankshus bout his trunk he kep goin to the little man an askin him wuz he sure he could get his trunk to the colidge all rite. Finally the little feller got so purvoked he tol the boy he wishud he wuz an elephunt so he wood allers hav his trunk in front of him.

We wer met at the depo, the larges depo I ever seen, by a grupe of "Y" boys, who showed us the way to go an tol us that the upper clasmen wood be glad to see us an wood give us a warm an cordiul welcom. They wer rite bout the temperature and also the cordiul, only we had to take the cordiul afterwards, when they got thru with us.

The veri furst nite they had what they sez was a rat meetin, and the ole boys came around with paddles. They sed they wuz niszatin us into colidge, bein as we wuz rats. I can't see why they call us rats. Looks like we wood be mice, since we wuz just beginnin, and the Seniors wood be rats, seein that they have the hole colidge to run and are so all-fired stuck on themsefs.

The grub here ain't what it tis at home. A man named Hart has charge of our dormitori, but if what he gives us to eat is a fare sample of his heart, i don't think he's got any rite to his name. His name is what Dr. Pugh, our English professur, would call a nomenclature monstrosity. That's scientific, Soder, old boy. So don't worry your country fied brane thinkin much bout it.

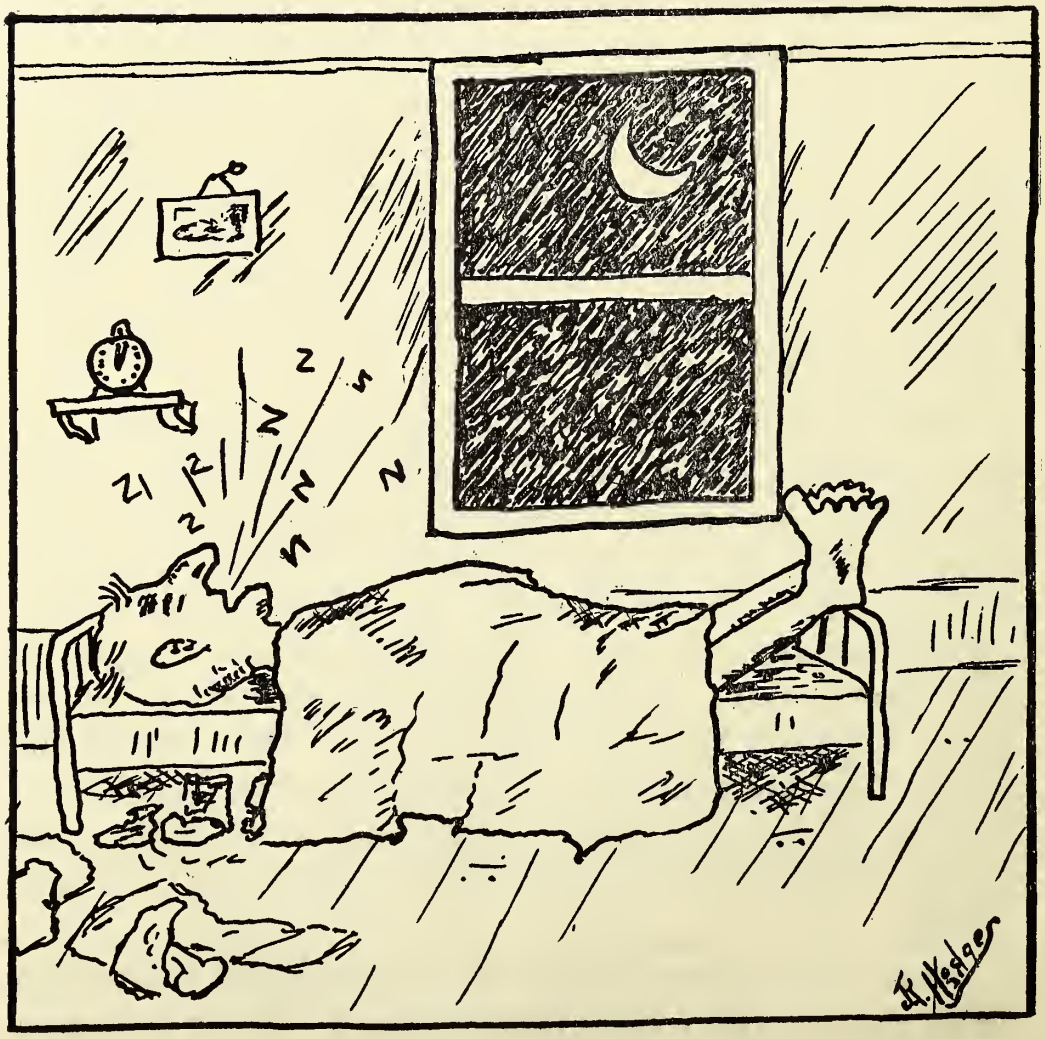
We hav relijus services ever morning accept Monday. The reasun we don't hav nun on Monday is caus they think we get enuf relijun on Sunday from Doctur Remburt and Doctur Frazur's bible clas teachur an preachur at Centrul church, to las til Tuesday. But on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday we mete in chapel, and all the faculti sit on the rostrum—that's the same thing we call platform at home—but up here ever thing is called in the veri latest forrun language. The presdunt says the reasun he puts them ther is caus the bes lookin shood always be held up as modls. And yet he is sposed to be a Christyun presidunt of a Christyun colidge.

At chapel we lurn that some of the faculti that sing mighty big in clas can sing mighty little in chapel. But they do pray prayers like i am tol men shood pray, that is, very umble-like. They cum befo the Lord so like meek and penitent childrun

that yu can hardly tell when they say Amen, until the boys in front of yu sit down.

i think I am going to like it here. To keep a feller frum busting his head wide open with studyin, the churches sometimes gives parties, and i hav met sum of the swellest gals in toun. Gosh! but they do dress and put on layers of the powdered and creamy stuff. I ain't kissed nun of them yet, for I am fraid I mite get painter's colic.

Your old pal,
HAL HANKS.



"The End of a Perfect Day"

"Polly" Parrott (after a motion had been made at the Debating Club)—"Mr. President, I move that we turn that table."

Freshman Wofford, after being reported by the first censor for not addressing the chair and fined by the president, addressed the following note to the Appeal Committee: "Gentlemen of the repele comitty, i beg the first critick's pardun. i did dress the presidunt."

Senior Carmichael (meaning to use the word involve), asked Dr. Rembert the following question in psychology: "Doctor, does throwing out your hands when you fall dissolve consciousness?"

Dr. Rembert—"Yes, Mr. Carmichael, I rather think that it does."

Sophomore Brabham (studying with Sophomore Kirkland, who is inclined to be inattentive)—"Oh, Kirk, why don't you consecrate your mind?"

Senior Wright (to Dr. Waller)—"Doctor, what is the color of white corpuscles?"

Dr. Clinkscales—"Now gentlemen, you may secure this book at the book store."

Freshman Floyd—"Doctor, can we get it at the DuPre Book Store?"

Freshman Knight (to Freshman Clyde)—"Let's go to Burnett's Drug Store."

Clyde—"You mean Burnett's Cigar Store?"

Knight—"No, I mean what I say!"

Clyde—"But Burnett doesn't sell drugs."

Knight (who hails from the one-horse town of Sumter)—"Makes no difference! Any place that has a soda fountain and sells cigars is a drug store."

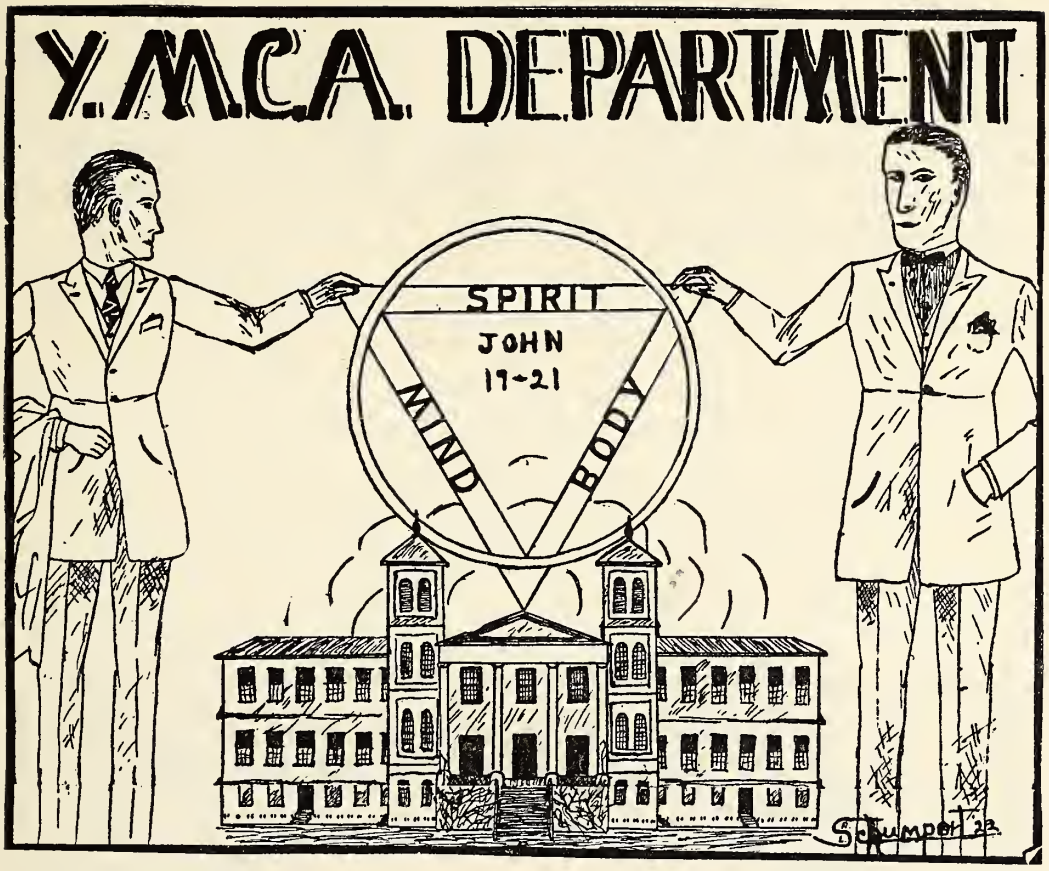
Converse Lassie (who has heard of Freshman Stackhouse's propensity to snoring and music)—"Mr. Stackhouse, would you call snoring sheet music?"

It is reported "Puss" Wright has purchased to date one hundred copies of the Spartanburg *Herald* containing the picture of the Wofford football squad.

Freshman Forrest (seeing the granite works and marble yard up town)—"Hard Luck, what made these Spartanburg people put the cemetery so close in town?"

Wanted—To know what Dr. Snyder did with those three bottles of milk he bought from the corner store the other afternoon?

Senior Mitchell (at class meeting)—"Mr. President, is a member of the football team *illegible* for this position?"



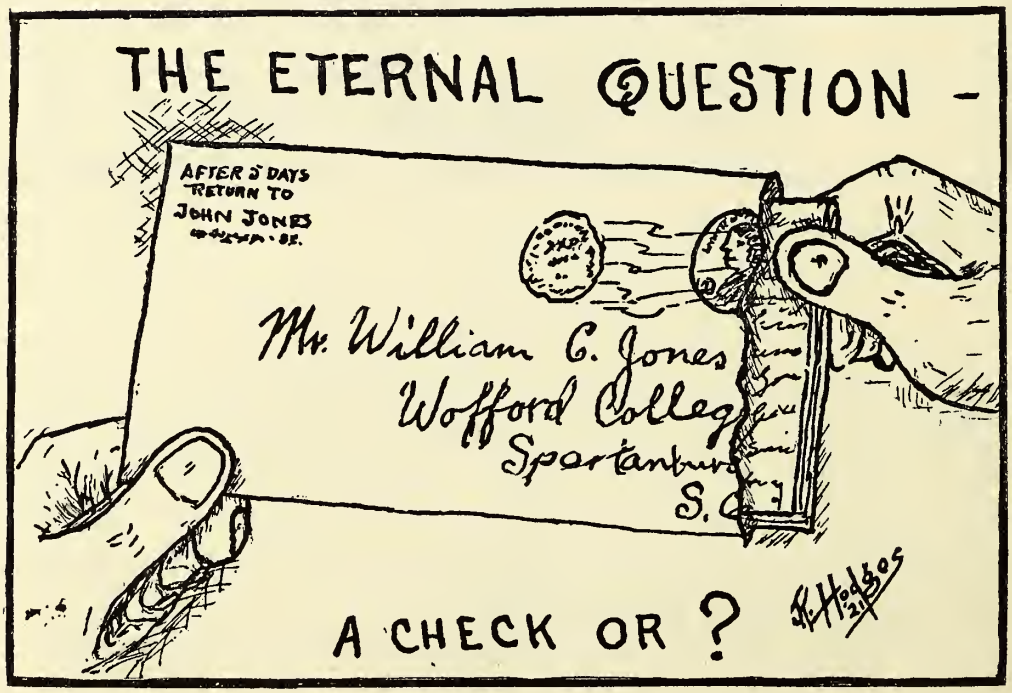
WOODROW WARD.....EDITOR

The Y. M. C. A. is this year having one of the most successful periods in its history. The attendance at the Friday evening devotional services has been exceptionally large especially on the part of the new men. Keep this up, fellows! You are wise in constantly bearing in mind that you are a spiritual being as well as an intellectual one, and that you have religious and moral interests to look after.

The Y. M. C. A. editor regrets that he will have to begin the first issue of his departmental news with an apology. As he was just elected a few days ago, and did not take notes on any of the speeches delivered at our several religious meetings, and consequently cannot give them in detail. However, he will say that all of them were of a very high quality indeed. The following gentlemen have addressed the Y. M. C. A. to date: Dr. C. B. Waller, Dr. J. W. Frazer, Prof. A. Mason

DuPre, C. P. Hammond, and Dr. J. W. Frazer on a repeated call. These men all spoke to the point and gave timely and helpful advice for thoughtful college men. The chairman of the Program Committee, J. G. Snelling, is to be congratulated on his happy selections.

Hereafter a more detailed account of speeches will be published.



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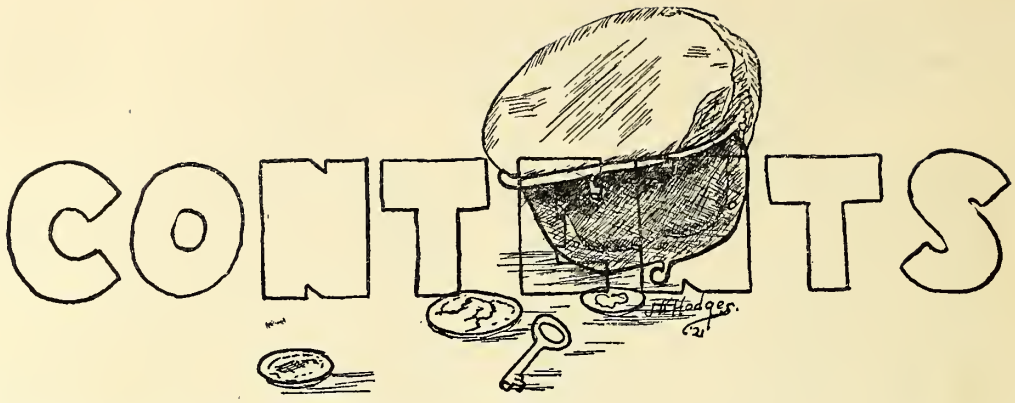

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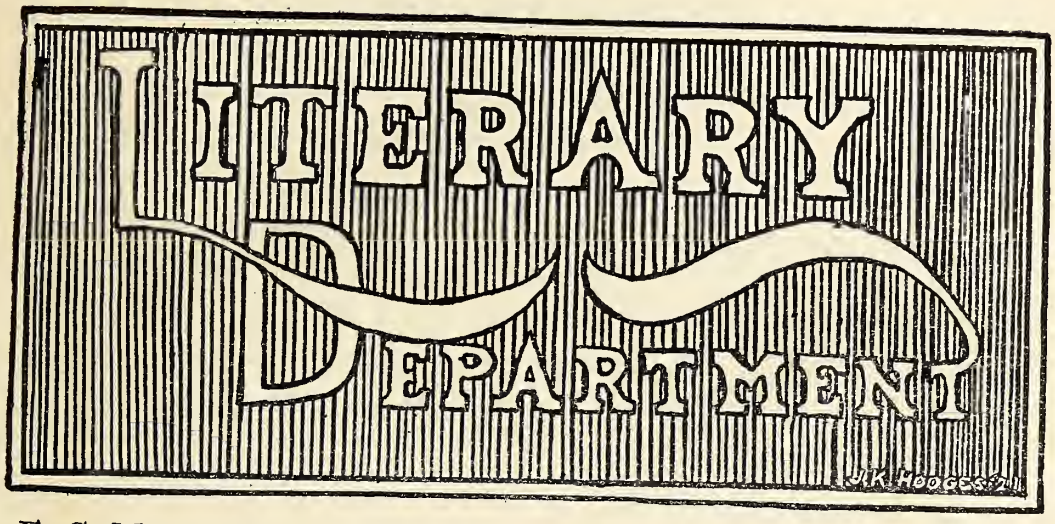

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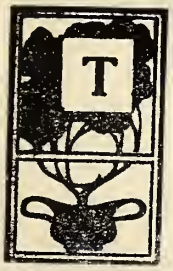
NEW INTERPRETATION OF THE SONG OF THE ANGELS



THE KING JAMES Version of the Bible renders the celebrated Christmas song of the angels as follows: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." This is the rendering more common to the masses of men than any other. It is also the most pleasing to the ear and sight by way of euphony and literary charm.

But this familiar translation, beautiful as it is, is not correct. The way in which it should be translated is as follows: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men, in whom he is well pleased," or "men of good will."

The King James Version creates the impression, and one which caused men to err in their thinking, that peace is a promiscuous gift, that it will be given to all men whether they want it or not, whether they strive to obtain it or not.

This is not God's way of bestowing His choicest blessings. Hence it will be well for us to study the Christmas carol of the angels in the light of the Revised Version and learn that peace on earth is a conditional gift. It is to be had of God by men only as they are "men in whom he is well pleased," or "men of good will."

There can be no permanent peace on the earth until in the hearts of a vast majority of its inhabitants selfishness, suspic-

ion, and jealousy are supplanted by the spirit of brotherhood and justice. There will always be wars and rumors of wars, there will always be passionate strife, there will always be family troubles and brother divided against brother, there will even be continual church feuds, until the races of men harmonize their practices with the Ten Commandments and Christ's Sermon on the Mount, instead of a commercial law close akin to the Darwinian, namely, the survival of the craftiest and the materially strong.

It is the mission of the gospel of Jesus to increase the men of good will until peace becomes universal. That is the task for which Christianity was designed.

But there are those who seem to think that Christianity has utterly failed in its supreme design, since the nations most directly responsible for the past world conflagration are nations that have claimed and still claim to be Christian. But it is not so, and for these reasons: The Christianity with which they were acquainted does not stand the Biblical test or conform with New Testament standards. It was a popular Christianity, which gloried in the achievements of men along intellectual lines, which boasted of social service, civic righteousness, and moral uplift, which whitewashed humanity with a thin covering of civilization and called it Christianity. The Christianity with which they were acquainted was not that vital, soul-regenerating power which turns men from their sinful tempers, passions, and habits. Had those nations possessed the genuine article their present history would be different.

Though the past war does not prove that Christianity has failed, it does prove that Christianity's task is yet incomplete. Individuals here and there have been Christianized and put under restraint. But all nations have not, as well we know. Many are prodigiously selfish and grasping. Some, as in olden times, conduct themselves according to the laws of brigandage and barbarism. That must be ended. The government that will not submit itself to the principles of Christian living must be put down. That is an object for which allied armies contended on European battlefields.

In the meantime, every man should realize that he can do "his bit" in bringing about lasting world peace by being a man of good will and a man well-pleasing to God. There are three evils that are strongly intrenched in this world, namely, disregard of the Sabbath, sensual living, and non-attendance at divine worship. The mayor and councilmen of some of our towns and cities have shown that they are alive to the significance of the times in which we live by passing laws for the stricter observance of the Sabbath and by out-lawing immoral houses. Let the citizens interpret the age as well by coming to church as never before.

The unspeakable tragedy that is being enacted in the old world must needs subdue our Christmas gladness this year, but it should not destroy our confidence nor chill our hope. God still reigns. The Prince of Peace still stretches forth His hand to the weary world, saying: "Come unto me and I will give you rest." Men will heed by and by, for the burden is rapidly becoming unbearable.

WOODROW WARD.

CHRISTMAS TIME

Frosty, chilly, crisp December,
Snow and ice we well remember,
Holidays and snowy weather,
Christmas with it all, to-gether!
That's the time, boys!

Have a rousing, roaring fire,
Leaping, jumping higher, higher,
Gather 'round it for a chatter!
You don't like it! What's the matter?
That's the time, boys!

'Course you like it. 'Tis the spirit
Of your fathers you inherit
Makes you laugh and play to-gether
In the great, glad Christmas weather.
That's the time, boys!

J. C., '22.

JACK AND RUTH

"This story is simple, and of humble birth;
A tribute of respect to real worth."

"YOU are too parsimonious, Jack," said Mr. Rich to one of his clerks, as they were together in the store one morning. "Permit me to say that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as clerk in a fashionable store." Jack's face was suffused with a deep blush, and in spite of his attempt to suppress it, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. "Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments," continued Mr. Rich, "I would increase it."

"My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir," replied Jack, in a voice that choked with emotion, but with that proud independence of feeling which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed his agitation, and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. Rich was a man of immense wealth and much benevolence. He was a widower, and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel, or as perfect as Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with her to admire and to love her. Such was Ruth Rich when Jack first became an inmate of her father's house. No wonder, then, that he soon worshiped at her shrine. No wonder that he soon loved her with a deep and devoted affection. And had you known him, you would not have wondered that that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial. They were cast in virtue's purest mould, and although their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was too plain to be mistaken. Jack was the very soul of honor, and although he knew that he was not indifferent to Ruth, he still felt that he must conquer the passion that glowed in his bosom. "I must not try to win her young and tender heart," thought he; "I am penniless, and cannot expect that her father would ever consent to our union. He has al-

ways treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful." Thus he reasoned, and heroically tried to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion. Ruth had many suitors, some of whom were worthy of her, but she refused all of them with a gentle, yet decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet he would not thwart her inclinations. He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled before he retired from the stage of existence. It was not long before he suspected that young Jack was the cause of her indifference to others; the evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised, the blush that covered their cheeks whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they felt more than a common interest in each other's welfare. He abstained himself from making any remarks upon the subject, but was not displeased at the supposition, as the penniless Jack would have imagined.

Jack had now been about a year in his position. Mr. Rich knew nothing of his family, but his integrity, his irreproachable morals, and his pleasing manners conspired to make Mr. Rich esteem him highly. He was proud of Jack, and wished him to appear in dress, as well as in manners, as respectable as anyone. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe. Though he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare. Mr. Rich did not wish to think that this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to investigate the matter and to try to ascertain the real cause. (This he did in the manner we have already related.)

Soon after this conversation took place, Mr. Rich left home on business. As he was returning, and riding through a beautiful little village, he stopped at a cottage door and asked for some water. The mistress, with an ease and politeness that convinced him that she had not always been an humble cottager, invited him to enter. He accepted the invitation, and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which con-

sisted of nothing more than was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean that it gave charms to poverty and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable looking old man, who had not seemed to notice the entrance of Mr. Rich, sat leaning his head on his staff. His clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could have scarcely told which had been the original piece.

"That is your father, I presume?" said Mr. Rich, addressing the mistress of the house.

"It is, sir."

"He seems to be quite aged."

"He is in his eighty-third year, and he has survived all of his children, excepting myself."

"You have once seen better days?"

"I have—my husband was wealthy; but false friends ruined him. He endorsed notes to a great amount, which stripped us of nearly all of our property, and one misfortune followed another until we were reduced to complete poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children soon followed him."

"Have you any living children?"

"I have one, and he is my *only* support. My health is so feeble that I cannot do much. And my father, being blind, needs much attention. My son conceals from my knowledge the amount of his salary, but I am convinced that he sends me nearly all, if not the whole of it."

"Then he is not at home with you?"

"No, sir; he is a clerk for a merchant in Spartanburg."

"Clerk for a merchant in Spartanburg! Pray, what's your son's name?"

"Jack Honest."

"Jack Honest!" repeated Mr. Rich, "why he is my clerk! I left him at my house, less than a week ago."

Here followed a succession of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety that a mother only could feel, to all of which Mr. Rich replied to her perfect satisfaction.

"You know our Jack?" said the old man, raising his head from his staff. "Well, sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived. God will bless him—He will bless him for his goodness to his poor old grandfather," he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"He is a worthy fellow, to be sure," said Mr. Rich, rising and bidding them adieu. "He is a worthy fellow, and shall not want friends."

"Noble boy!" he said mentally, as he was riding leisurely along, ruminating on his late interview—"noble boy; he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. I believe he loves my daughter, and if he does, he shall have her, and all my property in the bargain."

Filled with this project, and determined, if possible, to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the dining-room the morning after his arrival at home.

"So, Jack is about to leave us, and go to Columbia to try his fortune," he carelessly remarked.

"Jack about to leave us!" said Ruth, dropping the work she held in her hand—"about to leave us, and going to Columbia!" she added, in a tone which evidenced the deepest interest.

"To be sure. What if he is, my child?"

"Nothing, sir; nothing; only I thought we should be rather lonesome," turning away to hide the tears which she could not suppress.

"Tell me, Ruth," said Mr. Rich, tenderly embracing her, "tell me—do you not love Jack? You know I wish your happiness, my child. I have always treated you with kindness, and you have never until now hid anything from your father."

"Neither will I now," she replied, hiding her face in his bosom. "I do most sincerely love him; but do not, for worlds, tell him so; because he has never said that it was returned."

"I will soon find that out, and without telling him, too," replied the father, leaving the room.

"Jack," said he, as he entered the store, "you expect to leave shortly, do you not?"

"Yes, sir; in about four weeks."

"If it will not be too inconvenient," continued Mr. Rich, "I should like to have you postpone it a week or two longer."

"It will be no inconvenience, sir; and, if it will accommodate you, I will wait with pleasure."

"It will most certainly accommodate me, for Ruth is to be married in about five weeks, and I would be happy for you to attend the wedding."

"Ruth to be married, sir!" said Jack, starting, as if by an electric shock. "Ruth to be married!—is it possible!"

"To be sure it is. But what is there wonderful in that?"

"Nothing, sir; only it is rather sudden, rather unexpected—that's all."

"It is rather sudden, to be sure," replied Mr. Rich, "but I am an old man, and wish to see her have a protector. As the man of her choice is well worthy of her, I see no use in waiting any longer, and am very glad that you can stay for the wedding."

"I cannot, sir! Indeed I cannot!" replied Jack, forgetting what he had previously said.

"You cannot?" asked Mr. Rich. "Why, you said you would."

"Yes, sir; but business requires my presence in Columbia, and I *must* go."

"But you said it would put you to no inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure."

"Command me in anything else, sir; but in this respect I cannot oblige you," said Jack, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow! he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Ruth was so soon, so irrevocably to become another's, the latent spark burst forth into an inextinguishable flame; and he found it in vain to try to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman looked at him with a look of eagerness: "Jack," said he, "tell me frankly—do you love my daughter?"

"I will be candid with you, sir," replied Jack, conscious that his agitation had betrayed him, "I should think myself the happiest of men could I gain her love."

"Then she is yours," exclaimed the delighted old man, "Say not a word about property, my boy. True worth is better than riches. I was only trying you, Jack, and Ruth will never be married to any other than you."

The transition from despair to happiness was great. For a moment Jack remained silent, but his looks spoke volumes. At last he said, "I scorn to deceive you, sir; I am poorer than you suppose—I have a mother and a grandfather who are—"

"I know it; I know it all," replied Mr. Rich, interrupting him, "I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honor you for it. It was that which first put it in my head to give you Ruth—so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both!"

"Shortly after this conversation, Jack avowed his love to Ruth, solicited her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Ruth would have deferred the marriage until the following spring, but her father was inexorable. He supposed he should have to own one falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him shoulder two; but it was too much, entirely too much, and he would not endure it. He had told Jack she was going to be married in five weeks, and he should not forfeit his word—"but, perhaps," he added, apparently recollecting himself, and turning to Jack, "perhaps we shall have to defer it, after all, for you have important business in Columbia about that time."

"Be merciful, sir," said Jack, smiling. "I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness."

"I am merciful," replied the old gentleman, "and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said that you would willingly accommodate me, but you could not, indeed you could not."

"You have once been young, sir," said Jack.

"I know it," he replied, laughing heartily, "but I am afraid that too many of us old folks forget it. However, if you can postpone your trip, I suppose we must have a wedding."

We have only to add that the friends of Jack were sent for, and the marriage was solemnized at the appointed time. The

old people, blessed with the filial love of Jack and Ruth, passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

WALDO LEVER, '20.

OUR LIVES

Our lives are but a mass of clay,
  And we are potters, all.
We move along from day to day,
  Scarce heeding, lest we fall.

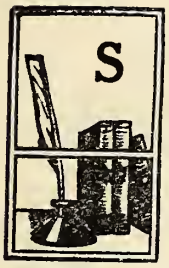
In our hands we hold our fate,
  To be, or stand, or fall.
We *must* be workmen strong and great,
  Or else—we perish, all!

So let us mold our every day
  Of life, tho short it be,
Into something to show the way
  To one who would be free.

And when at last our task is done,
  And we go home to rest,
We'll realize we've helped some one,
  And we are surely blest.

J. C., '22.

SAM HUCKLES



SAM HUCKLES was born February 16, 1841, and born tired. It is said that he didn't cry a bit when he was a baby.

He died February 16, 1877; therefore, he lived on this moss-bound sphere exactly thirty-six years. The reason he lived no longer than thirty-six years was because he did not take enough exercise to circulate the blood of a mosquito.

There is no blot upon the character of his boyhood, but it is simply because he did nothing pro or con—good or bad.

At the age of twenty-three he married Miss Sallie Ann Dooley, but it is doubted whether he would have ever married had there not been such a thing as Leap Year.

There were no gates to the fence around his home, he being too lazy to open and shut them. His wife was a smart and industrious woman, but it was all she could do to get him to punch the fire once in awhile. One day she became so provoked with him that she 'bused and blessed him out for all she could think of, and then poured a bucket of water on his head. But the only words that escaped his lips were, "Well, Sallie, after the fire I expected the rain."

With everything going out and nothing coming in, Mr. and Mrs. Huckles soon became bankrupt and were on the verge of starvation. An uncle, the only relative Sam had in the world, offered him a carload of corn, but he refused to accept it on account of the corn being unshelled.

This old uncle, who lived in St. Louis, had befriended Huckles more than once, but had never received a single note of acknowledgment. There had not even been any correspondence between the two for years, and it was in vain that Mrs. Huckles told Sam that it was a shame. One day he did make an attempt, but was laid up in bed for two days as a result of the painful task. The letter ran thus:

Deer Uncl:—As I have nuthin to doo I will write to yu. As I have nuthin to say I will close.

Your effervescent nephu,

Sambo.

P. S.—If yu don't get this, let me kno and I'll write again.

One bright, beautiful morning the greatest event in the history of his life occurred—he died.

So, friends, I write this biography of Huckles,
And though I know it ruffles
And makes you sneeze
To hear of a man who did nothing
But live on cornbread and cheese—
Still, his life was so great,
It were a pity to keep from slate.

IRAENUS.

THE POLICEMAN

He walks around with silent tread
While all the town doth sleep as dead,
And unobtrusively his duty performs
Mid sunshine, rain, and cloud and storms.

Ye gentlemen who live at home at ease,
Think of the man who enforces peace
And know him as a friend indeed!
For he's on the job in the time of need.

Here's to the man who wears the blue,
Valiant and brave and to his post so true,
God grant that his badge may ever be
An emblem of justice and purity.

W. W., '20.

COUNTRY LIFE VERSUS TOWN LIFE AS AFFECTING MORALS

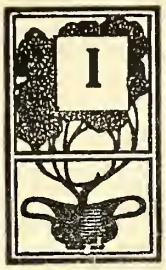
COUNTRY LIFE and town life each has its advantages and disadvantages. Many have foolishly made the assertion that it is impossible to live as pure a life in the city as in the country. But the fault is not with the place or environment, but with the person and the way in which that person was reared and trained. The city is not as cold and heartless a place as it is often pictured; but, if it were, the fairest lilies can bloom among the darkest and dampest marshes. In the household of the wicked Emperor Nero there were Christians who devoutly believed in the Lord.

The person who is good because there is nothing to tempt him to do wrong deserves no credit for his goodness. Yes, a man's condition is determined by his surroundings, but a man can make his surroundings to be what he wants them to be. Say what you please, in the banding together of men into the formation of cities and towns, there is involved a spirit of brotherly love and there is an evidence of Christian sociability that calls for contact with others, whether in the end it turns out to be that way or not. In my humble judgment, a town the size of Spartanburg is the most desirable in which to live. Here one can enjoy all the advantages of a city and yet breathe the free, pure air of a country atmosphere. It should be encouraging to us that our President and practically all of his Cabinet were reared in sturdy little towns.

W. W., '20.

FACTS ABOUT THE DACTYL AND SPONDEE

(Gleaned by the Assistant Literary Editor and dedicated to Dr. Pugh, Professor of English and Anglo-Saxon.)



IT IS A well-known fact that President Wilson once had as his first name Thomas, which he afterwards dropped, just as the full name of President Cleveland was once Stephen Grover Cleveland. Why did these gentlemen, on the eve of professional and political careers, confine themselves to merely Woodrow and Grover? Mr. Wilson, while a professor at Wesleyan University, gave away what may have been not only his own secret but that of his Democratic predecessor.

In discussing with a fellow professor names and their values, Mr. Wilson said: "For those who wish to achieve success in public life the best kind of name is one that consists of a dactyl and a spondee. For instance, Daniel Webster. The next best kind of a name is one that consists of two spondees—(then smiling)—Woodrow Wilson, for instance."

What is a dactyl? What is a spondee? In having his attention called to them in such a manner as by the preceding comment, the student who has political aspirations will most assuredly want to know the real significance of the "tip" given to him by the most successful man in public life of the present.

The writer might advise his readers to go to the dictionary and unwrap his meaning there. But it is a notoriously derogatory fact that for some of us the closest dictionary is at the Whitefoord Smith Library.

Dactyl comes from a Greek word meaning finger, and the dactyllic measure in rhapsody is usually equivalent in value to three fingers, or syllables, one long and two short.

Spondee comes from a Greek word meaning libation. It was the slow, even measure of ancient hymns sung when drink offerings were rendered to deity. It is a foot of two long syllables, as in the Latin word leges. FINIS.

THE U. S. S. LEVIATHAN

(Written by A. C. Gramling, discharged sailor, at Wofford.)

THE U. S. S. Leviathan was the German ship "Vaterland." It was seized by the U. S. custom officers in the early morning of April 6, 1917, and turned over to the United States Shipping Board to be manned and operated. But after nearly three months' effort on their part, without the ship leaving the dock, she was finally, on July 25, 1917, turned over to the Navy Department and regularly commissioned a naval vessel and assigned to transport duty under the command of Vice Admiral Albert Gleaves, who was the U. S. Navy commander of the Cruiser and Transport Force of the United States Atlantic Fleet.

The Leviathan was the largest ship afloat, and her record for carrying human beings across the ocean has never been approached, much less surpassed, by any vessel in the history of the world. She crossed the Atlantic almost with the regularity of clockwork, passing successfully many times through the war zone—through the German submarines and floating mines. Her performance constitutes one of the greatest marine achievements of the world, and it would seem that fate had designed her to fulfill a mission of retributive justice.

We stayed in New York four days, during which time our supplies were replenished and minor repairs and alterations made. The turn around was so quick that the crew got little liberty for recreation in the "speedy city" of New York before having to "shove" off.

This was the sixteenth trip for the Leviathan from New York to France and England. In fact, she made so many trips across the Atlantic during the war that her crew thought she was a ferry boat across the Hudson river. We lost very nearly all fear of the many dangers which lurked in the deep blue sea, and it is amazing to note how quick one can get accustomed to a great danger or any abnormal condition.

At 6:56 p. m., May 27, 1919, the Leviathan cleared Am-

brosia channel and arrived there again at 3:00 a. m. June 11, 1919, thus making the round trip in only fifteen days, eight hours, and four minutes. Her best trip was the seventeenth round trip, when she established a new record of fourteen days and twenty-one hours. Her next best trip was the fifteenth trip, when she had a race with the Transport U. S. S. Imperata, which is the second ship in size in the world. The race was from New York to Brest, France, and back to New York. Of course the Leviathan won the race, her time being only fifteen days, fifteen hours, and three minutes.

Secretary Daniels commended the Leviathan with these words: "With all good wishes for the future for the crew of the Leviathan and the hope that the ship's great work so wonderfully carried out thus far may be as successfully completed."

We had good weather at sea except that, during the first part of the trip over, we had foggy nights and heavy wind, but no rain and no gales. Such weather is favorable for making good time at sea. I shall not go into the details of each day of the trip, but will merely say that the abandon-ship drill was a daily event. This drill is of much importance, because the saving of the lives of all depend upon the degree of perfection, organization, and speed of execution. It is easily seen that a ship the size of the Leviathan has on board many lives, and the abandon-ship drill is important to all. Each person on the ship is assigned to one of the abandon-ship mustering stations. They are furnished life jackets in their compartments, and as soon as they hear the call of assemble they must put them on and go to their abandon-ship mustering stations, so that they can leave the ship when the command is given. The members of the crew have charge of the rafts and boats, and the passengers on board who are assigned to these stations are at the mercies of the crew assigned to that station to save them should the ship be sinking from any cause.

All members of the crew are put in one of the divisions of the ship's roster as soon as they are assigned to the ship. Each of these divisions is commanded by one of the officers, and he

is responsible for the whereabouts of his men. This makes mustering once a day necessary.

We arrived at Brest, France, June 3, at 8:30 p. m. (French time). As the Leviathan is so large that it is impossible to get into the harbor at Brest, we had to anchor to a buoy out in the break-water about one mile out from Brest, regardless of the disadvantage of having to bring the troops, the coal, the freight, and mail out that distance to the ship on barges and tugs, before we could load up. German prisoners, guarded by doughboys, would be loading coal on one side of the Leviathan while the crew would be loading on the other side. When the German prisoners didn't help load coal, U. S. stevedores would help. The coal was on barges and was pulled up to the side of the Leviathan by tugs. It was then put into baskets and dumped into the bunker doors, which open just above the water line on the ship. The men all look like negroes while coaling, for they get very dirty from the coal. The troops were assigned to compartments immediately upon coming abroad the ship. In their curiosity to see all of the ship they would soon get lost, and we would have to help them find their compartments. We did not mind their seeing the ship, but we did not like to be worried by their running all over it while we were working day and night. Most of them, however, would soon be so seasick that they would say, as a seasick soldier did when he heard a member of our crew cry out, "Submarine attack is coming!": "Thank God!" cried the soldier.

In forty-eight hours after we had arrived at Brest, France, we weighed anchor and sailed with 14,300 people, 8,731 tons of coal, 5,670 tons of fresh water, plus a few tons of freight and mail.

To render some idea of the food supplies that were necessary to make a round trip, let me give the amount of food that was required to feed these 14,300 soldiers and sailors for one day at sea:

10,880 pounds	fresh beef	$2,856.60
8,400 "	flour	464.52

10,800	"	potatoes	290.52
5,700	"	spinach	399.00
10,850	"	beef tongue	3,569.65
7,344	"	fresh apples	577.97
1,000	"	coffee	165.60
1,616	"	evaporated milk	171.30
1,280	"	fresh butter	744.96
2,700	"	cake	697.95
2,530	"	sugar	207.46
2,160	"	grapefruit	189.00
2,442	"	bananas	143.83
		Total cost for one day	$10,478.36

From these figures, one can see that the crew had to work as well as eat. The world's feeding record was made on this ship. This record was for feeding the largest number of men in the shortest period of time, ashore or afloat. Nine thousand men were fed in an average time of thirty-six seconds per man. I have often been asked how does the navy feed. I will not say; one can judge for himself. This is the menu of Easter Sunday, April 20, 1919, on board the U. S. S. Leviathan:

BREAKFAST

Oatmeal Milk
Boiled Eggs
Fresh Fruit Bread and Butter
Coffee

DINNER

Turkey
Tinned Asparagus Mashed Potatoes
Pie and Cake
Bread and Butter Coffee

SUPPER

Head Cheese Creamed Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Coffee

Let me ask that it be remembered that we got but one Easter dinner a year, and that we do not get turkey every day.

This was a wonderful trip, wonderful because never before in the history of the world did a coal-burning ship make the speed on a round trip and carry as many people as did the Leviathan. Never before was so many people crowded into one boat. This record was due to the individual efforts of every member of the crew of 2,300 sailors. The soldiers all thought the Leviathan was a wonderful ship, and I have heard them call it a floating Paradise. They did not know that it was known by all sailors as the mad-house of the navy.

No one, except the sailor, knows anything about the hardships of the transport service and the heroic efforts of "The Black Gang" down in the fire-room. These boys came from every State in the Union. They worked hand in hand from August 1, 1917, to September 8, 1919, when our skipper, Captain E. H. Durell, got orders to turn the ship over to the Shipping Board. Regardless of whether their meals were good or bad—and I have often seen them bad—regardless of their feelings, these boys passed coal four hours out of every twelve under conditions that sorely tried man's strength and power of will. They did not go over the top; but they went under the bottom to the great hungry mouths of forty-six German-built, Yarrow boilers, fourteen decks below the weather deck.

I would feel it unjust not to mention the work of the deck force. Those words mean just what they imply, and more, for these men had much to do to keep the ship clean with so many passengers on board. Many times when I turned in they were still at work, and many times I found them busy on deck when I appeared next morning. I believe every soldier smoked. Match stems, cigarette butts, chewing gum wrappers, chocolate bar wrappers, and much other trash had to be kept off the deck, and it seemed that the soldiers did not know what garbage cans were for. In spite of their carelessness, however, the doughboys were good company.

I cannot go into the work of every department, but the supply department, the yeoman department, the medical department, and the engineering department all deserve much praise and honor for their good work. I have often been asked, "What did the medical department do to deserve praise?" As I was in the medical department, let me say that, in addition to the crew, we had all the soldiers on board to see after. Almost every trip, after the armistice was signed, we brought back from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five "T B's," seventy-five to one hundred and fifty sick and wounded, and from seventy to one hundred and twenty-five "nuts." Unless you have seen these men you do not know what the medical corps had to do. The "T B's" were probably worse than the sick and wounded, or the "nuts," and they were bad enough, because so many precautions were necessary. It is a pitiful sight to see all these afflicted men suffering from the horrors of war, and especially when we knew that they left home hearty and robust.

On November 11, 1918, when the armistice was signed, this three funnelled colossus of the waves had carried to France and England 110,591 American soldiers, or in other words, more troops than Meade commanded at the decisive battle of Gettysburg.

FINIS.

THE WISE AND THE OTHERWISE

I.

A giddy-headed cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny days of summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter had come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a sheaf on the lea;
Not a grain could he see.
"Oh! what will become," quoth the cricket, "of me?"

II.

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All worn with fret, and trembling with cold,
Away he set out to a miserly ant,
To see if to keep him alive he would grant
Him shelter from rain.
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow;
He'd repay it *to-morrow.*
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

III.

Quoth the ant to the cricket, "I'm your brother and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
But tell me, brother cricket, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Quoth the cricket, "Not I!
My mind was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You *sang,* sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

IV.

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door kicked the poor little cricket.
Folks call this a fable; but I'll warrant it true.
Some crickets have four legs, and some have but two.

M. W. L., '20.

Wofford College Journal

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of the Junior or Senior Classes submitting the best short story from those classes, and also to the member of the Freshman or Sophomore Classes submitting the best short story from those classes. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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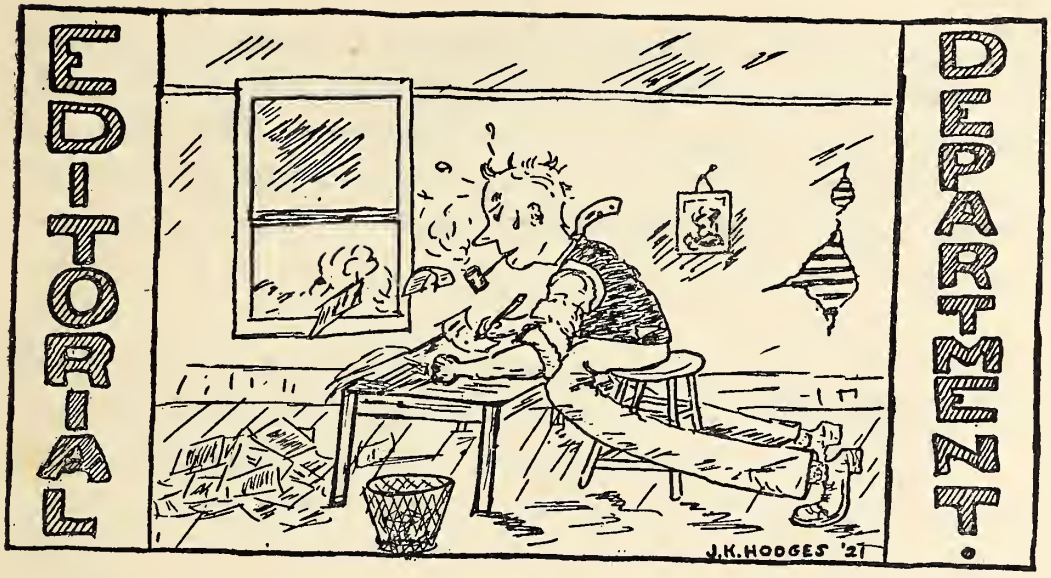

A. Stokes King ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
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The Spirit of Christmas

All Christendom is looking forward to the day set apart for celebrating the birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. And he is a foolish man indeed who is much concerned about the historical accuracy of that day, and not at all amazed that in the name of that far-off day and in memory of that sweet babe, gentleness, love, and kindness are enthroned in our humanity of to-day.

Christmas is more than a date or a place. Like Herod, one may know at what time the star appeared, or even where the Christ should be born, and yet fail to see Him. Christmas day is love's day; it is the day for the heart to be glad, and for the face to be sunny, when wrinkles are smoothed away from every brow, when the lips never curl in scorn, when the tongue speaks no word of bitterness, when the hand is lifted against no mortal soul. It is the day when every heart should strive to make every other heart remember the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will."

"Are you willing," asks Henry Van Dyke, "to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate,

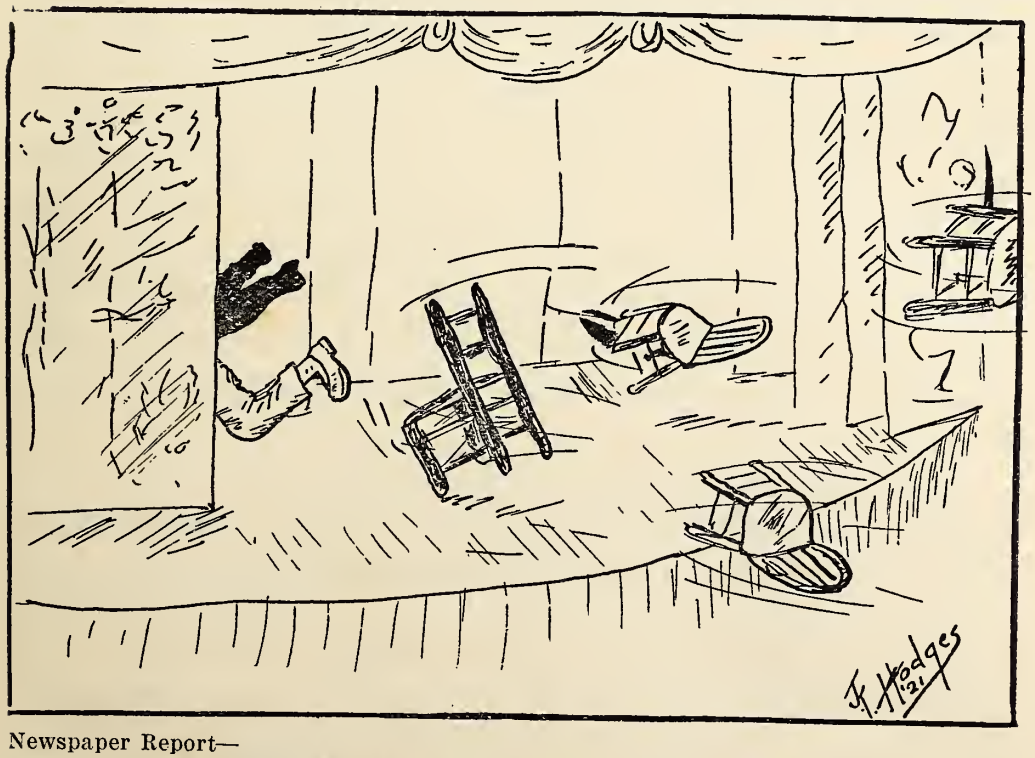
stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you keep it for a day, why not always? But you can never keep it alone."

The Freshman's Christmas

THE JOURNAL staff wishes all Wofford men, with the exception of the Freshmen, the customary "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." The reason that the Freshmen are not included is that they will have the biggest holiday season of their lives regardless of anyone's will or wishing in the matter. Some of them, since the opening of college, have stayed away from home the longest period of any before in their history. If the few months that have severed connections with the family fireside have done nothing more than increase respect and love for father and mother, and created a new appreciation of their services, they have not been spent in vain. But they have done more. The once timid visitor and adventurer upon the threshold of the collegiate world has become adjusted to its wonders and revelations, adapted to its spirit, and filled with visions of humanitarian service. Sister Sue, if she looks closely, will see in her returned brother's eye a glint of intelligence in lieu of a former indifferent gaze. She will detect in his bearing the signs of genetic aesthetical culture, and she will recognize in his voice tones that are more than mere resonance of vocal chords. Deep, Daniel-like purposes will be found recorded there. This discovery, transmitted to the high priest and priestess of the domestic hearth, will produce the largest possible amount of Christmas joy for fond parents. On the other hand, the tangible way in which they give expression to their feelings, the complimentary observations of admiring friends and relatives, the newspaper report concerning the returned student, and the reception given him by local society on his home-coming will be Christmas enough for the Freshman.

Just Before Dismissal

The staff would like to suggest that, just before we are turned loose for the Christmas holidays, the faculty should delegate Dr. Clinkscales to deliver one of those health lectures apropos the sin of intemperate eating, for which he is such an adept. It would certainly be timely. However, what would be more comely still would be to appoint some member of the faculty to keep check on him and thereby assist him in applying to himself his own hygienic doctrines. Our choice in this matter would be Prof. Gamewell, his rival over the pot.



Newspaper Report—

He Received Cheer After Cheer

LETTERS OF A BACKWOODS FRESHMAN TO A CHUM HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

II.

Dear Soder,

Sens i rote you las i has stood some writtin tests an passed on all cept phizicks. an to think of it, i used to be the bes doctur of hosses in my comunitee. But the ole boys tell me not to worry bout that, sayin i wood be an unuzual an unnaturale freshman if i struck such a blu streek of luck as to pass phizicks my furst yare. They say that some dont git it off till there Senior yare an some hav to git it off by what they call a post gradiate corse. The phizicks professur here is the yungest man on the faculti an that purhaps accounts for his strictness an severiti. He's tryin to make a name for himsef, bein he's jus beginnin, *that is, for his secund time.* For when i sed yung i ment seventi two yares yung. Accordin to the bibl, you knoe, when a man is three scor yares an ten he begins agin. i wunce herd my daddy tell of a schuleteacher of hissen who thot a boy didn't hav no schule xperunce til he got at leas one lickin, so he wood giv it to him whethur he deserved it or not. Well, frum what i kin gathur Professur Dan Dupree thinx a boy ain't had no collidge life til he's busted one time on phizicks. So he busts him if he studies and he busts him if he don't.

Well, Soder, i am lernin nu things ever day. i am in sech scholurly surroundins i fele bout as much out of place here as a trane robbur at a Sunday Schule picknick, an i know you wood be plum lost. You remembur, i reckun, how i used to git prizes at home for knoin so much scripture. Well suh, i thot i nu the bibl til i come here an got under Professur Remburt. The furst day i went to his clas i herd him speke of so many things i didnt knoe was in the bibl that i came back to my rume an carefully turned the pages of my own bibl to see if some of the leaves were not glued together. Why, that man Remburt knoes more about the bibl than parsun Willoby, i do beleve. if the parsun dont watch out i'll come back frum here

ready to take his pulpit away frum him. You know parsun Willoby thinks the walls of jeriko fell down jes so. But i hav lerned that they fell down caus of sympathetic vibration with the trumpets, whatever that is. Then, tu, he thinx Joszhah made the sun stan still. But the bibl doesn't say that atall. Thats a quotation frum the book of Jesher, a romance somewhat like Robin Hood.

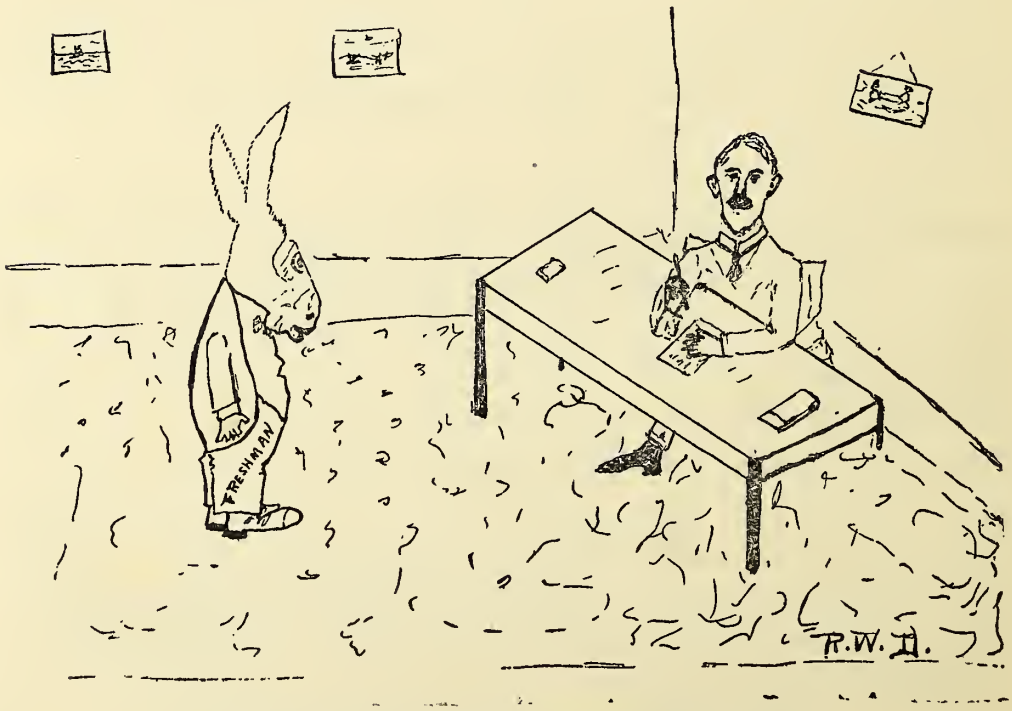
Theres jes one thing up here that sounds a little like home, and that is to here my mathmattress teachur, Dr. Clankscales, say, when i am all mussed up over Algebrae: "What's the matter, Hanks, hav you struck a huckleberri above your simmon?" Puts me in mine of ole Lewis Hill. Bout as good natured as Lewis, tu. We boys all love him. i understan he is fond of possum. Say, coodnt you get me one an sen him here by particle post? it mite help me pass. i'll pay haf of the xpenses if you do. i am no chepe sport, Soder. i beleve in goin fifty-fifty, you knoe.

Well, Soder, ole boy, i hav made a lot of frends here mong bothe students an professurs. The professurs say they like me cause i am so intellijent, an the ole boys say they like me cause i am so obligin to run over to the cornur store for them. But, in spite of all that, Chrismus is comin, an i am gettin uneasi to go home. i want to get on the outside of a full meal wunce more. i hav ben studyin bout the poets lately, an my favrit ones is them which rote: "i ken here them pork chops callin" an "its home agin, home agin for me." This is the las lettur you wil git frum me this yare. if nuthin happins i'll soon see you face to face when they hav let doun the bars, as anuther poet has sed.

your same ole pal,
HALMAN HANKS.

P. S.—By the way, i gess you noticed i hav sined my name in a stickier way than i did before. Dr. Wallace, the xzactact man on the faculti here, tole me i mussen call mysef Hal, that it smacked tu much of the clods. you knoe i at furst wondered why so many professurs up here were called doctur

when they didnt practice medecin, but now i knoe. They is such surjins they'll even try to splice an splint up your name. Wonder what my hard workin dad is goin to say to that? But, not kiddin you, I rathur like it. Its like gettin use to chocolate candy after eatin gum drops.



The way he feels on his first appearance

OUR BRILLIANT STUDENTS.

Lady (to B. B. Oliver)—"Is this a sectarian school?"
Oliver—"No, ma'am. This is a Methodist institution."

Lucas (after Dr. Pugh had given an elaborate discourse on William Collins)—"Doctor, what State was he from?"

W. G. Smith (when asked by Dr. Wallace, in Political Science, why the legislative and judicial branches of our government were separate)—"Why, it would give them *complexion* to have them together."

Sophomore Kirkland (when song No. 195 was announced at the Y. M. C. A., which happened to be Juanita)—"Mr. Leader, please pronounce the name."

Lieutenant Crosby (explaining to a Freshman member of the R. O. T. C. how to do *about face*)—"Spin around on the toe of your heel. Turn on the ball of your toe."

Dr. Clinkscales (to Junior Martin, in Astronomy)—"Mr. Martin, why is is that, though the earth moves about in its orbit at eighteen and a half miles per second, we are not swept off it?"

Martin—"I guess we have about got used to it by now, Doctor."

Sophomore Hollis (while debating)—"Not to ratify the peace treaty will produce *tumoil* like the one now going on in Mexico."

Junior Douglas (to Dr. Wallace)—"Doctor, wasn't Wilson elected by a minority of the *electrical* vote?"

Freshman Breedin (to Dr. Pugh)—"Doctor, which side do you want us to put the margin on?"

Freshman Griffin wants to know if one talks too much what effect it will have upon his spinal cord.

Freshman Hodge (reading back Latin)—"Caesar led out his men in single file, two by two."

Freshman Register (who has started R. O. T. C. work)—" 'Fesser Odom, let me tell him what it is." (Before Hooks can object): "He led 'em out in a column of squads."

Junior Doggett (when the secretary of the Carlisle Literary Society called upon the affirmative side of a debate for rebuttal)—"Mr. President, it is always customary for the negative to *butt* first."

OUR BIBLE CELEBRITIES.

Dr. Rembert (in Sophomore Bible)—"I will give an extra ten to all who learn Matthew's account of the Sermon on the Mount."

Sophomore Nelson—"How about Mark's, Doctor?"

Dr. Rembert (to Freshman Ott)—"Mr. Ott, what were the peculiarities of the Geneva Bible?"

Ott—"It was the one that didn't have anything about Adam and Eve."

Dr. Rembert (to Junior Nelson)—"Mr. Nelson, tell me what you know about Jezebel?"

Nelson—"She was not a very nice lady, Doctor."

OUR GERMAN SPECIAL.

Dr. Chiles (to Swygert)—"Gut en morgen, Herr Swygert."

Swygert (who has been absent from a recitation)—"I'll explain after class, Doctor."

There are said to be two R. O. T. C.'s at Wofford, the initials of one standing for Reserved Officers' Training Corps and of the other for Run Over To Converse. Bob Lucas is commandant of the latter aggregation.

Hostess (at dinner party)—"Mr. Snelling, let me give you some more ice cream."

John Snelling—"Thanks! But only just a mouthful, please."

Hostess (to her maid)—"Fill Mr. Snelling's saucer."

North Carolina has nothing on us in having a "Flying Parson." Wofford has a "Fighting Parson" (D. S. Stackhouse), a "Fool Parson" (C. L. Nesbitt), who jumped off a fast running express train, and a "Playing Parson" (Roy Ott), who, while wrestling, broke out a window pane.

Dr. Pugh (to "Goat" Livingstone)—"Mr. Livingstone, change the order of the following sentence: 'I had a dog, and his name was Scratcher.'"

Livingstone—"Scratcher was a dog's name I had."

A NAUTICAL LAY.

Jeter (to R. H. Rollings)—"Rooter, what is the name of that Mr. Baker who is Secretary of the Navy?"

Senior Mitchell (upon seeing a sign: Ice Cream Sundae)—"Oh, slush! I wanted some ice cream today."

Some one, hearing Freshman Knight speak of Albinos, asked who an Albino was. He received as a response the startling information that an Albino was an inhabitant of the Albino Islands.

After hearing the manager of the dormitory say that he got first choice on all beef brought to Spartanburg, a student has handed in the following enigma:

WANTED—To know what advantage Manager E. H. Hart has in the opportunity of first choice on all Spartanburg meats?

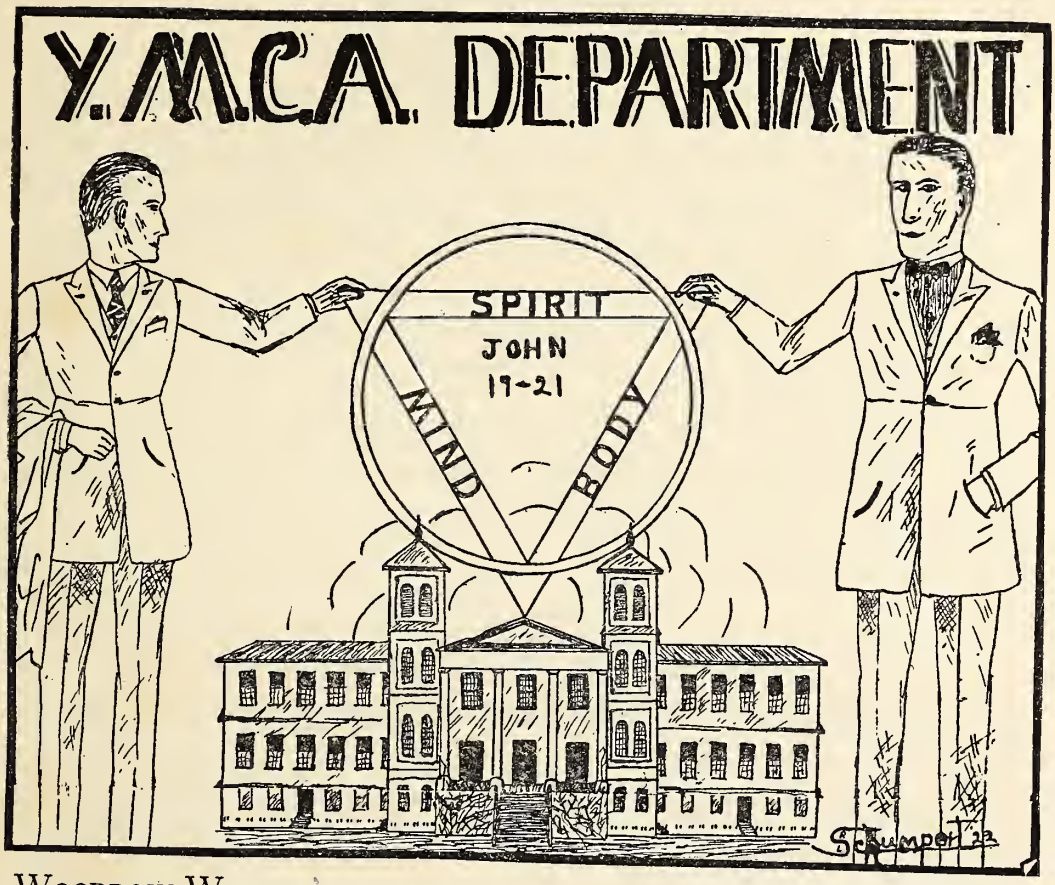
The answer is as follows: The advantage of getting the worst at the cheapest rates.

Freshman Forrest (to Senior Ward)—"Ward, is Miss Gee a good mason?"

Sophomore Jackson Herbert (to Junior Goodwin)—"Goodwin, who wrote The Wonderful One-Horse Shay?"

Goodwin—"Oliver—"

Herbert (not giving him a chance to continue)—"Oh, yes; that's right. Oliver was a great writer, wasn't he?"



WOODROW WARD.....EDITOR

NOVEMBER SEVENTH.

The speaker of the evening was Professor Jenkins of the Oakland School. Professor Jenkins based his remarks upon the tenth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the gospel according to Luke: "So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." He urged upon the students the importance of doing more in their religious and intellectual life than they were required to do. "Do not be afraid of going the second mile," he said. The speaker called attention to the fact that those men who were brevetted in the war were men who did more than they were ordered to do; and that, likewise, only those would be included among God's notables who did their utmost, untiringly and unceasingly.

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH.

The meeting was presided over by J. C. Watson, chairman of the Discussion Group Committee. In anticipation of the organization of several discussion groups on the campus, the audience was turned into a model discussion group. Prof. A. Mason DuPre was the leader, and so well did he perform his part in raising questions for debate that the boys became so interested in exchanging views that they were loathe to go back to the dormitory at the conclusion of the service. The chief matter discussed was the place *money* should occupy in human life. As a result of the evening's arguments, all the boys went away with clearer ideas of its proper sphere.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST.

The first part of the meeting was given over to a representative of the Student Volunteer Conference, which meets in Des Moines. It is expected and hoped that Wofford will send her quota to this conference, namely: three students and one member of the faculty.

Dr. Chapin, of Converse College, was the speaker of the evening, and he made a strong and convincing address on the subject: "Character, the Principal Thing." "A man cannot be measured by words or by reputation," said the speaker. "Character is the only thing that will abide with us through the years and through eternity."

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

The meeting on this date was postponed on account of the Thanksgiving holidays.

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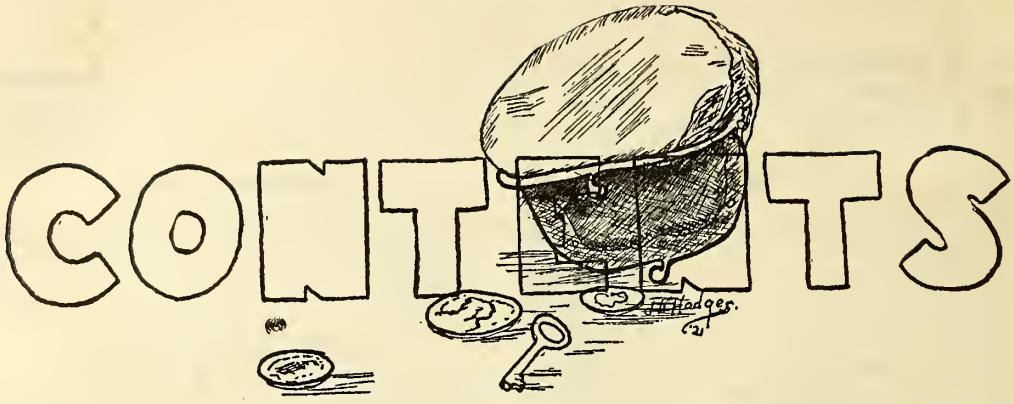

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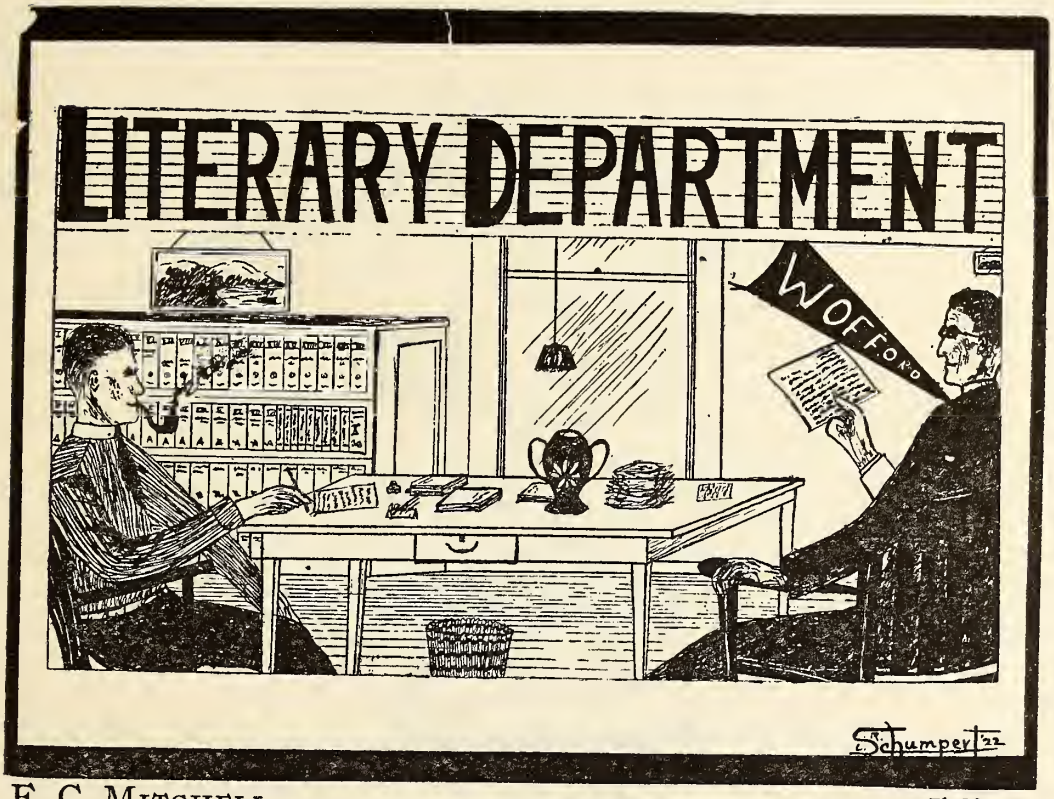

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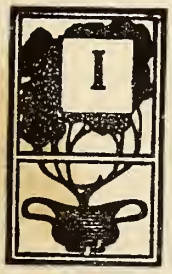
Excellent New Year Resolutions for Some of the Wofford Students—Do's and Don'ts



I WILL study harder; I will line up with every college activity and be a more enthusiastic Wofford man; I will endeavor to be more systematic with eating and sleeping; I will eschew cards and dice; I will not match for coins; I will not attend the Bijou; I will shun all pool rooms; I will not use profane and obscene language; I will attend Dr. Rembert's Bible Class at Central Church on Sunday mornings; and I will hear some Spartanburg minister preach fifty-two Sundays out of this year.

I'm little January.
  Perhaps you do not know
How far I've come to see you
  Across the fields of snow.

I've lots of sisters,
  A little brother, too;
And every one is coming
  To make a call on you.

But I got ready quickly,
  And came right straight off here,
To be the first to greet you
  This happy, bright new year.

A New Year Idyl

Upon this happy New Year night
    A roach crawls up my pot of paste,
    And begs me for a tiny taste.
Aye, eat thy fill, for it is right
That while the rest of earth is glad,
    And bells are ringing wild and free,
    Thou shouldst not, gentle roachling, be
Forlorn and gaunt, and weak and sad.

This paste tonight especially
    For thee and all thy kind I fixed;
    You'll find some whiskey in it mixed,
For which you have to thank but me.
So freely of the banquet take,
    And if you chance to find a drop
    Of liquor, prithee, do not stop,
But quaff it for thy stomach's sake.

Why dost thou stand upon thy head,
    All etiquette requirements scorning,
    And sing "You won't go home till morning,"
And "Put me in my little bed?"
Your tongue, fair roach, is very thick;
    Your eyes are red, your cheeks are pale,
    Your underpinning seems to fail;
You are, I wot, full as a tick.

Envoi

I think I see that roach's home,
    That roach's wife, with broom in hand,
    That roach come staggering homeward, and
Then all is glum and gloom and gloam.

E. F.

Truth is Power

SOME men say that wealth is power, and some say knowledge is power. But my conviction is that truth is power. Truth cannot be purchased by wealth, refuted by talent, transcended by knowledge, nor silenced by authority. All of them, like Felix of old, tremble at her presence. Throw truth into the sevenfold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath, and she will walk with the Son of Man untouched through the conflagration. Cast her into the lion's den of popular antagonism, and she will repose safely with a lion as a pillow. Put her upon the tempest-tossed sea of popular commotion, and at her command, "Peace, be still," the elements of society will calm. She is the ministering spirit which sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, which, like its mighty Author, "is the same yesterday, today, and forever."

What we need is more earnest and consecrated seekers after Truth. Immanuel Kant has said that two things filled him with ceaseless awe—the starry heavens above and the moral law within. Sir William R. Hamilton, the eminent mathematician, has called astronomy man's golden chain between the earth and the visible heaven, by which we learn the language and interpret the oracles of the universe. Both of these men were correct in their statements, but we must not confine our search for truth to any one source of information. We must not be satisfied with only one glimpse of this powerful giant which we commonly call Truth.

Although the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. Astronomy tells us that this great globe on which we live, with its several hundred millions of people, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity. On the other hand, the microscope tells us that every atom may harbor the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit. The other redeems it from entire

insignificance, because it tells us that in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every brook, there are worlds teeming with life, and as numberless as the stars in the firmament. The one tells that above and beyond all that is visible to man there may be regions of creation which sweep along in the bounds of space and carry the impress of the "Finger of Intelligence" to the remotest and interminable scenes of the universe. The other tells us that within and beneath all that wonderful minuteness which the eyes of man can discover by the aid of the microscope there may still be a world of invisible beings, and that if we could draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold. We might see a whole universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude our observation, even with the aid of a microscope of great magnifying power, but yet large enough for the Creator of all things to find room for the exercise of His wonderful attributes.

A mere glance at the insect world is sufficient to fill the mind with amazement at the wonderful multiplicity of animal life. In the vast immensity of the Pacific Ocean are to be found coral islands twelve hundred miles wide. Some of them extend down into the ocean more than seven thousand feet. These immense formations are the result of the labor of an organism so small that they may be compared to the finest threads. They consist of an oval hollow body, without a head. They have digestive organs, with an opening which is armed with feelers arranged around a sort of mouth. These tentacles move about in search of food, which consists of smaller animals which come within their reach. Geology teaches that coral is composed of a secretion of calcareous matter, something like the fingernails or bones in man. The microscope shows us how it seizes and swallows its prey. If an animalcula passes by, it throws its feelers or arms around it and brings it to the mouth. The coral ceases to grow when the animal is not reached by the washing of the sea. Then the rocky skeleton remains, and is continually catching fragments of wood,

leaves and sand, as they float on the waves. Presently a decomposition of these matters take place, and a soil is produced. Now, from a few stray seeds, shrubbery and trees begin to sprout. In a little while they begin to grow up, and a beautiful island for the habitation of man is produced by the dead bodies of these insects of such minute dimensions. What was formerly a barren lime-rock, once the abode of myriads of these little animals, becomes the home of man.

The smallest animals yet exhibited by the microscope are the monads. They are generally from one-twelfth hundredth to one-twenty-fourth thousandth part of an inch in diameter. They have a mouth and a digestive apparatus. A silicious covering of a species of these animals compose the rock known as Tripoli, and the rock on which Richmond, in Virginia, is built. In Norway this kind of rock is known as mountain meal, and is used as food by some of the inhabitants. It requires millions of millions of these little creatures to fill the space of a single cubic inch, and yet, by furnishing them with a kind of coloring matter for food, men have been able to investigate the process of digestion and arrive at facts relating to their general formation. What innumerable mysteries there are in matter as well as in mind!

We are about ready, now, to revise that splendid quotation from Kant and make it read as follows: "There are *three* things that fill me with ceaseless awe—the starry heavens above, the microscopic world beneath, and the moral law within." The whole matter, in a nutshell, is that when wealth, talent, knowledge, authority, and when the earth itself shall have passed away, Truth shall rise, like the angel of Manoah's sacrifice, upon the flame of nature's funeral pyre, and ascend to her source, her heaven and home, which is the bosom of the holy and eternal Power.

WALDO LEVER, '20.

Wofford College Library

To Freshmen

(The following verses were written by Clarence Lewis, of the class of 1916, one of the Wofford men who made the supreme sacrifice during the recent war. There were other verses, but, as the original manuscript was blurred, these were all that could be read plainly. Clarence was popularly known as "Lefty" while here. This accounts for the allusion in the closing stanza.)

Freshmen all, it does seem ages,
  Up the starry flights of time,
Till the "dip" of long-felt wanting
  In your hands will rest sublime.
But the years are short, and quickly
  Pass away to come no more;
Yours they are to make the best of,
  Tho' they seem four score and four.

Better make the best of each one;
  You'll regret each one of sin,
For the saddest of all adages
  Is the one: "It might have been."

You will read this soft epistle,
  And you'll laugh it all away,
Saying: "Pretty nutty, that guy;
  Throwing all his time away,
Writing such a line of 'hot air';
  That's their hobby from day to day—
Old men with their aged advices,
  College men who have had their say."

Time alone with show your error;
  Time which waits for none today,
In this world of hearts as broken
  Plants of trees being thrown away.
Maybe you will read this sanely;
  Maybe you will laugh and jest,
But you'll find that in the long run
  "Lefty's" words were maybe best.

Mental Training

THE MIND has the power of producing growth which cannot be absolutely idle. If it is not cultivated into a beautiful and valuable garden, it will grow up in weeds and flowers of a wild order. It it necessary to exercise careful mental cultivation; that is, a training of all the faculties in the right direction. This should be the first great object in any system of education, whether public or private. The value of an education depends upon the cultivation of the power of accuracy of thought and the general control of the understanding. It is not the amount of knowledge, but the ability to apply it, which promises success and usefulness in life. If pupils are taught *how* to think, they will soon learn *what* to think. Exercise is not more necessary to a healthful state of the body than is the employment of the various faculties of the mind to mental efficiency.

It is the trained and disciplined intellect which rules the world of literature, science, and art. It is knowledge put in action by trained mental faculties which is powerful. Knowledge merely gathered together is devoid of power, unless quickened into life by thoughts and reflections of some practical worker. But when this is supplied it becomes an engine of power.

This work of mental training, apparently so difficult, is really so pleasant and enjoyable that it sweetens the routine of common, every-day life. There is no excuse for the youth who is content to grow up to a mature life and its duties with a mind whose powers are untrained and which has not received the advantages of a practical education. Some may think they are excused by poverty, but lack of means has not robbed them of a single intellectual power. On the other hand, it sharpens all of them. Has poverty shut them out from nature, from truth, or from God? Wealth cannot convert a dunce into a genius. Gold will not store a mind with wisdom;

it is more likely to fill it with folly. It may decorate the body, but it cannot adorn the intellect. No business is so urgent but that time may be given to mental training. A wood chopper never loses time in grinding his axe. One cannot help thinking, because the mind is always active. What is needful is to direct it to proper objects and in proper channels and it will develop itself automatically, so to speak.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of reading as a means of training the mental faculties. It is by this means that you gather food for thoughts, principles, and actions. There are, at least, four classes of readers: The first is like the hour glass, and their reading being on the sand, it runs in and runs out and leaves no impression behind. A second is like a sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a strainer, allowing all that is pure to pass through, retaining only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth is like the workmen in the diamond mines, who, casting away all that is worthless, obtain only the precious gems.

We should read with discrimination. The world is full of books, a great portion of which are either worthless or hurtful in their tendency. "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention." And as no man has time to read everything, he ought to make a selection of the ablest and best writers on the subjects which he desires to investigate and dismiss wholly from his attention the entire crowd of unworthy and useless ones. Always read with a concentrated mind. One book read thoroughly will do more to improve the mind than skimming over the surface of a whole library.

From time immemorial intellectual endowments have been crowned with laurels of honor. What is that quality which is so lauded by humanity? It is called education; that is, development. It is not simply instruction, facts, and rules communicated by the teacher, but it is discipline, a development of

latent powers, a growth of the mind. Education should have reference to the whole man, namely: the body, the mind, and the heart. If you want a perfect man, you must not look for him in the gymnasium, the university, or the church exclusively, but you look for the healthful mind in the healthful body with a virtuous heart. The individual in whom this union is found is the only one worthy to be called educated.

Learn thoroughly what you study, be it ever so little. A few well-defined facts and ideas are worth a whole library of uncertain knowledge. We too often hang back because it takes so long to acquire the mastery of any thing. Let the end alone! "Don't try to cross the bridge before you come to it." Begin at the beginning, and your life will be made happier for making the effort. Men are often like knives with many blades. They know how to open one, and only one; the rest are buried in the handles, and from misuse become useless. Education is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self. The man is educated who knows how to make a tool of every faculty, how to open it, how to sharpen it, and how to apply it to all practical purposes.

Opportunities are constantly occurring to every one. You can never begin sooner than now, so let us remind ourselves of the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way." The world has put a high premium upon the trained mind. "A word to the wise is sufficient." Every one should seize time by the forelock and learn to appreciate the fact that "knowledge is a precious jewel which will never decay."

M. W. L., '20.

Two Parodies on Goldsmith's Poem, "When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly"

(*Collected by the A. L. E.*)

THE ORIGINAL.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

REVISION BY RAYMOND BROWNING, NORTH CAROLINA EVANGELIST.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
Jesus can soothe her melancholy,
And He can take her guilt away.

His robe of love her sin can cover
And hide her shame from every eye;
Can give repentance to her lover,
And his black heart can purify.

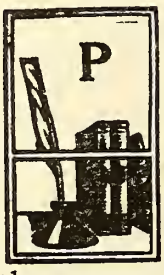
PARODY BY PHOEBE CARY.

When lovely woman wants a favor,
And finds too late that man won't bend,
What earthly circumstance can save her
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,
The last experiment to try,
Whether a husband or a lover,
If he have feeling, is—to cry.

The Frenchman in America

(Dedicated to History Classes)



PICTURE, if you please, a man used to the gayety of courts and reared amid the best and most cultured society and in a densely populated country, being suddenly transported to a country bleak, barren and cold, inhabited only by savages and wild animals. Then you will have some idea of the anomaly of the Frenchman who made his abode in the Canadian and North colony forests. As he parades therein, he hears, instead of the music of his native land, naught but the roar of Niagara and the army bugle calls. In meditation, he contrasts the fair skins he left behind with the dusky loveliness of Indian maidens, and the stern dignity of Indian chiefs with the ever-expressive gestures and manners of his fellow countrymen.

Can this old French partisan, grown gray in shaggy deserts, be accused of forsaking all the environments of his native land simply for pay? Or will you agree with me that it was genuine patriotism and loyalty to the king?

And what of the French Catholic priests who endured untold harships and dangers to carry the gospel to the red men? Surely, my Protestant friends, these men were not corrupt as it is thought that many are today.

W. W., '20.

A Day on the Rhine

PERHAPS no river in the world, with the possible exception of the Marne, has been the subject of so much conversation for the past five years as the Rhine. It is neither beauty nor utility that gives it its fame, but the part it has played in European history, ancient and modern.

One day during the early part of last October it was my privilege to be the guest of the Y. M. C. A. on one of the excursions which it gave to the soldiers of the American Forces in Germany. The program of the day was a boat ride up the Rhine, with Coblenz as the base from which we started and to which we returned in the evening. There were about three hundred of us on the boat. Coblenz is the city in which the General Headquarters of the American Forces in Germany is located. It is a beautiful city of about sixty thousand inhabitants located on the left bank of the Rhine just where the Mosel joins in with that greater river for an uninterrupted flow to its destination in northern waters.

The object of the trip was to give the boys something in the nature of an educational outing that would help break the monotony of a soldier's life. Owing to the fact that I already had some knowledge of some of the places and objects of interest along the Rhine, the trip was of especial interest to me. No outing during my stay in Europe was so interesting to me as this trip on the Rhine, for the Rhine is probably the richest of all rivers in legendary interest. I shall relate some of the interesting features and incidents of that day.

About nine o'clock in the morning the pontoon bridge that lies across the river between Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein was opened and we passed through going upstream, that is, southward. Our boat was one of those river boats so numerous on the Rhine christened *Stadt Dusseldorf,* one of the ordinary type, built for light passenger traffic in shallow waters. The land on either side of the river going upstream from Coblenz

is somewhat mountainous; therefore, the points of interest consist of peculiarities of the nature of the earth and castles built several centuries ago, some of which stand pretty nearly as they were built hundreds of years ago, and others, of course, have only a wall or two left. These castles would be interesting to some because of the legends connected with them; to others because of the fact that they were built of ordinary stone taken from that section of country and some of them have stood nine hundred to a thousand years. You may ask how ordinary stone stood under pressure so long. That I know not. What is interesting is the fact that it is there. I shall here name those found going upstream from Coblenz to Bingen: Lahneck, Stolzenfels, Marxburg, Hostile Brothers (two castles), The Mouse, The Cat, Rheinfels, Gutenfels, Die Pfalz, Furtenburg, Sooneck, Ehrenfels, The Mouse Tower, and then comes the city of Bingen. We also saw the Lorelei.

Lahneck Castle stands on the corner of land formed by the Lahn River and the Rhine at their junction. The word Lahneck is composed of two words: *Eck,* meaning corner, and *Lahn,* the name of a river. So we see it is the Lahn corner. This castle was occupied by the Knights Templar. Tradition has it that in 1312, when Pope Clement V ordered the dissolution of the Knights Templar, those representatives of the order stationed there refused to acknowledge the dissolution and resisted an attack destined to disband them. The attacking party, under Peter von Aspelt, Archbishop of Mainz, was much stronger than the force of those defending the castle. When all the defending party but one man had been killed, opportunity was given him to surrender. This he refused, and immediately fell, wounded by a dozen swords.

A short distance farther upstream, and on the opposite side of the river, is Stolzenfels Castle. It has been repeatedly rebuilt. As we see it today, it was built about the middle of the nineteenth century. It was owned by the ex-Emperor William II. He never did live in it. It was just counted in the list of his property.

I shall not write of all the castles that I saw on this trip,

merely those that interested me most. The Hostile Brothers are two castles about one hundred and fifty yards apart. They are called this because long ago they were inhabited by brothers who were at enmity with each other. A knight named Bayer of Boppard had two sons, Heinrich and Conrad. He also had an adopted daughter named Hildegarde. Both brothers fell in love with their foster sister, and each wished to marry her. This, of course, caused jealousy and finally enmity. One day, when they had met half way between the two castles to decide by a duel which should be left to marry Hildegarde, she ran and pleaded with them to desist from their rash resolve and to consider more wisely. They left off from fighting their duel, but the girl left and entered a convent. Neither of them married her, and a stone wall was erected across the spot where they were about to fight. This wall divided them, and each kept himself on his side of the wall.

The next structure of especial interest is the Pfalz, a peculiar looking building with several turrets, situated on a small island in midstream. Here the daughter of a prince was held in a virtual prison, for it looks more like a prison than a castle or palace. This girl was wanted to marry a prince of a certain royal family. Girls have a way of wanting to not do exactly the thing they are wanted to do and of wanting to do just exactly something they are wanted not to do. This girl was no exception. For this reason she, with her mother, who to a certain extent sympathized with her and encouraged her in her whims and fancies, was transferred to this isolated castle prison, to be held until she should banish from her mind her regard for the sweetheart of her own choice and should agree to be married to the sweetheart of her father's choice. Secretly her suitor paid her many visits, and was finally successful in marrying her there.

On the right bank of the river at this point is a bronze statue to Blucher, commemorating his crossing the Rhine here as he was leading the Prussian army to join the Duke of Wellington's forces against Napoleon at Waterloo. This

makes this spot interesting from a historical as well as from a legendary viewpoint.

Leaving the castles, I shall now pass on to Fair Bingen on the Rhine, the home of the dying German soldier who had fought and fallen far from home. Across the river from Bingen, high up on the hillside, is the German national monument. This was erected just after the war with France, fifty years ago, when Germany became a united empire. At this point we turned to make our way back to camp.

The Rhine being a navigable river, we naturally saw other boats than our own. We passed and met numerous steam tugs trailed by from three to five barges of coal, coke or peat. This fuel was mined or gathered in the lowlands of the north and was being transported southward to market.

On our return trip, we again passed the Lorelei. The Lorelei is not a castle; therefore, I passed over it without mentioning it when I was describing the castles on the upstream journey. It is simply a bald, precipitous rock, about four hundred and thirty feet high, jutting out into the stream. About it is the legend that a beautiful maiden, bedecked with jewels, sat upon the lofty precipice singing beautiful, alluring songs and combing her golden hair with a golden comb. Her singing possessed such a melody that a boatman must be deaf to the really beautiful if he did not forget himself so far as to neglect his craft and let it be dashed to pieces on the rough rocks by the violent water as it makes its abrupt bend around this huge jutting rock. On the boat with us was a German orchestra, which played the beautiful though doleful music to the song named for the rock.

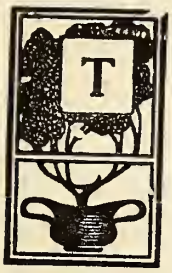
After passing the Lorelei, we had not much farther to go before we were again at our starting point, having had a magnificent view of the curiosities along the Rhine.

O. H. HATCHETT, '21.

This And That

(By the Assistant Literary Editor)

ORIGIN OF O. K.



THERE are three tales told concerning this. One is that President Andrew Jackson, who was a poor speller, put the letters O. K. upon his finished papers, meaning Oll Korrect (all correct).

The second story is that during war times in the Northwest a baker named Oliver Kendall had his initials placed upon the output of his bakery. As his pies, cakes and bread were the very best, the soldiers got in the habit of using the initials to signify anything and everything good, and they brought the expression back with them to the East.

It is also thought to be derived from an incorrectly spelled Choctaw Indian word Okeh, meaning "It is so." This is the theory that has gained the most credence and the one which President Wilson, who is no mean authority on the English language, adheres to.

ORIGIN OF THE HYMN: "JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

As Charles Wesley was journeying through the country one day, his attention was directed to a sparrow closely pursued by a hawk. Just as the hawk was about to receive his prey, the sparrow made a suddent dart and flew into the bosom of Wesley's coat. This incident produced the inspiration for his immortal and best known hymn: "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly."

IN THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW.

It is so cold away up north where the Eskimos live that one would think that even their wits would freeze. But a certain little Eskimo boy learned the alphabet, to read in words of one syllable, and to add numbers up to fifty in thirty-two

days. This example is given as an encouragement for Wofford College students during January's blizzard weather.

ANENT THE JAMES BOYS.

The James boys, famous outlaws in the days gone by, were sons of a highly respected minister. Many notorious crimes were laid at the door of the James brothers and Cole Younger, the latter of whom now lives at Lee's Summit, Missouri. Jesse James was shot and killed in his home at St. Joseph, Missouri, by Bob Ford, also a bandit, in 1882, for a reward of $50,000. Following this, Frank James surrendered in Jefferson City, Missouri.

The latter died in the year 1915 of apoplexy. His body was cremated, in accordance with his last wish. The reason he gave for this request was that he did not want his grave to be a mecca for sightseers.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD CAUCUS.

The exact origin of the term caucus is not known. Some believe it to have been derived from the Algonquin Indian word *kaw-kaw-was,* meaning to talk or confer. Others believe it derived from "caulkers," because secret political meetings, which are said to have originated in Boston, were held by the ship caulkers to make protests against the actions of the English soldiers.

How Sad

Poor silly, little Willie Rush,
His heart all in a flame,
Met young, frivolous Miss Gush—
The pretty little dame.

He held her in his lap one night—
The giddy-headed flirt;
She squeezed his neck so tight
His collar bone she hurt.

Her cheeks were bright and rosy red,
He kissed her just in frolic,
And now, poor fellow, he is dead—
He had the painter's colic.

B. T. S., '22.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Et tu, Brute! B. T. S. had a brother who was a very versatile poet, and we are glad to see him make this start.

Fast

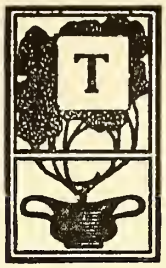
There is a guy in our class,
The fellows call him bright;
He always examinations pass,
And yet stays out at night.

Then, there is another guy,
He is dull as quarry stone;
On examinations he busts high,
But still he's always on the bone.

Now, tell me, if you can,
Please tell me, if you know,
Why to the loafing man
The high marks usually go?

B. T. S., '22.

A Phase of Disappointment



THIS story does not begin as many others of its kind. Some begin when the sun-god arises from his dewy couch and starts the song birds on their day of gladness, or the brilliant hues of the sunset paint the heavens in gorgeous colors, giving occasion to the poets to write of their beauty and their melancholy. Nor does it begin when the moon shines down on a murmuring river, on whose bosom floats a boat with, let us say, a fisherman in it. No; this story begins at twenty-seven minutes of nine on a hot morning in the middle of June.

At this point of time, a young lady enters a railroad car in—well, it doesn't matter—this happens in any American city. She is escorted by an elderly man, presumably her father. After making things as comfortable as possible for her, he bids her good-bye and leaves the train.

Now, as the father is gone, we may take a look at the young lady, as a young man in a seat in front of her does. She gives the impression at a glance of innocence and beauty. She is beautiful on account of her figure, which is very symmetrically formed, and her delicately shaped face, in which shines two beautiful blue orbs. Her dress is immaculate white.

The young man who casually glanced at her merits no special description, excepting that he was *a little* soiled from having just got off one train and on to another. He was, to borrow the Germanic fondness for compound words, just a plain, prep-school-looking boy. But this boy determined, after looking two or three times at the young lady, that if something did not happen to produce an introduction to her, he was going to make the excuse.

As the train pulled out from under the dark shed of the big station, the boy straightened out his necktie and brushed his hair. The train crept windingly through the city and across

a very long bridge. Then it plunged into what seemed an interminable swamp. Fate seemed to be with the boy, for, just as the train had crossed the trestle, he was attracted by a sharp, scraping noise behind him. Turning around, he saw that the sash which the young lady had previously raised had fallen.

"May I not put it up for you?" he asked.

She nodded assent, and he promptly arranged it so that it would come down again. Then, when it came down again, he put it up again. After all his efforts had failed, he offered her his seat, which she declined. The young man then resumed his seat and became very abrupt and pointed.

"Let us be friends," he said, "for I am to stay here all day, and I am already tired of it!"

"I would be delighted," she murmured.

The boy then got philosophical. "Don't you think knowledge of a person is indispensable to friendship? *I do.* Therefore, I am going to ask you some questions. May I first ask where you live?"

He only had to ask *that* question to get *these* answers: "Oh, I live in Memphis, and my father is a cotton broker. But, of course, we don't stay in Memphis all the time. In fact, I have been traveling ever since I can remember. You would not think it, but father owns over a million dollars. But, of course, we do not act as if we do."

At this, the boy opened his eyes and started to ask her name and address. However, she did not give him time.

"In 1900, when I was born, Dad settled in Memphis, and there has been our headquarters." This information was very alluring, as she appeared to be but nineteen. And she kept on:

"I am going out to Hoxey, Arkansas, to help some one select a house. I would be riding in a Pullman, but, as you know, this train hasn't any."

She seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of incidents concerning her family and traveling. But the boy would not be left entirely out of the conversation. He informed her that he, too, had traveled. He was now having a delightful time.

He was picturing his getting letters from far away and eventually going to Memphis on important business. He had raised great hopes, and her endearing smiles and manners seemed to warrant them.

Finally he asked: "Who will meet you at Hoxey?"

"Oh," she said, "I forgot to tell you. My hubby will meet me."

This last rejoinder completely removed all the "pep" from his soul. He turned to look at the fleeting landscape to keep her from seeing his disappointment. He was dejected, sore at himself, disgusted with life, and hated the swamps of Arkansas which flew by on each side of the track. But he gamely smiled a sickly grin.

The young wife continued to talk. "He is the most jealous being you ever saw. Once he got mad because my brother gave me some candy." On and on she "gabbed," until her ceaseless line of chatter was cut short by the train's stopping at Hoxey.

Later, the prep-school-looking boy took a peep out of his car window. Sure enough, a tall, athletic young man with a "Charlie Chaplin" mustache met the "talking machine," as our friend designated her in relating to me the incident.

SEMPRONIUS, '21.

"Leviathan"

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

(Omitted from Mr. A. C. Gramling's excellent article on the Leviathan in last month's issue)

Leviathan, thou noble ship,
  Thou mighty monarch of the seas,
May thy stalwart form and mighty force
  War's desolating horrors ease.
We view the grandeur of thy bulk
  And gaze with wonder and with awe
At thy great magnitude and might,
  Which surpass visions we foresaw.

As now in peaceful anchor held,
  The waves caress thy sturdy bow:
The ocean flirts and beckons thee
  To sail away, away—and now
She lures thee with her spinning crest,
  But couldst thou see beneath the wave
The yawning jaws of cavern greed
  From which a God alone can save!

She'll lure thee out into her midst,
  Then tantalize with storm and gale,
But these mere trifles bring no fear
  As ever on you sail.
But deep within her sombre soul
  There lie devices born of hate,
In traitorous hearts and crafty minds
  Hell's strategies they propagate.

And will these mechanisms harm?
  Will bomb or shot e'er rend thy bark?
Will cries of horror fill the air
  As dangers peer from ocean dark?
There is but One who knows thy fate;
  Within the hollow of His hand
Thy safety lies. You can but wait
  And place thy trust in Beulah Land.

We trust thee, Ship, we give our sons
  By thousands. Will they fill thy halls?
Oh, bring them safe across the wave,
  Despite the whirlpool, storms and squalls.
The prayers and sobs from broken hearts
  Will follow as thy course is run.
This prayer eternal to heaven will rise—
  "Thy will, not mine, O God, be done."

Leviathan, thou ship of state,
  Sail on, sail on victorious.
Crush thou the tools of hate,
  Come back with honors glorious
And bring with thee eternal peace,
  Peace with honor, without stain,
And wear the crown, "LEVIATHAN,"
  Queen of the ocean's vast domain.

—Contributed by A. C. Gramling.

Smile

Cheer up! My friend, look not so sad,
  The world has worry 'nough
Without your long face! Come, be glad,
  And cast aside such stuff!

Behold! the sky is blue today,
  And Sol is beaming bright.
So why should you go on your way
  Look'n' like you want to fight?

Look up and see the lovely sky,
  With not a cloud in view!
Seems like it's asking you to try
  To drive them 'way from you.

Believe me, worry never did
  A thing that was worth while.
So don't go 'round here like a kid!
  Look up, and wear a smile!

10-13-3, '22.

First Reply to Letters of Halman Hanks

(*Published in the November and December issues*)

Deer Hal,

As long as you hav rote me twict an I aint rit you I thot Id rite an tell you bout the ole farm an things in general. Hal, youre spellin is awful fer a colige feller, even if you aint nothin but a freshman and a grene one at that for, beleve Soder, you was grene when you left heer. You shore do spit out sum big words like fizicks and sich an you think I cant understan. But I can, fer I hav got a webster's pockit dickshonary an I knoe as much as you does.

Hal, you makes me tired with all yours airs and youre disrespeck to your betters. You hav ben razed better. Say, speakin bout that possum, I woodnt ketch you one if you never passed, an its jest like you to want me to hav all the trubble an git nuthin.

Ill tell you sum nues. Youre pa went to toun yisterday an bought a nue fony graf reckord called Uncl josh at kamp meetin. I wish you cood here it, its gran.

Well, Hal, dont study too hard or you mite bust that noodle of yourn. You knoe it never was any too good an try to git a little cents in it. Be shore and rite me agin soon.

Your pal,

SODER CRACKER.

B. T. S., '22.

LANCE DURWARD BRABHAM

(December 26, 1902—January 11, 1920)

Just as we go to press, we have received the sad intelligence that L. D. Brabham, who was a student with us last year, passed away at his home in Batesburg, S. C., of heart failure. Brabham was a Sophomore, and was getting along splendidly with his collegiate work, when he was suddenly taken ill. After his recovery, he went home. While there he suffered another attack, from which he failed to recuperate. The news of his death has cast a spell of sadness over his many friends and former comrades, by whom he was much loved on account of his sunny smile and genial disposition. In spite of the fact that he never enjoyed the best of health, he was not of the kind who kept the public in continual memory of his ailments. Only the closest observers were aware of his physical indisposition.

Brabham was a bright student and, for that reason, was held in the highest esteem and respect by the faculty and intellectuals on the campus. The record that he made for himself during his short stay with us was of sufficient quality to guarantee a brilliant future had he lived to witness mature life. The exit of this promising life from earth so early in his teens has brought home to us very vividly these lines from Longfellow:

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"'Shall I have nought that is fair?' saith he;
'Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.'"

That the loving Father of all humanity may richly bless the parents and relatives of our former college mate in their affliction and bereavement is the earnest wish of the JOURNAL staff.

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of the Junior or Senior Classes submitting the best short story from those classes, and also to the member of the Freshman or Sophomore Classes submitting the best short story from those classes. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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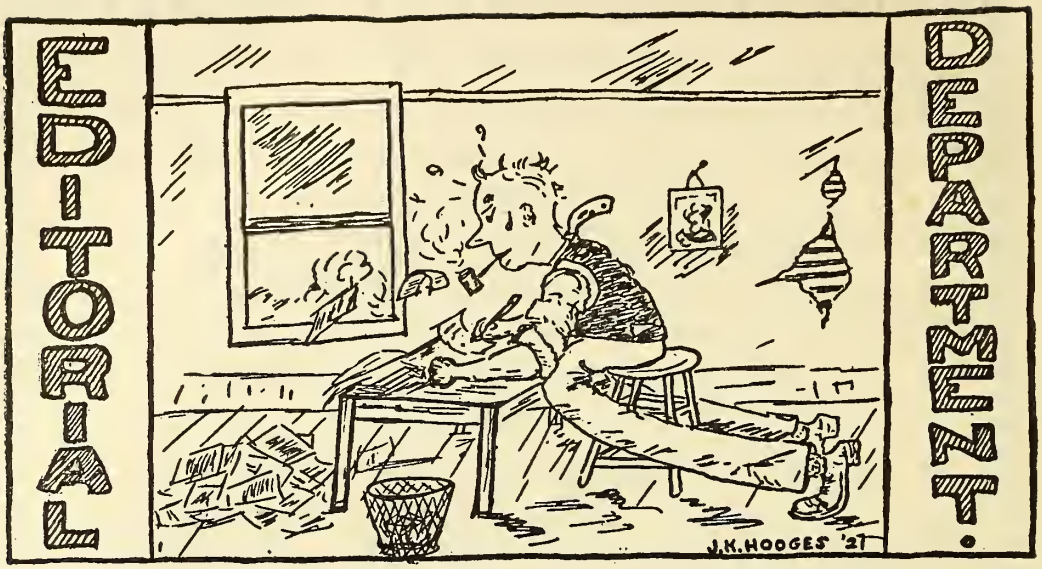

A. Stokes King ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
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As Regards Examinations

We are on the verge of the mid-year horror, that academic Inquisition, that most exquisite torture, generally dignified by the polite appellation, "mid-year examinations."

Just why this form of mental torture should exist in the centers of learning is a profound mystery to the omniscient Sophomore and a source of nervous anxiety to the august Senior. To the average student "exams" seem only the bi-yearly affliction visited upon their unoffending heads from the hands of wrathful professors, who rub their hands in a fit of inordinate glee as they see the destruction being wrought among the heedless.

However, it is generally conceded among authorities that examinations are a necessary evil, and, though faculties loathe them as heartily as students, they fill an essential need in college training. But is there no better method? The specious plea is made that little effort would be made to retain the facts learned in class if the spectre of examinations was not eternally flaunted before the classes. Again, the argument is set forth that the feverish reviews prior to the tests are of some educational value.

Why could not a certain high grade be set, say a "one," here at Wofford and all who made the required grade in class be excused from examination? This would be a compromise between the radical non-examinationists and the conservatives. It would undoubtedly result in a general increase in average scholarship; for, with the incentive of no examinations, there would be scarcely a man who would not endeavor to make the required mark.

By making examinations necessary for only the slothful, the faculty would create a marvelous stimulus, thereby bettering the average of scholarship in a very appreciable degree. Of course, where the lecture method is used entirely, this plan could not be used, but when the classes are conducted as they are here we believe it would work admirably in all but a very few of the lecture courses in the upper classes. At least, the above plan is in successful operation at many institutions of similar standing, and it seems to result in an increase in scholarship and the removal of a great part of the burden and waste of examination from both faculty and students.

"EXAMENOPFER."

More Time or Shorter Examinations

When last year, owing to the short terms resulting from the disturbed conditions following the S. A. T. C., the usual length of the examination period was cut in half, the understanding was that a like cut would be made in the length and number of the questions asked on each examination. While it may not be feasible to cut the length of any examination in half, still it seems that there should be a decided and very appreciable curtailment in the length of the examinations. Some professors have endeavored to shorten their "quizzes," and their efforts are appreciated. There are others who, if their questions have been shortened, it has been so barely perceptible that it is almost negligible. At best, it takes just as long to review a subject for a short examination as a long one, and with only half a normal period, only a scant shortening of the questions, sometimes with two and in some

cases three examinations scheduled for one day, it will leave little time to review and results are liable to be disastrous to many. The present system will inevitably result in a far greater temptation to cheat and a tendency, where little time is given for study, to "trust to luck."

The answer is that when the present system was tried last year the marks were better than ever before. But will that record hold true? We candidly believe that it will not. And will not the sinister menace of a great increase in "riders" counteract the mere saving of a few days of the usual period? Of course, the short period is to be preferred if the examination is to be correspondingly shortened. Let us hope that some action will be taken in this matter which is of such concern to the entire student body. "EXAMENOPFER."

College Referendum

The ratification of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations covenant, which has met with so much opposition in the Senate, has been brought before the students of the colleges and universities of the country. The question of ratification was studied and debated in the literary societies and then a vote was taken January 13. The result at Wofford was decidedly in favor of ratification without reservations.

The college referendum is a good index to the desires of the thinking people of the country. It shows that students are interested in this vital problem, and they want to have a part in the world's affairs. Another significant fact is that the students support President Wilson's policy and disagree with Mr. Lodge and his followers. There was no one who did not want the covenant passed in any form. M. W. L.

Dr. Wallace (to Grady Dowling)—"Mr. Dowling, are there any raw materials for manufacturing purposes in the Pee Dee section of the State?"

Dowling—"I don't know, Doctor."

Dr. Wallace—"Mr. Dowling, what county are you from?"

Dowling—"From Darlington."

Dr. Wallace—"Well, judging by your answer, I would say there is a good deal of raw material in the Pee Dee section."

Prof. D. A. DuPre (in Physics)—"Mr. Hoffmeyer, what is velocity?"

Hoffmeyer (who hails from the country)—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go a bee with, Doctor."

Dr. Rembert—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Senior FitzSimons (under his breath)—"No wonder so many of us flunk on our exams."

When Manager Hart's father was here he was asked what sort of a career he had mapped out for Hutson.

"I'm going to make a lawyer out of him," he replied. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tending to other folks' business, and he might as well get paid for it."

Some one, seeing Sam Jones, Prather and Reece working

on their parish car, asked what was the matter with it. Whereupon Sam replied optimistically: "Oh, it's all right as far as it goes."

Englishman Hooker (to Irishman Pressley)—"Have you read the book called 'The Heavenly Twins?' "

Pressley—"Yes, I have."

Hooker—"And the 'Sorrows of Satan?' "

Pressley—"Yes."

Hooker—"And have you read 'Looking Backward?' "

Pressley—"How in the devil could I do that?"

GEOGRAPHICAL PUN

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along and I'll Fiji."

Dr. Wallace (to Purdy)—"Mr. Purdy, name some of the Fathers of the American Revolution."

Purdy—"Lincoln, Lee and Stonewall Jackson."

Dr. Wallace—"When Louis the Sixteenth's palace was besieged by the mob, he took refuge in the halls of the National Assembly. Then, before his own eyes, the Assembly passed a bill that he must abdicate the throne, and made him sign it. Now, Mr. A. A. Wright, what did I say?"

Wright—"You said the Assembly made the king sign a bill of abdication right between the eyes."

Dr. Snyder (to Bob Lucas)—"Mr. Lucas, how did Thomas Jefferson start off the Declaration of Independence?"

Lucas—"Give me liberty, or give me death!"

Junior Carlisle Holler (in the presence of Freshman "Big Ora")—"I think I'll get me a new pair of 'spats.' "

"Big Ora"—"What's the matter? Have your eyes been giving you trouble?"

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE

"What is the 'Poet's License,' say?"
Asked rose-lipped Anna of a poet.
"Now give me an example, pray,
That when I see one I may know it."
Quick as a flash he plants a kiss
Where perfect kisses always fall.
"Nay, sir! What liberty is this?"
"The Poet's License—that is all!"

—J. G. S.

Junior Pope (to E. C. Kirkland)—"Kirkland, what are you Sophomores studying in Xenophon's *Analysis?*"

Dr. Clinkscales—"Now, gentlemen, I am not going to give you a hard examination, but one that will show whether you know fundamental principles or not. Any fool can get up a set of questions difficult enough to foil even the best of students."

Senior W. G. Smith—"Well, Doctor, they certainly have given some hard ones at Wofford in times past."

Senior Lever (upon striking a stiff breeze while going around a corner)—"My! Isn't this air *embracing?*"

Dr. Wallace (in Economics)—"Mr. Cauthen, has air any utility?"

Cauthen—"Yes, sir."

Dr. Wallace—"For what?"

Cauthen—"For the heart."

Junior Snipes (seeing an astronomy student with a telescope)—"What are you going to do with that microscope?"

After being informed by the chair that to be a member of the Hall Committee was a distinct honor, Freshman Copeland, of the Carlisle Literary Society, has been going around with an arrogant air ever since.

Dr. Wallace—"Even in Spartanburg there were some so opposed to nullification that Calhoun was burned in effigy about where Morgan Square is."

Senior Gable—"In what? What kind of stuff is that? And, besides, I thought Calhoun died a natural death."

Snelling (in introducing Mr. Boyd at the Y. M. C. A. meeting)—"Fellows, there is no use of my telling you anything about the speaker. He is superintendent of the Central Methodist Sunday School, and if you go to Sunday School, as you should do, you have become acquainted with him there."

For Snelling's information: Mr. Boyd has not been superintendent for some time. Mr. C. J. Snead is the present superintendent. Where have you been all the while, John?

WANTED TO KNOW

If Carlisle Stuck-y'n the mud a foot, how far will Hoffmeyer?

If Culclasure could not make a certain young lady love him, could Wannamaker?

"Polly" Parrott (in speaking of one of the young lady delegates to Des Moines)—"I like her very much, but she is the hardest girl I have ever tried to approach."

R. W. Davis (in the Carlisle Literary Society room)—"Mr. President, please grant me more time to *refruit* (refute) the arguments of my opponents."

The chapel bell is ringing,
We'll soon hear some singing,
And see the frozen breath come from all.
It's no incubator,
Feels like a refrigerator,
For nothin's colder than our chapel hall.

—R. W. D.

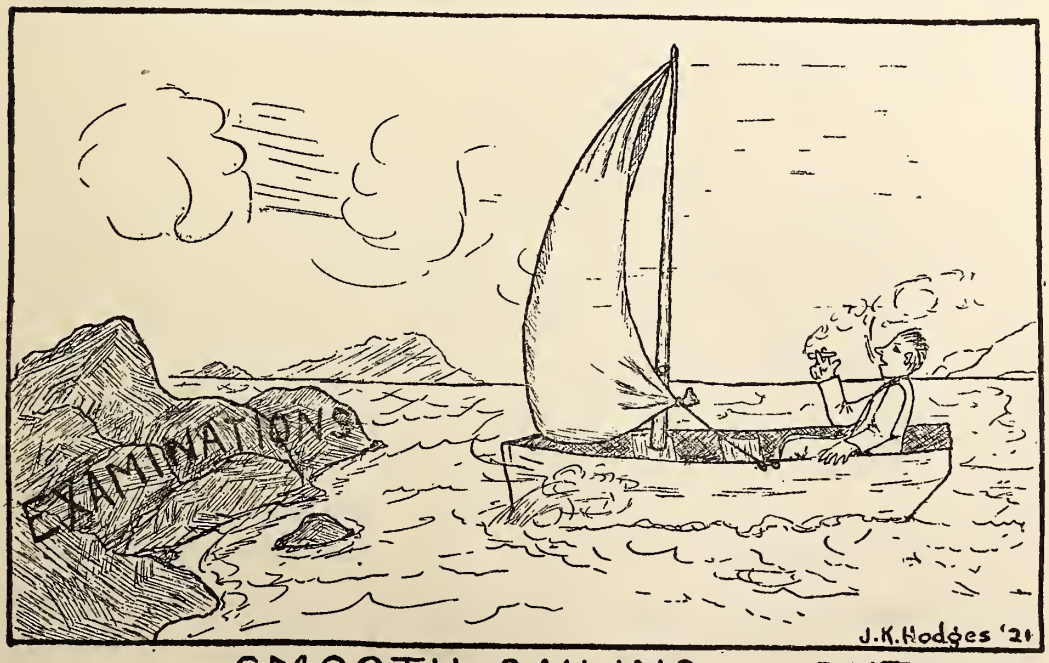
The Freshman stood on the burning deck:
As far as we could learn,
He was in perfect safety;
He was too green to burn.

It is reported that when "Polly" Parrott found hair cuts in Des Moines to be fifty cents, he straightway proceeded to tell a certain barber that it was an outrage and went all over the city trying to find a place as cheap as those in dear old Spartanburg.

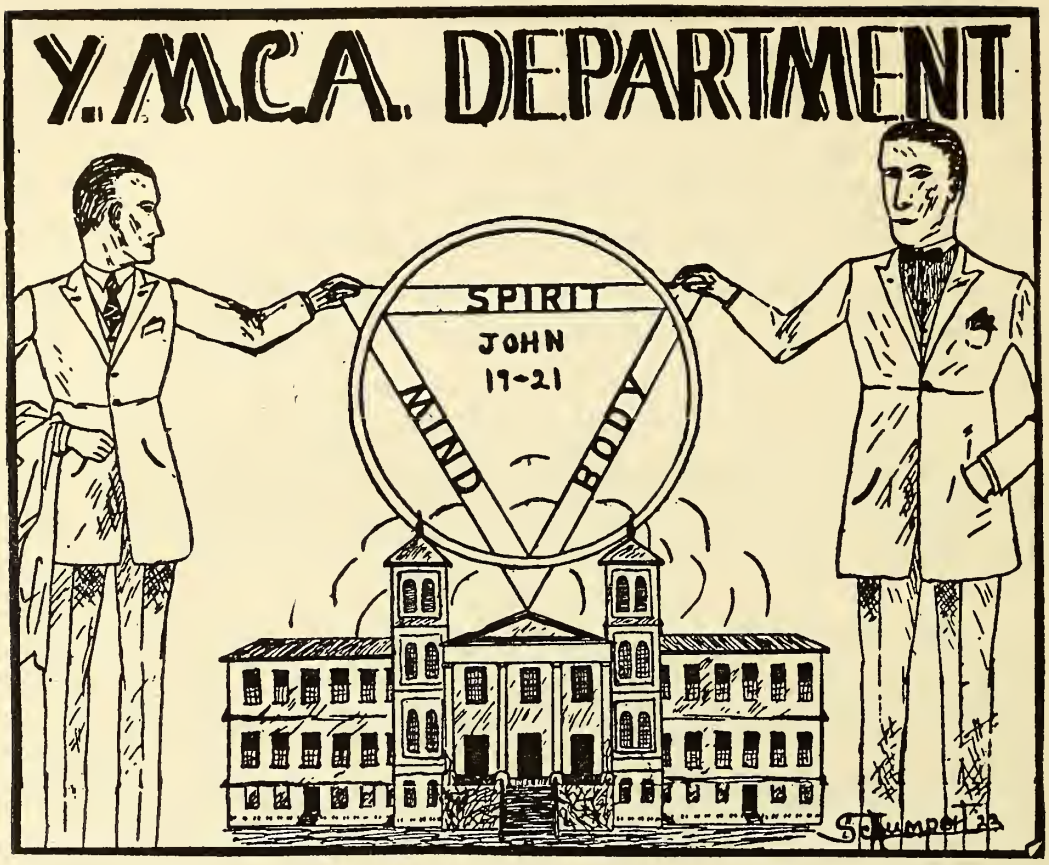
Freshman Kingman (after game between University of Georgia and Wofford)—"Say, where is the University of Georgia?"

Major Erler—"Next week I shall take the Wofford R. O. T. C. men to the shooting gallery."

Freshman Matthews—"But, Major, that calls for horses, and we haven't got any."



SMOOTH SAILING — BUT!



WOODROW WARD.....EDITOR

DECEMBER FIFTH.

The speaker for Friday evening, December 5, was Hon. S. T. Lanham, Master of Spartanburg County. Mr. Lanham made a splendid and timely address on "The Majesty of the Law." He based his remarks on a portion of the twenty-fourth verse of the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Judges: "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Mr. Lanham showed how that verse adequately described conditions in some parts of the world and certain portions of this country at the present time. He made a strenuous plea that college men preach and uphold the supremacy of law and make themselves subject to its discipline.

DECEMBER TWELFTH.

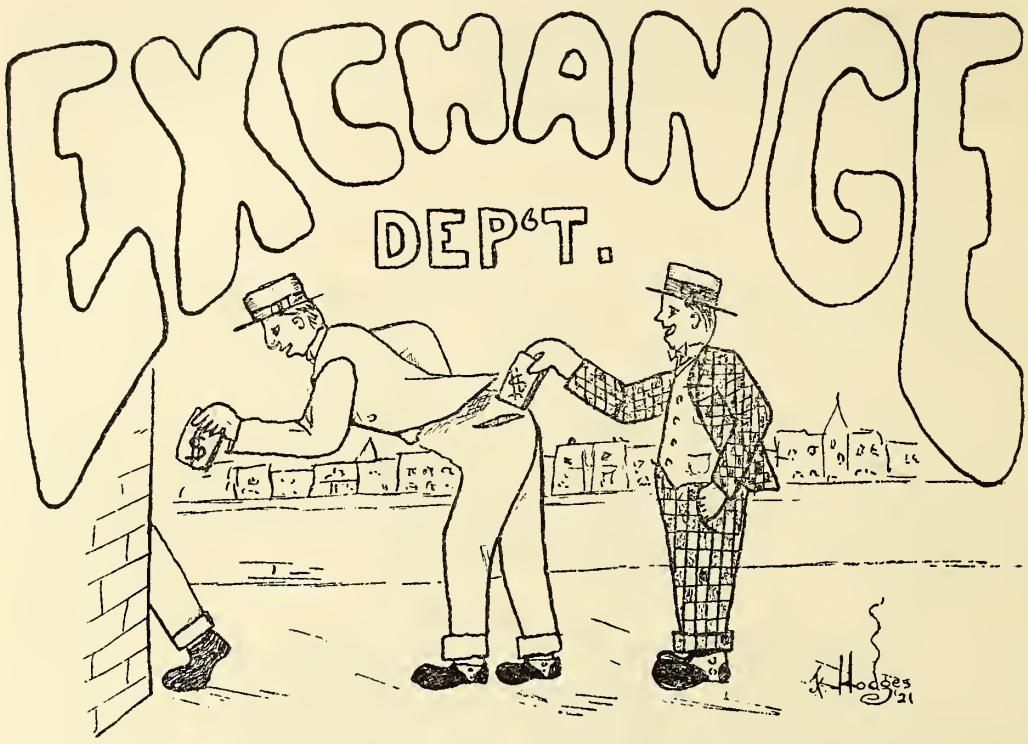
The speaker on this occasion was George Simmons, Secretary of Boys' Work for the city Y. M. C. A. Mr. Simmons delivered a much appreciated and enjoyed heart-to-heart talk as a former college man to present college men. He emphasized the fact that there were critical periods in every boy's life. The wee, small boy is instinctively religious, but soon after passes through a time of adolescent perplexity. Mr. Simmons expressed the hope that, if there were those who were not adhering to their childhood faith, they would soon find Christ again. He gave many illustrations and concrete instances to show that the life that paid the largest tangible and ethical dividends was the life hid with Christ and filled with Christian service and altruism.

DECEMBER 19TH, 26TH, JANUARY 2ND.

The meetings for the above dates were postponed on account of the Christmas and New Year holidays.

JANUARY NINTH.

The first speaker to address us at a 1920 meeting was Hon. Jesse Boyd, of the Spartanburg bar. Mr. Boyd delivered a New Year's address brimful of optimism and helpful advice. He warned us against being alarmed at the statements of men who thought that conditions and the time through which we are passing were extremely uncanny. "Every generation," said the speaker, "thought its problems were the most peculiar and the most difficult." The speaker paid a glowing tribute to the church college, and urged us not to be ungrateful ingrates concerning the privileges that are ours.



J. W. POTTS.....EDITOR

TO THE EXCHANGES.

We believe that the best way to build up a college magazine of instructive and beneficial character, as well as an interesting one, is through criticism. By this we do not mean condemnation, as is generally understood by the word, but a criticism that combines all the qualities of its correct meaning, one that is of a helpful and constructive nature.

We wish to thank those who give us the privilege of exchanging with them. Moreover, on our side, we shall heartily appreciate any criticism from them which will help us to publish a better magazine and aid us to better master the art of writing, whether it be poems, short stories or what not.

ROSES AND THORNS.

One of the best magazines that has up to the present time come to the Exchange Department is the *Furman Echo*. It is well balanced as to short stories and poems. It also adds to

these a very interesting as well as instructive feature in the form of addresses delivered on different occasions by students and faculty members.

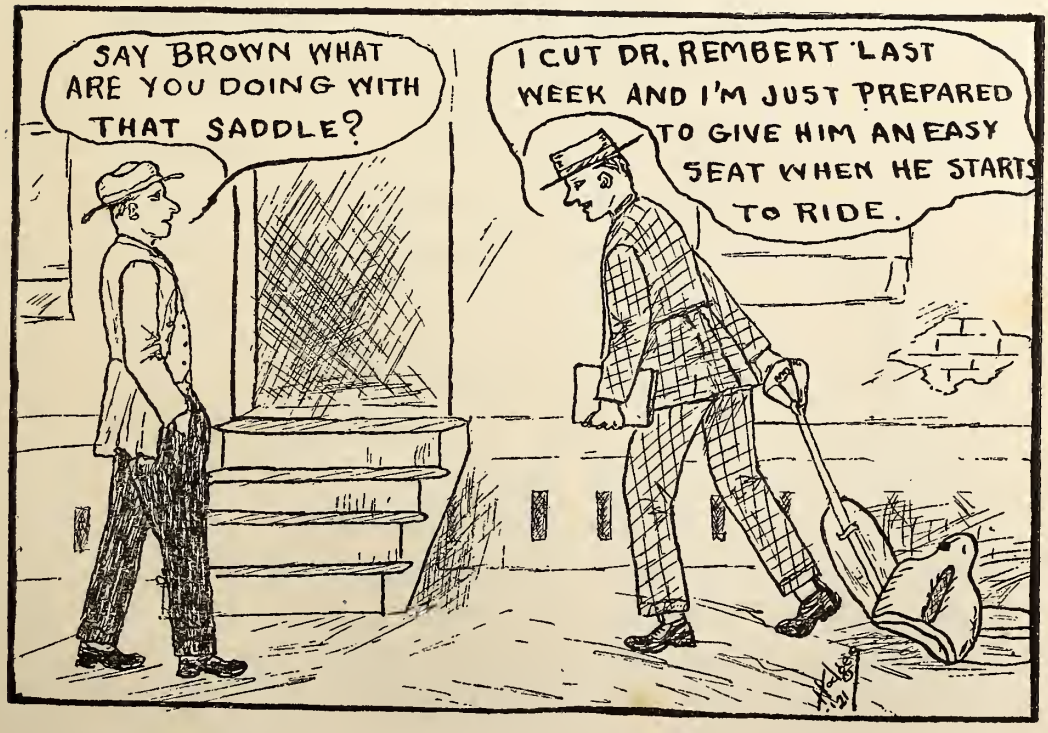
The Lenoirian is also a magazine that will give credit to any college editorial staff. But it seems to be lacking in poems, although "The Hermit Thrush" is a good piece of work.

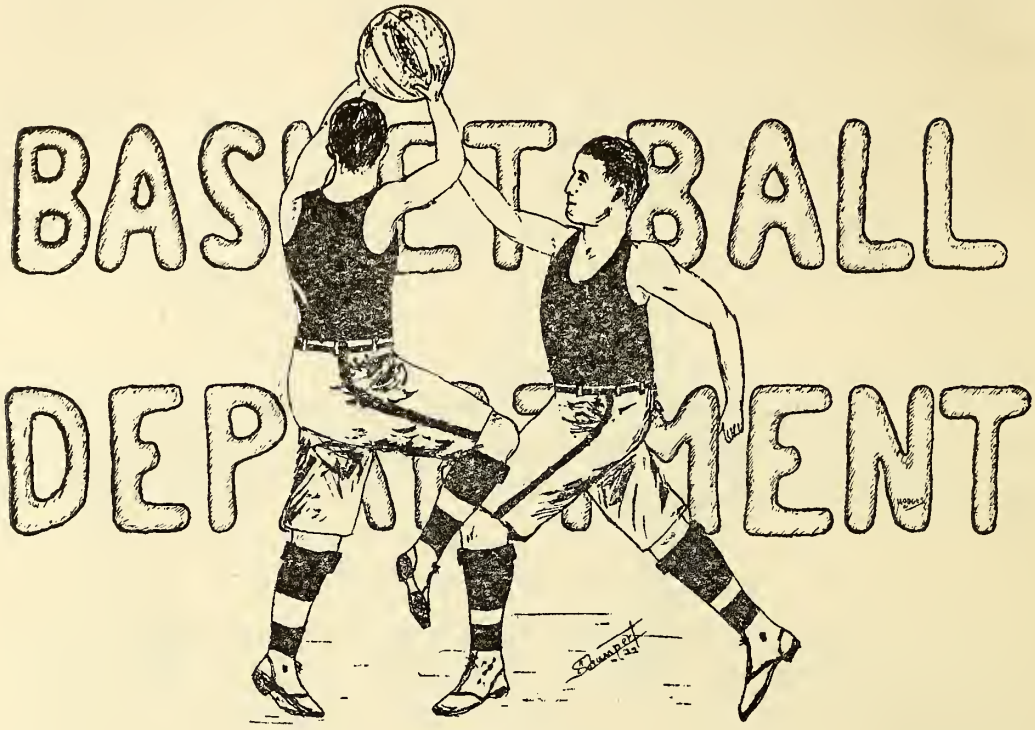
The Collegian was also read with much pleasure. The short stories were of the very best, the sentence structure concise, and the climax at the right place. But why not more of them?

One other thing that we feel that we must mention about the magazines enumerated is the competency of the editors of the various departments.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The following magazines have just been received: *The Bessie Tift Journal, The Emory Phoenix, The Chronicle, The Newberry Stylus, The Carolinian, The Orion, The University of Tennessee Magazine, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Erothesian* and *The Wesleyan.*





BASKETBALL SCHEDULE FOR THIS SEASON.

(Handed in by W. L. Bozeman, Manager of Wofford Basketball Team.)

January 13—Spartanburg Y. M. C. A., at Spartanburg.
January 14—University of Georgia, at Spartanburg.
January 15—Clemson, at Clemson.
January 16—Anderson Athletic Club, at Anderson.
January 20—Furman, at Spartanburg.
February 3—Presbyterian College, at Spartanburg.
February 4—Elon College, at Spartanburg.
February 6—Clemson, at Spartanburg.
February 10—Carolina, at Columbia.
February 11—Sumter Y. M. C. A., at Sumter.
February 13—Citadel, at Charleston.
February 18—Newberry, at Spartanburg.
February 21—College of Charleston, at Spartanburg.
February 23—Davidson, at Spartanburg.
February 24—Carolina, at Spartanburg.
February 25—Furman, at Greenville.

February 26—Newberry, at Newberry.

February 27—Presbyterian College, at Clinton.

All of the local games will be played in the city Y. M. C. A. building, and no admission fee will be demanded from the Wofford students. Watch the program, fellows, and be on hand to root each time a game is held.

FELLOWS

Do you believe in your own activities? Do you want your publications? If you do, prove it by patronizing those business firms of the city which by their advertisements make your periodicals possible. When you have a purchase to make, give the firms that ask for it the first consideration. The Advertising Manager and the Business Manager have had to work hard to sell enough space to make YOUR publication financially successful. The willingness with which many business men have taken advertisements with us has been very gratifying; some, however, doubt whether it is profitable for them to advertise with us. As Wofford men, thoroughly convince our advertisers that you appreciate their support, and that it is always profitable to support the activities of Wofford students. Make JOURNAL advertisements pay the advertisers. Show your college spirit.

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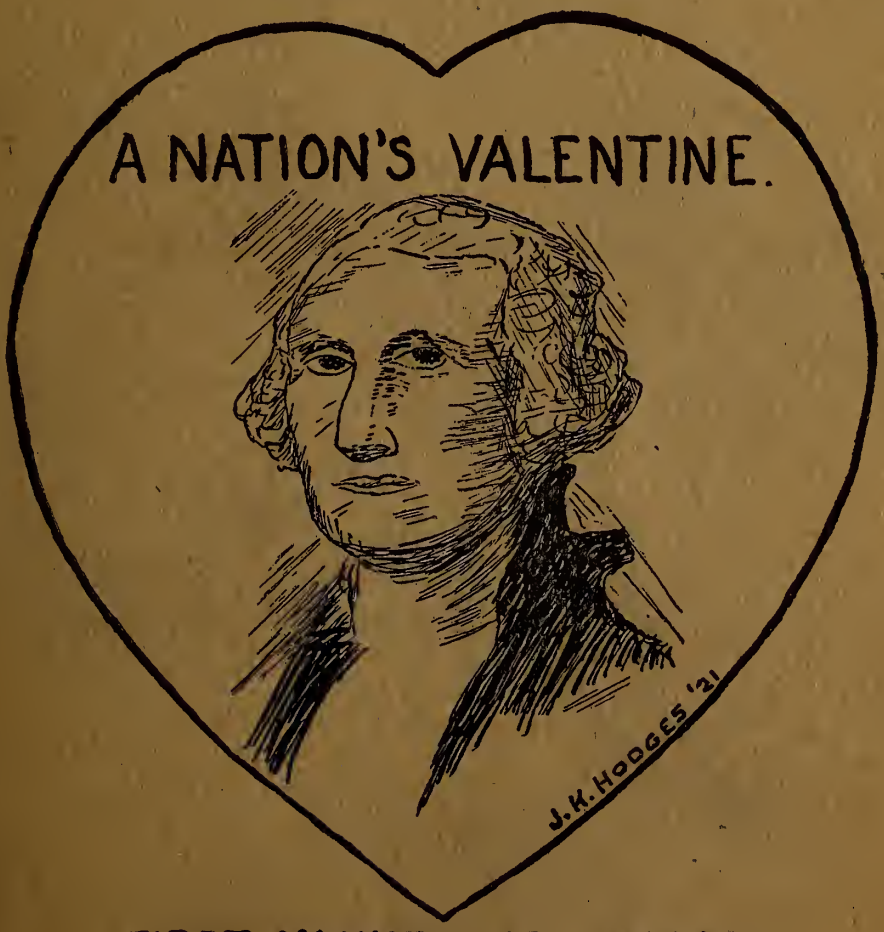

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1920

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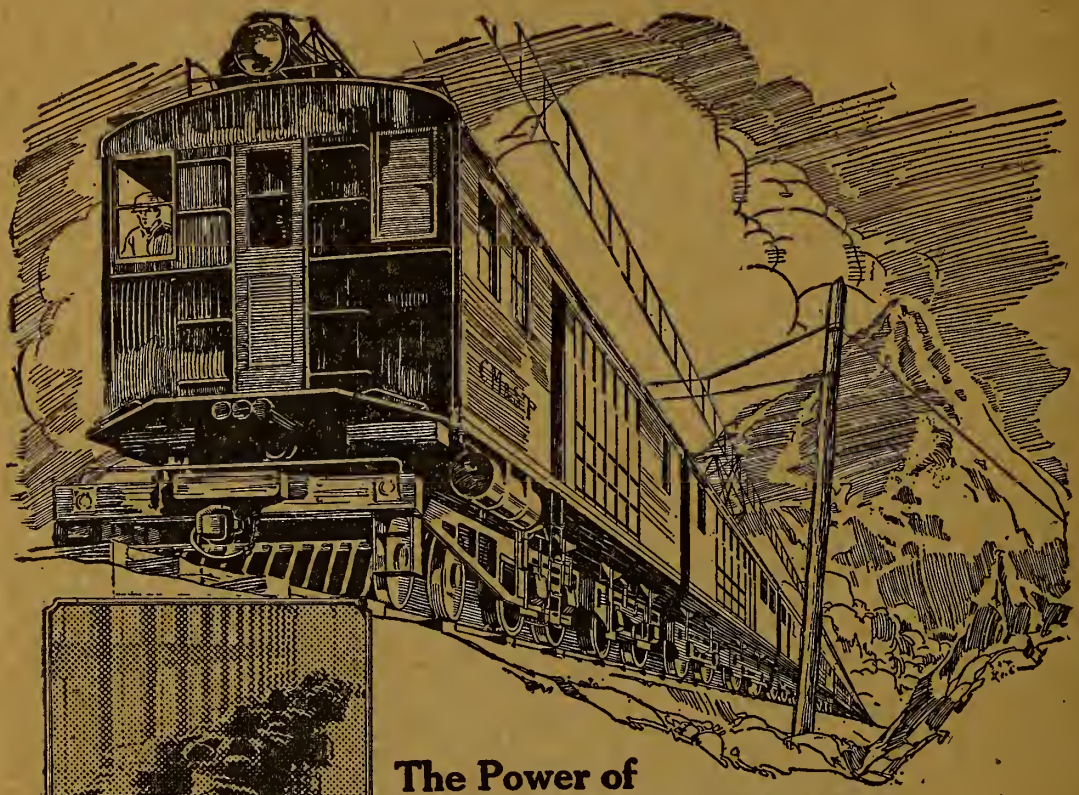

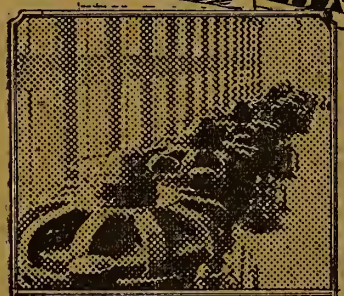

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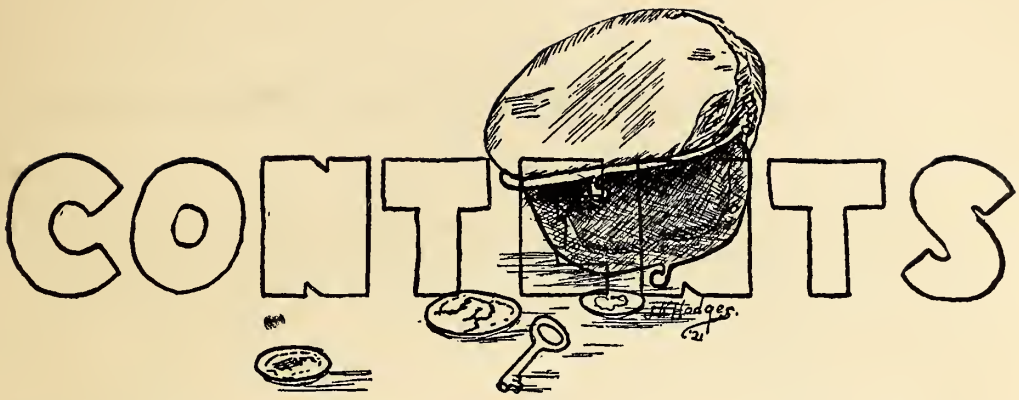

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POINTERS

WE are glad to note an increase of interest in the Journal. Our contributions for this month are more widely dstributed among the student body than they were in the preceding issues. We trust that this democratic status will continue. The Journal does not belong to one man or set of men. The essays, poems, and short stories sent in should be so numerous as to prevent any member of the staff monopolizing on space.

—o—

Notwithstanding our eagerness to obtain contributions, we find it necessary and expedient, since we are students as well as editors and have only a limited time to devote to this work, to lay down certain rules for writers which will be strictly adhered to in the future. These rules are as follows: 1. Write only on one side of paper. 2. Use pen or typewriter. 3. Write legibly. 4. At least 75 per cent. of the words must be spelled

correctly. In regard to the last item, we beg to say that we have received several contributions in the past that have convinced us that a few students ought to either go back to the high school and take a course in spelling or endeavor to get all they can out of the English courses of Dr. Snyder and Dr. Pugh.

——o——

We desire to pay tribute this month to our able staff of artists who have been furnishing us with our department headings and cartoons. We do not know how the rest of you feel about them, but we are proud of them. Some of our exchanges have criticized us for having these sketches, but we think they serve admirably in assisting to bring out every talent and gift that may exist on the campus. Besides, do we not boast that we are a college of liberal arts?

——o——

One of our students, after reading our This and That column in the last issue, in which we endeavored to give the etymology of various things, has asked us to give him in this issue the origin of Lent. We are gladly complying with this request, and will be only too delighted to conduct an information bureau for others besides him. A very valuable, interesting, and profitable feature that may be added to the JOURNAL is a Question and Answer Box.

Lent comes from the old English word *lencten,* meaning spring. Very early the Christian Church began to hold a period of fasting preparatory to Easter. As this fast fell in the early part of the year, it became confused with the season, and gradually the word lent, which originally meant spring, was confined to a designation of the fast. It comes from the same root as the German word for long, and was doubtless adopted to its present use in reference to the lengthening of the days.

——o——

The Letters of Hal Hanks will be continued in next month's JOURNAL. The author had decided to discontinue them, but by special request of a member of the faculty they will be taken up again. The professor assured the writer that if he

did not pursue his work along that line he would miss one of his callings. Evidently he detects genius for the frivolous and the light by absence of proclivities toward the solid. Mr. Brutus Sanders has a letter in this issue which is supposedly written from Soder Cracker, Hal's pal, to Hal. See it also.

———o———

Three important dates fall within February's calendar. They are February 12, Lincoln's Birthday; February 14, Valentine's Day; and February 22, Washington's Birthday. We have received communications bearing upon the latter two, and they may be seen under this department; but we have received no essay or comment on Lincoln. Doubtless our Southern prejudices are still too deep-rooted. Nevertheless, Lincoln is a man who grows greater with the years.

Since we have already given the origin of Lent, we might also give, for the benefit of those who do not know, the origin of the custom of sending valentines. The name comes from St. Valentine, a Christian Father, said to have had the beautiful habit of sending cheering messages to his friends, and especially to those in need of encouragement.

Washington's Birthday is one of the college holidays. But, alas! it falls on Sunday this year. However, the faculty will, of course, be good and sweet and give us Monday instead. But, gentlemen, Monday is almost a holiday anyway. So, we just dare you to give us Saturday. Come on, Heinie, and be a sport!

———o———

THE PIONEER

The first to tread the desert's sand,
  The first to sail an unknown sea;
It is the pioneer's sturdy band
  Who first the unexplored see.

To him the stretching forest yields
  The secrets of its vast extent;
And to the courage that he wields
  The mighty mountain's will is bent.

Oh! to be the first in any line—
  A goal to which we should aspire;
To unearth the good, the great, the fine
  Should ever be our heart's desire.

B. T. S., '22.

TO MY VALENTINE

O Valentine! sweet Valentine!
  I'm dreaming dreams of you;
I'm dreaming dreams of future days,
  When we'll be one—yet two.

Our hearts, tho' separated, beat
  As one in things of love.
'Tis easy in our lives to look,
  Tho' far and wide we rove.

We love as one, we hope the same,
  We're looking forward, too,
To that glad time when we unite—
  At least, I *hope* we do.

For don't you see I love you, dear!
  I'm only saying how
I want you to be true to me
  As I am to you now.

O Valentine! come now, be mine!
  O say that now you will!
O give me once for *all* your heart—
  My greatest wish fulfill!

"HOFFEND."

THE CHALLENGE TO THE COLLEGE MAN

AFTER all, of what avail is a college diploma? It amounts to a mere scrap of parchment unless its fruits are utilized for the progress of humanity and the glory of the Supreme Ruler.

Every young man should consider himself extremely fortunate to be alive during this era of world reorganization, with its vast opportunities and possibilities. The immortal line of Burns, "A man's a man for a' that," is full of meaning for this period of civilization. When have the eyes of man beheld such a destruction of unjust oppression and such a long stride in the direction of world peace based on a true democracy? One can justly criticize the Senate fight on the Peace Treaty, because America is about to completely sacrifice the pinnacle of leadership in this great movement. However, we have the consolation of knowing the part played by our man of today—Woodrow Wilson.

Young men! awake to the clear call of service which rings out in distinct tones from the approaching towers of tomorrow. The world is eager to follow men entitled to leadership. A close application to your course of training will give you the proper qualification. The betterment of mankind is the main aim, of course; yet by diligence one brings glory and honor upon himself and a realization of the hopes of friends and loved ones.

The branches of service are numerous, and so let us consider a vocation which has not received due attention during the past generation. We all agree to the monstrosity of the enemies called ignorance and illiteracy; but, sadly to say, few of us choose teaching as a career. Smallness of salaries largely explains the shortage of competent instructors; we perhaps as lawmakers, or trustees, or surely as patrons shall and should endeavor to offer more inducements for men and women who are to train the minds of our children. The effects of thorough and proper education will be tremendously beneficial to the nation we all so dearly love. Dr. James H. Carlisle was a

true example of a teacher who sacrificed wealth for the glory, honor, and consciousness of a valuable life spent in behalf of his State and country. His riches were entirely different from those tangible dollars handled by our banking institutions. Search your minds to learn whether you would rather have a career similar to his or a bare financial success brought on by thrifty business pursuits.

Gentlemen, do not misunderstand me; we have need for industrious men in every walk of life—be sure you choose the right compass, and then stick to the ship, even when the waves of uncertainty and fear rise high.

The challenge of this marvelous day to the college man is the call of duty for competent preparation in behalf of a life calculated to produce results for human welfare and success for himself.

H. F. D., '21.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Johnnie went into the classroom
  Just as bright as he could be,
Thinking nothing of the doom
  Awaiting there for him to see.

When the questions he discovered,
  To the winds flew his wits;
And he felt like Mother Hubbard
  Looking 'round her for the bits.

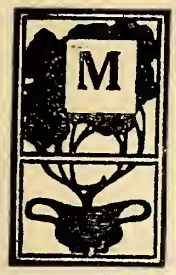
He bit his pencil, pulled his hair,
  Wrote a line, then erased it;
Could have cusssed then and there
  If he only had essayed it.

The battle over, upon a sofa,
  Johnnie heaved a sigh and said:
"Only fools and the loafer
  Rush in where angels fear to tread."

18-23-4, '20.

LIFE—UP AND DOWN

(*With apologies to Bunyan*)



MAN became acquainted with his own existence in the Valley of Childhood. His couch was composed of roses, and canopied over by the boughs of orange and myrtle. Bubbling springs were seen among the flowers, and the melody of birds heard among the branches. The Hill of Life appeared before him, and he set his face toward the summit of the mountain. The ascent is known by the name of Youth, which was easy and delightful. A female form of the most angelic appearance was his constant companion. Her name was Hope. She strewed his path with flowers, and her presence shed abroad the sunshine of cheerfulness and joy. She led him forward by the hand; and distant objects, when pointed out by her finger, assumed a supernatural and celestial brilliancy. When he lay down to repose, poppies were strewn on his pillow; and when he awoke, his heavenly companion entranced his eyes with her magical mirror of delight. Sometimes he turned aside into the gardens of pleasure, and bathed in the rivers of sensual delight; but when he heard at a distance the loud but mellow voice of the trumpet of Fame, which sounded on the top of the mountain, he broke loose from the allurements of pleasure, determined to acquire more substantial bliss by heroic exertions.

When he had gained the last stages of the ascent, he was met by a restless being, of a dark and forbidding countenance. Her name was Care. She pressed him into her company and attempted to engross his attention. But her familiar approaches were forbidden by Hope, and she contented herself with flitting about in his view at a distance.

The summit of the mountain is an elevated plain, known by the name of Manhood. It commands an extensive prospect on every side, but these views are not all equally delightful. When you stand on the mountain and cast your eyes backward to the Valley of Childhood, the mind is overpowered by con-

flicting emotions. You view with delight the wanderings of infancy in the valley of roses; but this enjoyment is mixed with an inexpressible sentiment of sorrow and regret—the thought of joys never to be repeated, and pleasures forever gone.

The ascent of Youth is viewed with still less complacency. The aberrations in this part of the journey give to the prospect a bitterness and gloom that cloud the enjoyment. "Sweet, humble vale!" said Man, looking through the long vista of Youth to the commencement of his journey, "your delights are forever vanished! your pleasures can never return!"

Having thus spoke, he turned himself around to take a view of the elevated plain on which he stood. The face of the country was varied. Some parts were covered with thistles and thorns; and others were crowned with proud forests of oak and groves of towering poplars. In some parts were to be seen cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces; and in others, the sordid and miserable huts of cheerless poverty. Some of the inhabitants build houses of marble, as though their residence in the place were never to end; while multitudes are crowded in cottages of clay. Dark clouds hang continually over the mountain: some contemplate their appearance with calmness, but others view them with horror and dismay.

A philosopher who had taken his place upon a rock, observing the shifting of the clouds through a perspective, beckoned Man to approach. He obeyed. "I perceive," said the philosopher, "by your countenance that you have lately gained the summit of the mountain." Man assented. "Well," continued the sage, "you will remain here a while. I have, for my part, been many years a resident on this plateau, and must speedily descend on the other side of the hill. I observed you just now looking back on the Valley of Childhood. Have you any objection to taking a view of the opposite descent?" Man was silent. The philosopher took him by the hand and led him to the brow of the hill. "The declivity," said he, "as you may perceive, is much greater on this side than on the

other. It is called the Decline of Life. It has but a dreary appearance. The descent is rapid into the Valley of Old Age. And in that valley flows the black, sluggish, and bottomless River of Death." Having thus spoken, he sighed, and immediately began to descend. Man called after him with a loud voice, asking, "Is the river without a shore? Are there no green fields on the other side, where a weary traveler may find lasting repose?" The philosopher turned around and looked upon Man. There was an expression of sadness upon his countenance. "No traveler has ever returned," said he, "to give us any intelligence. There is, without doubt, a country on the other side of the water. I have had a glimpse of it myself; but those who are swallowed up by the River of Death are, in all probability, carried by the rapidity of the current into the Dead Sea of Oblivion." Having thus said, he pursued his way down the mountain. Man observed him for some time in his descent; and took notice that, having proceeded a little way, he found a green place on the side of the hill, where there was a spring of water. Having refreshed himself, he sat down to rest, and immediately began to examine the nature of the grass which was the production of so sterile a soil. He continued this employment for some time, and then took out his pocket-perspective and observed the movement of the clouds with as much composure as he had done on the summit of the mountain. "Wonderful elasticity of the human mind!" exclaimed Man, as he turned around from the contemplation of the Decline of Life. "Wonderful elasticity of the human mind, which causes it to yield to the pressure of circumstances —which enables it to support with tranquility the greatest possible misfortunes!"

Care now became the constant companion of Man, though he was still accompanied by Hope. Hope had lost a great part of her magical power, but still was able to soften the influence of Care and calm the occasional perturbations of his mind. He adopted various schemes for passing the time of his continuance on the mount, but the issue of every one was the same—disappointment. Sometimes he joined the votaries of

pleasure, and sometimes the lovers of wisdom. Pleasure ended in smoke; and knowledge was the parent of despair. Sometimes he employed himself in gathering together the glittering stones that may be found on the plateau; but the exertion necessary in this contemptible pursuit was painful, for "all that glitters is not gold." He then endeavored to derive amusement from dispersing abroad what he had gained.

The Temple of Fame stood on a rugged promontory of the mountain which was suspended over the black and putrid waters of Infamy. The building was magnificent beyond description. Its summit was hid in the clouds. The voice of the goddess was heard from the temple, inviting the approaches of all; but to obey was dangerous. Every one was desirous to enter, in order to leave some memorial of having performed the journey of life; but few, very few, were found able to surmount the obstacles which impeded the entrance. The daring adventurer, whose heart beat high with the love of glory, pressed forward through dangers of every description. Frightful rocks and yawning caverns, giants of tremendous dimensions and spectres of terrific forms opposed his progress. Envy, Malice, Hatred, Anger, Slander, Revenge, and a thousand others, armed with "firebrands, arrows and death," stood in array against him. The hero who broke through their ranks, with bruises and scars, and entered the temple was received with shouts of joy and the sound of the trumpet.

Man tried to enter, but Poverty, a gaunt and haggard monster, effectually baffled every attempt, and drove him away from the precincts of the building. Here he was seized by Disease, who hurried him away to the descent of the mountain.

As he passed down the Decline of Life, everything wore a gloom of despondence. Dark clouds hung over his head, and nothing was heard except the screaming of the whip-poor-will and the hooting of the owl from an adjacent forest. He entered the Valley of Old Age. The air became dark. The funereal cypress overshadowed his path.

Weary and dejected, he tottered along until, ere he was aware, he stood on the bank of the river. A thick fog, an

everlasting cloud, rested on the face of the waters. Nothing was to be seen. Nothing was to be heard. It was the reign of Darkness, Silence, Inanity, Death. While he yet lingered, he received a last visit from the companion of his youth. Hope appeared, arrayed in a robe of resplendent whiteness. She directed her hand toward the opposite side of the river. The clouds broke away for a moment. He had, or fancied he had, a glimpse of a brighter region. Time hurried him into the stream, and he was heard of no more.

"PARAPHRAST."

LEAP YEAR

Sing a song of leap year horrors—
  Aft'noon sisters want to wed;
Look out, fellows, for your cheeks, or
  They'll be pressed by lips of red.

Are you good at dodging lassos?
  Butterfly and fishing nets?
If you're not, you're sure a goner,
  It's one of the safest bets!

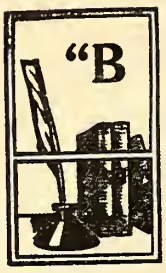
Can you sidestep, stiff-arm, tackle?
  Any of the football plays?
If you can't, you're up against it—
  Numbers small are your free days!

This is leap year, understand it?
  You can't hide and fade away
From the spinsters who are bent on
  Husbands—lovers—some one gay!

Brace up, then, and be a free man,
  Or your days are short indeed;
For 'tis leap year, you remember—
  Time when Old Maids sow their seed.

J. M. C., '22.

BILLY OF THE HILLS



"BILLY! I want you to take these letters to the post-office for me," called a voice from the kitchen door of a small but neat mountain cabin. The voice came from a slender girl of about twenty, who since her mother's death, five years back, had assumed the responsibility of housewife besides acting as mother to the three younger children.

Billy, a beautiful brunette of fifteen, came hurriedly from the garden, where she had been helping her father put out some plants, and made herself ready for the two-mile walk to the nearest town.

After changing her apron for a fresh green and white gingham dress, she started with the letters which were to be gotten off on the next train. Down the path she skipped, her long dark curls dancing in the May breeze. Along the path the green grass crooned on either side; flowers of every color bobbed their heads and seemed to beckon the maiden to stop and gather them. The birds flew from bough to bough, singing in broken notes. The careful foot of the traveler yielded in a general acceptation and even gave some sort of response.

Just ahead was a small brook, which Billy would have to cross by way of footlogs. She was ready to cross, when an automobile horn was heard around a bend in the road. She thought it best to wait and let the car cross before she did, in order for the water not to splash upon her.

In the car was a boy who looked to be about twenty-five. He was bareheaded, and the wind played in his wavy auburn hair, pushed straight back from his forehead. There was a twinkle in his brown eyes as he said, "Goin' to town, little girl?" She replied that she was. "Want to ride?" he asked. "Well, if you don't mind," she replied, "for I'm in a hurry."

She crawled up in the seat by him, and they sped along the smooth road. All went well until, at a sudden turn in the road, there was an awful crash! The car had collided with an army truck, and was torn completely to pieces. Billy fell

through the windshield, was cut in several places and badly bruised.

The boy wasn't badly hurt, so he at once had Billy carried to his mother's house, which was just over the hill, and got Dr. S—— to her immediately. Her condition was such that caused them all to shake their heads at first, but after a speedy operation and several stitches where the glass had cut, there seemed to be some shadow of hope.

Jack's mother, Mrs. Duncan, decided that it was best not to take the child home until she got better. Mrs. Duncan was a rich widow of about forty-five, and lived alone with Jack, her only son.

After many weeks, Billy began improving, and finally she was allowed to sit up in bed. Jack read stories and did all he could for her amusement. At last, when she was able to get up, Mrs. Duncan realized how hard it was going to be to part with Billy. She had learned to love this girl as if she had been her own.

It was at last decided that she should be Mrs. Duncan's adopted child. Billy's father was very poor; so he consented to let her stay and be educated, at least, by the kind and wealthy Mrs. Duncan.

In the fall preparations were made for Billy to go away to school. She liked college life very much, but was glad when vacation time came.

The Billy of old had now blossomed into a very beautiful and attractive young lady, possessing all the charms of young womanhood. Jack, too, had noticed this each day. Somehow, he liked to be in her presence very much. One evening just at twilight Billy sat playing broken chords on the piano. The cool breeze seemed to send thrilling thoughts to Billy. As she turned to leave the room, she beheld Jack standing there by the piano, very much to her surprise.

He was looking at her with an odd expression on his face. The gray eyes were misty and almost childlike in their appeal. Jack took up the music and looked at it approvingly. "I say," he began awkwardly, "did you really compose this yourself?"

"Every bit," she said.

Devoid of any impulse of coquetry, Billy took up her music to show him as she would have shown her father. But Jack did not see the music. His eyes were upon hers, and Billy translated the stern look into disapproval.

"I'm sorry," she said again. Her eyes brimmed now and her sweet lips trembled. "Please forgive and I'll go."

She turned to leave, but the man suddenly caught her in his arms. "Billy!" he breathed. For one frightened instant she struggled, then yielded. Her lips met his in the first kiss she had ever given any man save her father. "Billy!" he whispered, "Billy, dear!" For a delirious minute he crushed her to him, knowing only that he held in his arms the one woman God had meant for him since the world was made; that no other woman could stir the unsounded depths of his soul.

"Oh!" cried Billy with a sob, breaking away from him. She looked at him for a moment, then with faltering steps left the room.

A torrent of broken words came from Jack's lips, but Billy didn't answer.

That night at supper Mrs. Duncan noticed that Billy's place was vacant; an inquiry was made. The message sent back was "only a headache."

During the quiet hours of the night Billy silently passed out of the mansion into the cold night. She paused to look at a certain light that was still burning, then sadly she trod down the long, paved walk. All night long she was wandering along the old country road, and as day was breaking in the golden west a high steeple attracted her attention.

She then hurried her pace in order to see what this great steeple stood for. Silently she tapped at the door and, to her surprise, when the door opened she found herself facing a stern doctor. He invited her into his office and inquired why she was present there at that hour. But here Billy was given the position to brighten the gloomy rooms of the hospital with flowers, and soon she was considered by all in the hospital as "Little Billy" from the mountains.

Weeks and weeks have passed, and not a word could Mrs. Duncan hear of Billy's whereabouts. Not only did this worry Mrs. Duncan, but she noticed that the light was gone from Jack's face; the youth from his figure had vanished; he had suddenly grown old. So it was one morning in early June Jack was stricken with burning fever. Mrs. Duncan rushed him to the nearest hospital, which was in a small village. He was put in a small, dark room at a corner of the hospital.

Billy, not knowing that the patient who was so desperately ill was Jack, next morning was up early gathering the beautiful flowers of summer to brighten the rooms, and when she had almost finished her task she noticed that there was one room on the corner she had forgotten; so she crept softly in and put the big pink rose into the tall vase and had turned to go out again, when she was horror stricken to see the pale face of Jack Duncan burning with fever. She braced up and went to the head nurse's office and asked if she could be a nurse. Her wish was granted.

The next morning, attired in a neat little uniform, she went to the bulletin board and found that Jack's room was included in her ward.

Week after week she patiently waited for Jack's recovery. One day, as she sat silently dreaming by his window, she heard a faint voice calling "Billy!" from the other side of the room. She turned to see Jack's outstretched arms; and, not knowing why, she went into his embrace, and there at that one moment the secrets of each heart were poured out. It did not matter; nothing mattered any more save that he held Billy in his arms.

Unresisting now, all the hunger of the weeks without her was a chaff of divine fire that burned in his blood. It was one of those rapturous instincts in which man realizes that as truly as "God is LOVE," heaven is immortality with love.

"Billy, dearest beloved," he murmured, "do you care?" Crushed to his, her lips answered, "Yes." . . . "Say you love me!" Jack pleaded, holding her so close that she almost cried out with the delirious pain of it.

"I do."

"Do what, darling?"

"Love you."

"Back in the beginning of things, Billy, you were made for me to love and I for you—for always—darling. For this life and the next, and for all the lives to come—till death, and even beyond it, Billy, you're mine—mine—mine!"

Jack was soon able to sit up in his room, and the time came for him to return to his country home. When he alighted from the carriage at the gate, Mrs. Duncan noticed that there was a girl with Jack, and as she met him halfway down the walk he shyly whispered to her that Billy was her "little daughter and his little wife."

Mrs. Duncan embraced Billy and whispered into her ear that she was glad to have her back, and especially as her little daughter.

G. R. W.

THE STREAM OF LIFE

A meandering stream trickled away
Down a mountain side, sparkling in play;
And my eyes beheld a bright-eyed boy,
Filled to the brim with spirit and joy.

The trickling stream into a river flowed
With widening bank and speed slightly slowed.
The boy into manhood now had grown,
And his past life, also, with goods deeds was strewn.

The river gave its burden, its dearly won bride,
To the ocean to heighten the incoming tide.
The young man so worked from day to day
That the world was bettered by his labor, they say.

We all have our laughter, joys and tears
To be our companions in the coming years.
But don't forget, in your laughter and play,
That you will come to the ocean some day.

18-23-4, '20.

A SKETCH OF WASHINGTON

EORGE WASHINGTON was born February 22, 1732, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. His great-grandfather was one of the early settlers in America, having come over from Yorkshire, England, in 1657. He was a man of good family and property, and took up a tract of land on the Potomac River. George was the oldest of five children. His father died when he was but eleven years of age. George received his education in a school taught by the sexton of the parish church. Later he studied geometry and surveying.

George's half-brother secured a place on one of the king's vessels for him when he was quite young, hoping to make a sailor of him; but his mother objected, and he remained at home. At the age of sixteen, he began surveying for Lord Fairfax. Thus engaged, he spent three years in the wilderness, suffering untold hardships and dangers, surveying rugged mountains and trackless forests. Nevertheless, his experiences served him well. When he returned at nineteen, he was a stalwart, robust figure, six feet two, and with his mental powers developed accordingly.

At the age of twenty-one, Washington was sent on an important mission to the French post six hundred miles away. His journey was full of dangers, through unknown forests and mountains infested with savages and wild animals. An attempt was made by one of his party to assassinate him, but failed. When he returned, the manner in which he had fulfilled his mission won for him a place in the hearts of the people, and he was looked upon as the rising hope of the colony.

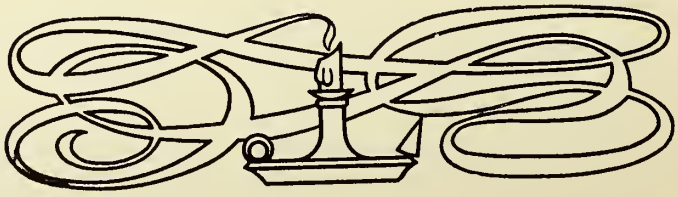
In 1758, he was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, and six years later was elected to the first Continental Congress, along with other notable men of his time—Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. Henry said of him, "In solid information and sound judgment, Washington was the greatest man on the floor."

When the Revolution came, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the American army, and the pages of history show how well he fulfilled his duties in that position. Through the darkest hours of the war, when there was mutiny among the soldiers and the country was losing hope, he held firmly to his purpose and guided the nation through a critical period, bringing the war to a successful close and his countrymen to independence.

The people showed their appreciation of his services and his abilities by choosing him the first President. He served faithfully two terms in that office, but refused a third. Two years after his retirement from public life he died at his home, Mt. Vernon, on December 14, 1799. It was Chief Justice John Marshall who said of him, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." His death was mourned by the world as the loss of a great man.

Today, Washington is one of the outstanding figures in our nation's history. He and Lincoln stand side by side—the one the creator, the other the savior of our country. And, like Lincoln, Washington was greater than anything he did. The final tribute to his character was spoken by an English historian, John Richard Green: "The noblest figure that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life."

C. F. N., '22.



HER VALENTINE

What! Send her a valentine? Never!
I see you don't know who "she is."
I should ruin my chances forever;
My hopes would collapse with a fizz.

I can't see why she scents such disaster
When I take heart to venture a word;
I've no dream of becoming her master,
I've no notion of being her lord.

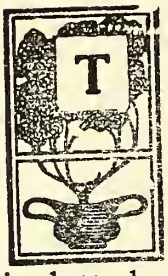
All I want is to just be her lover!
She's the most up-to-date of her sex,
And there's such a multitude of her,
No wonder they call her complex.

She's a bachelor, even when married;
She's a vagabond, even when housed;
And if ever her citadel's carried,
Her suspicions must not be aroused.

She's erratic, impulsive and human,
And she blunders, as goddesses can;
But if she's what they call the New Woman,
Then I'd like to be the New Man.

R. H.

IN THE SANDHILLS OF CHESTERFIELD



THE COUNTY OF CHESTERFIELD, in the State of South Carolina, has some of the whitest land and whitest people of any county in the United States of America.

The reason the land is white is that its chief constituent is sand. Here and there the country is dotted with numerous sand hills. As a result, the vegetation is scarce, and of the tree family only lean pines and scrubby sweet-gums and sassafras bushes abound.

But, notwithstanding the physical impoverishment of the soil, some parts of the county are thickly settled with white people, though there is a conspicuous absence of the great quantities of negroes who are so common to, and who form the major portion of, the population of the other counties of the Palmetto State.

Yet that which entitles the inhabitants of Chesterfield to be characterized as white people is not so much their color as what that term denotes in that part of the world and means in a colloquial sense in other Carolina sections. For a person to say that one is a white man means in Eastern Carolina that he who is spoken of is honorable, upright, square and generous. All of these adjectives may well be applied to those simple and kindly folk. But it is their generosity for which they are famed for miles around.

Very few of them live in fine houses or palatial mansions. In building their domiciles, they do not attempt to be showy or ostentatious. They often build large, substantial, two-story wooden structures, but they seldom paint them. But what their residences lack in exterior appearances is atoned for on the interior. The rooms are seldom plastered, and the ceiling is rarely cedar; but the walls are decorated with brilliant and costly pictures, rugs and art squares are laid about in extravagant profusion, and little mahogany tables and walnut-stained book shelves fill the niches in corners. Shiny brass beds, with golden balls at the head and foot, adorn the sleeping

rooms. The beds, in turn, support thick, heavy feather mattresses that completely envelope one who reposes himself upon them. Sometimes little insects of the genus *cimex lectularius* also envelope the man. However, in justice to the housewives of Chesterfield, it must be said that this does not occur in many places.

But to contemplate das Schlafzimmer longer, and all that pertaineth thereto, delays our visit to the most interesting institution of a Chesterfield household, namely, the kitchen; or, I should say, stove room and dining room, for the average cooking apartment is large enough to contain an extra table, and there the family eats, excepting on those occasions when there is company in the home or visitors.

In the kitchen one seldom sees an ordinary cook stove. Nearly all of the women have ranges. It is usually one of those "Kalamazoos, direct to you." As has already been intimated, the Chesterfieldians are not a people to indulge in many outward adornments, but they believe in having the best of home conveniences and household necessities. For dress, the masculine portion are content with an old broad-brimmer of a hat, a blue shirt, corduroy trousers, and brogans for the feet. The feminine part of the population will not complain if their spouses provide them with no better than a white fly-bonnet, a blue-dotted shirt waist, a calico skirt, and a pair of Craddock-Terry specials. But the men farm their sandy land with the latest improved agricultural implements, and the women have a morbid craving for handy kitchen utensils. Moreover, each will sacrifice their last penny to get those things.

Not only do the housewives of Chesterfield have excellent paraphernalia for cooking, but they know how to use them, and they wield them with astonishing dexterity and pleasing skill. If Vice-President Marshall presided over the Senate as a Chesterfield woman presides over her culinary department, there would be less red tape among that un-august body and more things brought to pass of real benefit to American citizenship.

When one sits down to a repast in Chesterfield, he invariably sits down to a meal of well-prepared and appetizing food, and an abundance of it. The quantity is maintained at maximum for the simple reason that every meal is prepared with the supposition that a part of it is for public consumption. The food on a Chesterfieldian's table is as free to the world as the water in his roadside well. I experienced that fact when the Bishop who presided over the one hundred and twenty-third session of the South Carolina Conference sent me to Chesterfield as pastor of the Chesterfield Circuit. In that part of my circuit which embraced rural sections I saw reflected in the lives of men some of that same generosity of soul that the poet represents Christ as having when he says:

"Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest.
Ye need not one be left behind,
For Christ has bidden all mankind."

A certain Scotchman accounted for this liberality by attributing it to the fact that Chesterfield was settled by the Scotch people. But everybody knows that a Scotchman is proverbially frugal. If he does not, he will know from experience by purchasing a few groceries from a grocer by the name of McNabb or McDougall. Of all our American citizens, the Scotch constitute that element who do not need any lessons of economy from Herbert Hoover, but could probably teach him a few. The Chesterfieldians compose that part to whom national food restrictions are the most repugnant and distasteful, though they bear them with good grace and in a manner fit and becoming true American patriots.

There is another thing that our Scotch friend overlooked when he thought he had reached a logical conclusion as to the why and wherefore of Chesterfield hospitality, namely, the English of the county's name.

But, perhaps, in my rebuttal of the Scotchman's theory I have allowed my Anglo-Saxon prejudices to make my retorts partake of too peppery a nature, for I, by the by, am English

on my father's side and Irish on my mother's side, and I am American on the inside. I further wish to say that I haven't one drop of German blood in me.

II.

My parsonage was located in the county-seat. But I spent the most of my time in the neighboring community of Zoar, about six miles northeast from the county-seat, which community was also included in my work. As I was born and reared in a city much larger than the county's metropolis, the town of Chesterfield proper did not interest me much. The rural communities charmed me more. This interest was intensified by the fact that the trustees of the school in that vicinity made me its principal. Thither I went and back in my old "tin Lizzie."

It was there that I was an eye-witness from time to time of one of the most beautiful courtships that it has ever been my lot to espy. In my ministerial capacity, I later became a third party to it, and the marriage was just as happy as the courtship was knightly, and the wedded life was just as serene as the marriage joy was full. But the road to wedded bliss was strewn with a few sandhill cactuses and the sunshine of peaceful marital love was darkened by war clouds and the tender and sacred ties of home life were cut in twain by the sword of desolation.

Of the patrons of my school, none were more prominent or more respected in the Zoar community than Benjamin Teal and John Tillotson. Both were highly successful farmers and owned many acres of Chesterfield's choicest land, which, to speak paradoxically, is not saying much and is saying a good deal, too. Mr. Teal was not always a prosperous farmer, however. There was a time when he got drunk, loafed on the job, and did not superintend his farm properly. But during a revival meeting, that one of my predecessors had a visiting brother to conduct, he was converted, got religion from head to toe, and immediately became more attentive to duty. As a result, he made his tract of desert land to blossom as the rose and converted it into an oasis. The energy displayed by his

rejuvenated life furnishes a splendid argument for prohibition on the ground of economic and industrial efficiency.

Both Mr. Teal and Mr. Tillotson were officials in my Zoar church. Mr. Teal was my Sunday School superintendent there. Mr. Tillotson was a steward.

Each of these men had one boy and one girl. In Mr. Teal's family the boy was the elder and the girl the younger. In Mr. Tillotson's family it was vice versa.

At the time of my initiation into Zoar fellowship, the elder Teal boy was head over heels in love with the elder Tillotson girl. It seemed quite natural that he should be. If I had been a Presbyterian, I might have believed that those two young people were foreordained for each other. Never were two young people more physically akin. Both were splendid specimens of healthy manhood and womanhood.

The young man had light curly hair, blue eyes, a large oval head, a well-rounded face, a firm but kindly chin, and he was fully six feet high. His height furnished an occasion for the little brother of his fiancé to indulge in a bit of witticism.

"Papa," said little Willie Tillotson to Mr. Tillotson one day, "is sister's beau a poet?" "No, son. Why do you ask?" was Mr. Tillotson's reply. "Because," said the boy, "he is such a long fellow (Longfellow)."

The girl was a typical brunette, with a fair complexion, large, expressive brown eyes, a Jewess' nose, slightly curved lips, and she was of medium build and size.

Both were nearing the completion of their common school education when I took charge of the school. He was registered on my roll book as Laverne Teal, and she as Rebecca Tillotson. He at that time was nineteen years of age. She was "sixteen and a village queen." They dressed better, had more attractive personalities and more intellectual perspicuity than any others of my pupils.

Their affection for one another began when they were in the 'teen age. School tradition accounts for the origin of their mutual esteem on this wise: On a certain school day, a big shower of rain came down and washed the edges of a

number of sandhills into the public road and criss-crossed it with numerous mud puddles. After its cessation, Rebecca and a number of her girl friends were trudging along to school on foot. Laverne was walking a short distance behind, in company with some of his comrades. The advancing line of girls came to a very damp place and halted, not knowing whether to go on or not to go. Rebecca placed one foot foward and hesitated. Just at this juncture Laverne, like a gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, drew off his coat and laid it over the muddy spot she was to cross, and she, like the virgin Queen of England, upon seeing this gallant act, immediately dubbed him her knight, and the title of his fraternity was the "Order of Beaus." And he, after catching a sweet look of grateful appreciation from her, accepted the honor and office with delight, and from henceforth considered her his sweetheart.

But his claims on her were not left unchallenged by others. Many a swain personally delegated himself to be a rival to Laverne. None of these proved to be serious competitors, however, excepting one, and his humiliation was brought about at a booth where Rebecca presided and sold articles to help buy a piano for the school.

The said person was a young man who, alone of all the young men of Chesterfield County, kept up with the latest fashions and wore up-to-date, model pantaloons, brilliant, flashy neckties, and striped socks like those worn by chaingang convicts on their clothes. And if the attorney for the State had known how he got the money to buy those socks, he *would have been placed* on the chaingang. But he did not know it, and few people knew it, and Rebecca did not know it.

This young man was very found of displaying his finery and boasting of a dishonestly accumulated wealth. His superficiality would have been quickly detected in cultured society. But it did not fail to make an impression upon people who were innocent of the world, and Rebecca at one time admired and liked him.

A foolish way, however, in which he carried his money

resulted in causing him to appear cheap in her eyes. He had a habit of keeping his pocketbook in the same pocket as his handkerchief. On the day of the booth, while rambling about over the school grounds, he had occasion to use his handkerchief, and in drawing it out he, unknown to himself, spilled his purse upon the ground.

After this occurrence, he strolled to the booth, where he was cordially greeted by Rebecca. With an eye to the school's interest, she picked up a pen-wiper and said: "Can't I sell you this hand-worked pen-wiper, Mr. Charlton?" "Why," said he, in a teasing manner, "I don't write." This was true, for Charlton was a self-centered young man and never cared for any virtuous person whatsoever until he met Rebecca.

"Well, can't I sell you this cigar holder?" Rececca asked. "No, I don't smoke," was the reply. This was also true, for the young man was a model in outward deportment, though an inward craven.

But Rebecca's next move brought an end to his negatives. She picked up a piece of soap and, with a mischievous smile, said: "Won't you buy this bar of soap?" Whereupon the young man saw that he was caught at his own game and dared not reply in a similar strain. But, as he reached for his wallet, he found it not. This so confused him that he stammered and blushed and sneaked away without an explanation, leaving one to infer that he came to the school grounds penniless; but, nevertheless, he had had the brass to try to put up a bold front until Rebecca showed him up. This did not tally so well with his previous boasts of having "oodles" of cash. Whereupon the said young lady drew conclusions that were not so advantageous to him and which effectively barred him out of her future life.

From that time forth Laverne had smooth sailing. He did not fail to sail, either. He traveled his horse back and forth over the road that led to the Tillotson house so much that the faithful steed became thoroughly familiar with it and did not need a guiding hand upon the reins. He accompanied her to all the parties. He escorted her to school every morning. He

showed her every attention possible. The candy department of the Chesterfield Drug Company found in him a regular customer. He sat by her side in church, and it goes without saying that he was more attentive to her than he was to my sermons.

It was not long until she allowed him to place a diamond ring upon her finger, and the wedding bells were about to chime, when his father and her father had a personal quarrel which became a stench in the church and in the Zoar neighborhood, and which called a halt to all wedding preparations. Mr. Tillotson allowed his enmity to extend to the whole Teal family, and he forbade Laverne from coming to see his daughter, and he would not allow Rebecca to go with him any more.

During all this time, however, the two men continued to come to church, and did not relinquish their offices nor fail to perform the respective functions thereof. But my members, knowing conditions, lost confidence in them, and I found it necessary to take action on the case. For Rebecca's sake, I did not make that action drastic, but had it take the form of an attempted reconcilement. I invited both men to the parsonage without letting either of them know but what he would be the sole guest of the evening.

Mr. Teal was the first to arrive. Then Mr. Tillotson came. He evidenced great surprise when he saw Mr. Teal, but before he could voice his sentiments, I said: "Brethren, I have called you together to ascertain the nature of the grievances that you have against one another and, if happily I might, to act as an arbiter of your differences. I shall now ask each one of you to state your side to the matter."

"I have no side," was Mr. Teal's quick response. "In fact, the whole affair is one-sided. I have no personal animosity against Mr. Tillotson. I shall also say that if I have done anything to hurt his feelings, I am sorry for it."

"If! If you have done anything!" replied Mr. Tillotson hotly. "But you have done something! And you are due me an apology."

Then he let loose a volley of words, some of which would

not bear repetition in print. I reasoned with him to be more calm and considerate. I tried to get him to lay aside his malice and be friendly with his fellow churchman again. But it was all in vain until Mr. Teal came to my rescue. He walked up and extended his hand to Mr. Tillotson and said at the same time: "Brother Tillotson, I am sorry for anything that I have done to hurt your feelings."

Whereupon I said: "Brother Tillotson, what more could you ask? Is that not fair enough? Will you not shake hands on that?"

Mr. Tillotson was plainly affected by this clean-cut statement. Yet he hesitated. The demon of hate put up a stiff fight in his heart against the impulses of brotherly love, loving kindness and good will. But I prayed for him, and right triumphed. The better impulses conquered the evil.

He took Mr. Teal's outstretched hand, and then I pulled them to their knees and prayed God to bless them both and to cement again the broken bonds of mutual esteem. All three of us wept and laughed and shouted, and separated with our cups of joy running over.

III.

Shortly after this incident, Mr. Tillotson became sick and died. His last words were: "Tell my preacher I am so glad that I made up with Teal. And tell Laverne I want him to take care of my girl." And Laverne did.

As I was completing my quadrennium on the Chesterfield Circuit, I was called upon to tie the knot. So pretty and charming did Rebecca look on that occasion that I said to Laverne: "Say, how about swapping places with me? You be the preacher and let me be the groom." But he promptly told me that there was nothing doing.

Then I was sent to a new charge and thought of them no more, until I received a letter announcing the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Teal were the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy. And, would you believe it, the name of that boy was Ward. You may bet that I kept in constant communication with them after that.

IV.

Six years later, I was sitting in my study meditating upon an event which I thought might seriously affect the politics of Europe. That was the shooting of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria, and his wife, in Bosnia, June 28, 1914. But little did I dream that it would have an influence upon the American continent. I thought that we Americans would be permitted to sit in a grandstand and look at a scrimmage somewhat on the order of a large football game. But, alas! we were made to realize that all nations of the world are so intimately and vitally related to one another that not one of them could run amuck without producing hardships and inconveniences on belligerents and neutrals alike.

That which first caused America to have sympathetic leanings toward the Entente Allies was German atrocity in Belgium. But the first thing that fired us with any great wave of national indignation and made us understand the real meaning of German militarism was the sinking of the Lusitania.

After months of attempted reasoning with a power that did not have the word reason in its vocabulary, President Wilson, on April 2, 1917, advocated, in the greatest of all literary messages composed by mortal man and the greatest state paper written with pen, the Declaration of Independence not excepted, that we unsheathe the sword again for those things that Americans have always held dear and been willing to sacrifice their blood for, namely: life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The following day found Congress issuing a declaration to that effect. In short order we find Congress enacting into law the celebrated Draft Act, which included all young men from twenty-one years of age to thirty-one. Then followed the great day of registering, such as has had no parallel in history since the day that Caesar Augustus decreed that the whole Roman world should be registered.

Next came the establishment of military cantonments over the country and the calls for the various quotas of men.

Laverne was among the drafted men who had to report for duty at Camp Jackson, S. C. In a letter from Rebecca I was informed that he had had to register, which I had already supposed on account of knowing his age. I was also given the additional information that the money which her father left her would keep her from allowing him to make a plea that he had a dependent wife and child.

V.

The days came and went. America's war preparations went briskly on. In fact, too lamentably and sadly briskly for the father of my namesake. One morning, I picked up my *Columbia State* with a foreboding of ill. I felt that I was going to see something in print that I did not care to see. My surmise was correct. In the Death Column I saw where Private Laverne Teal, of Chesterfield, was run over and killed by a motor truck.

VI.

Today, a little boy bearing my name is wondering why his father does not come home. At this very hour, a widow is literally wearing out her life with grief and anguish of heart

IN THE SANDHILLS OF CHESTERFIELD.

* * * * * * * * * *

Oh, War! how cruel you are! But does the wrecking of that Chesterfield home make me a pacifist? Does it make me believe in peace at any price? No, indeed! It only serves to convince me that President Wilson is right when he says: "This intolerable Thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of combined intrigue and force which we now see so clearly as the German power, a Thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace, must be crushed, and if not truly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of the nations."

But, meanwhile, the Senate of the United States fails to put into operation the necessary machinery for doing this. The members of that body forget the sacrifices that have been

made, and made with the distinct understanding that they were made in order that others would not have to be made in the future. The heart-sobs of that Chesterfield widow, along with those of others in this country of ours, cry aloud that their children be spared any such fate as experienced by their progenitors. While a "wilful minority" are playing politics with ears closed to the moans, the miseries, and the ultimate good of others, the great mass of human beings in this hemisphere and in the eastern are breathing devoutly this prayer:

"LET US HAVE PEACE:
LET US HAVE A LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO PRESERVE PEACE."

W. W., '20.

WHY NOT?

Is your world all in a jumble?
Have you troubles by the score?
Have your dreams been given a tumble
And scattered around your castle's door?

Is all the cruel world against you?
Do you for a bouquet get a brick?
And even yourself seem false, untrue,
And are you heart-sore and sick?

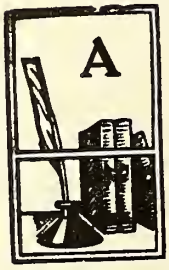
Do all the powers try to crush you?
And does the battle seem as lost?
Or is it worth the things you do,
When you come to count the cost?

Then it's time to start to hustle
And take the troubles by surprise,
And do not even let them tussle;
Pull the clouds from out the skies.

Put a smile upon your lips
And a glad song upon the air;
Then place your hands upon your hips
And banish trouble then and there.

B. T. S., '22.

GHOSTS



ARE there ghosts? Yes, there are ghosts; but not the kind which are fabled as transparent phantoms haunting the room of death, the dark wayside and the cemeteries, but the kind which haunt the conscience, the mind, the heart and the soul as a consequence of evil deeds performed. They are the unwritten letters which come back to haunt the perpetrator for his act of criminal carelessness. They are the memories of the past which bring to the heart vain regret for misdoings of bygone days.

They are the late desires to fill positions of trust and honor when desires are in vain because of past opportunities unavailed. They are the workings of the mind when the mound in God's half-acre is viewed by the individual who did not show due respect to the living. They are the quavering, bitter feelings which come to the soul who has heard the Spirit of God speak and has disobeyed. They are the unsurmountable heights and obstacles which meet the man who has missed his calling.

To the man of a clear conscience, a clean past, and an unstained Christian name and character there are no ghosts.

W. W., '20.

THE WANDERER'S SONG

I left my home many years ago,
And wandered in places I did not know;
And I never found in the world so sad
A friend to cheer or make me glad.

I roamed in the meadows and fields so sweet,
And I climbed to the highest mountain peak;
But I never found there a home so kind
As the dear old home that I left behind.

I dwelt in the cities both far and near,
And sailed the dark oceans without fear;
But I never spent a moment so grand
As I spent in the home of my native land.

And tonight I hear from the ones I love
That my mother has gone to the heaven above;
And her dying wish, they say, was to be
With her wandering boy across the sea.

With an aching soul and a heart full of pain,
Tomorrow I go to my home again;
But, alas! over on that wonderful shore
For me there is a home no more.

Paul Knox, '22.

THE RELIGIOUS EMOTIONS OF MAN AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

IN LOOKING over the past history of man, it is found that emotions have played a great part in determining his actions. Emotion, like a strong wind, tends to sweep the unstationary faculties of man along with it to a betterment or a condemnation of his moral welfare.

Among the strong emotions of man, the religious emotion has affected all classes. Since the memory of man, even in his barbarous state, he has felt the emotion of reverence and a certain form of respect. Each tribe had its god, which it held sacred and worshiped. Whether this god was a material object or a living one, there was something about it that suggested the spiritual emotion to the worshiper.

The receiving of this worship, however nihilistic, still tends to better the moral conditions of the worshiper. If this is true, then there must be different moral conditions of races. Man recognizes that there is a supernatural force in the world. The gods bring out these emotions; therefore, there must be one God which has all these forces combined. The inability of man to tell what matter is and its origin proves that there is a power higher than he which directs the universe. It is then the duty of every enlightened man to worship that God which gives most to the moral and spiritual uplift of the world.

The Hebrew race started a religion which through the ages, despite difficulties, has held full sway until the present day. Among the different religions of the day, it is the only one beyond reproach. It embodies all emotions which tend to the uplift of the human race. The discoveries of the different sciences only add to its truthfulness and establishes its sovereignty.

The code of this religion is the greatest literary masterpiece the world has ever known. It can be translated into any language and not lose its meaning or force. It is the only

document which during the various copyings and revisions has still retained its original meaning and purpose.

At the present time, this religion is doing more than any other to establish a fuller conception of man's purpose on earth and to supply a means for attaining this end. Its evangelistic field is the world, and campaigns are on to accomplish this purpose. It embodies all that tends towards happiness, and rewards one according to his deeds. It includes justice, mercy and holiness. So if you want to get in line with the great things in life, "seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things will be added unto thee."

18-23-4, '20.

TO A LILY

Pure, white loly, lovely flower!
  Thou hast cast a spell o'er me;
There must be a heavenly bower
  Where they nourish such as thee.

Despite the rain and dreary weather,
  Thou art shining in full glee;
Waving there, like a feather,
  Tossing in the wind so free.

Naught of sadness nor of sorrow
  Can go to make a face so bright.
From what angel didst thou borrow
  A robe so pleasing to the sight?

Where is found a purer cover,
  Embodying more of chastity?
Thou hast made of me a lover
  Of thy form and purity.

O thou flower, always seeming
  More of heaven than earth to me;
Thou hast started me to dreaming
  Of the one I'd love to see.

18-23-4, '20.

OPEN LETTER FROM THE PALMETTO STATE TO SENATOR LODGE

SOUTH CAROLINA has a tender spot in her heart for you on account of the cordial relations that seemed to exist between you and our late Senator Tillman. However, she is grieved, and feels that our lamented Senator would be, were he living today, at your attitude in regard to the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations. But she does not put you in the Borah-Reed class. Therefore, since our President has indicated in a recent letter to Senator Hitchcock that he will agree to a compromise providing certain objectionable phraseology is stricken out which does not materially impair the substance of your reservations, we should like to ask in her name if you will not as frankly state what you will do, and, above all, act without bias to gratify the patience of a long-waiting, long-suffering public and world.

We have recently been discharged from the service, and feel that all of our military maneuvers and operations will have been in vain unless something is done by way of preventing the necessity of repeating them. This we expressed very emphatically, along with other college students, in the recent college referendum on the subject. Surely as a former collegian you will not ignore that sentiment which you know to be most representative. WOFFORD EX-S. A. T. C. MEN.

LETTER TO HAL HANKS

Deer Hal,

I gess you think i am ded. you didnt rite me last time, but i aint ded yit. I am havin a grand time Hal. I be going to schule, to, same as you. I beleve in gittin an educashun, i do. Thats what counts these here days. An sum peple air throing away there opotunity an not larning enuf to keep flys off them or to say suey if the hogs were eatin them up.

I be workin purty hard on the ole farm, to. You kno Hal its a grate life an the best part about it you dont weeken. The farm is the payin thing now an lots of boys ort to be on one behine a white mule stead of in colige.

Well Hal the widder Smith got married. She has ben tryin to ketch Sam Tailor fur the longest an she has suck-seeded at last. You used to be stuck on the widder yourself, but Marthy Sykes says tel you not to worry, she is still at home. I'd go in fur Marthy myself, only I dont like cross id peple. You cant never tel where cross id peple is a goin to kiss.

Hal i hav got sum bad nues to tel you. Youre ole brindle mule died tother day. It was a site to see the way youre mother took on. I kno you will hate it an maybe cry.

Well Hal this is all fur this time. Study hard an try to make sumthing outen yourself.

Your pal,
SODER CRACKER.
B. T. S., '22.

TO MY NURSE

(FLU SPECIAL)

Here I lie on a hospital bed,
Almost wishing that I were dead;
Now and then a nurse appears:
To do without them I'd shed tears.

My nurse has rosy cheeks and wavy hair:
Can make any sick man sit up and stare;
And now that I am better instead of worse,
I give the credit to my nurse.

And now that I am entirely well,
I long for words of thanks to tell
How, with gentle hands and smiling face,
She removed the pain to a different place.

R. Y. WALDREP.

HER DREAM

HAVE short leave before going to embarkation port. Will arrive at noon."

Thus ran a telegram which Mrs. Walker handed to her daughter Annie, when the latter came down to breakfast on an ideal winter day in 1917. The sender was no less than James Sanders, to whom all of their friends thought she was engaged.

The young couple had grown up on neighboring estates in Georgia. They had always been the best of friends, and when they grew up the Walkers had moved into Atlanta. James and Annie had gone off to college the same year, and there had been an irregular correspondence during their college course. Since graduation, however, they had seen little of each other, as he had been in Virginia as instructor in a military prep school. At college he had acquired a good knowledge of military science, and as a result had accepted this position.

But the world held experiences in store for James which he had not counted upon. The war came, and he, like thousands of other loyal young men, went to one of the training camps which were to turn out the nucleus of our great army. Through the many weeks that he labored under the hot Southern sun, he was ever conscious of the crisis which had come into his life. His letters to Annie become more frequent. His attitude was more serious, and it was then that Annie realized that the friendship which had existed between them for years had ripened into love. And when Lieutenant Sanders was on leave, after being commissioned, she fully expected that things would happen. But they didn't.

And thus we find her as the "New York-New Orleans Limited" rolled into the station at Atlanta. She watched for the familiar figure as the travelers came into the station. At last it appeared.

"What is the matter, James? You look so different."

"Yes, Annie, I *have* changed. Things are different from what they used to be." Thus he greeted her.

At last the time had come, she thought, when she would know. But his mind was on a different subject. He was thinking of the dangers and perils which were before him, while she—well, she was thinking of something that was more pleasant.

But the expected question failed to be asked, and it is needless to say that she was sad. Now the time had come for him to leave to rejoin his regiment before embarking on a voyage, the perils and experiences of which neither dared to think of.

"You will write to me often, won't you?" he asked as the porter called his train. "And don't be worried if you don't hear from me regularly."

* * * * * * * * * *

The days that followed were sad ones for Annie. She *thought* that she loved him. She *knew* that he loved her. "Then, why should he have failed to ask me?" The question haunted her. As a relief from these thoughts and as a patriotic duty, she decided to enter into canteen work. It would be "doing her bit," as well as something to divert her mind. But she was to find another source of interest to divert her thoughts.

And then followed the long winter months. At night, she would sit before the big fire in the living room and revel in the letters from James, which she kept daintily tied with ribbon. Oh! the happy recollections which they brought to her mind! His letters from "Over There" were great. His regiment was in training for the spring drive, which all hoped would bring victory to the allied armies. He was happy in the new education which he was receiving. He thought much of her, he said, and would some day return to claim her. How happy she grew at the thought of that!

But they were training not only in France. Over here, too, the camps were like ant-hills. Everywhere there were men in khaki. Big motor trucks were seen hurrying over the country, and the people were all busy. France and England sent men to act as instructors in the various camps. Camp Gordan received her quota, and among these was Captain Henri Guyne-

mer. In the early campaign of 1917 he had been wounded and, being unfit for further service, had been sent to America as an instructor. The fact that he was a scholar and a gentleman, as well as a soldier, made him a very entertaining person. And it was Fate that assigned him to Camp Gordon.

"Miss Walker, have you met Captain Guynemer? He is one of the new instructors who has been sent here."

The Captain was thus introduced to Annie, as she handed out hot coffee to the soldiers who were just returning from bayonet drill. There was something about him which attracted her. Was it the "Croix de Guerre" and the "Medaille Militaire" which he wore on his breast? No. It was his personality. Annie felt the influence of it and was glad.

During the months that followed the Captain was a frequent visitor at the home of the Walkers. Frequent were the times that he was seen in the company of Annie. "Is this to amount to anything serious?" asked Mrs. Walker of herself. "Would it?"

And thus the cold, bleak days of winter passed into the warm spring days and then into the summer. Things were looking bad "over there," and as Annie picked up the paper one morning her eye fell upon the casualty lists. Under the caption "Severely Wounded," she saw a name that struck grief into her entire self. It was none other than "Lieutenant James M. Sanders." The possibility that it was *her* James was almost unbearable.

During the days that followed came the official notification, and she was very sad. At the canteen she was very quiet. There was a lack of interest in her work, and it was clear that the news had caused both grief and pain. The notification had said that he had been severely gassed and that he would be unfit for further service. She became angry at herself for breaking her vow that she would write often to him. Since she had met Captain Guynemer she had grown lax about writing to James. She regretted it, and at once realized the significance of that paragraph in his last letter: "I am glad that you have met Captain Guynemer. You can better under-

stand and realize what the French nation has suffered. The fact is quite apparent that you have been greatly interested in the French." Yes, he had realized it and had recognized from her letters that she *was* becoming interested in the Captain. But she *thought* that she was still true to James.

It was Christmas Eve. James had been sent home and discharged. Only the week before he had landed at Hoboken and, as a casual, had been discharged. On the morning of Christmas Eve he had arrived in Atlanta. For a few minutes he had been at the Walker home and left only after he had said that he would return that evening. But when he returned he found that Captain Guynemer was also there. "Were they bent on the same object?" This question arose in James' mind. Yes, they were. To their proposals, asked in secret, she answered that she would decide and give them their answer on the following day.

* * * * * * * * * *

Annie, as Madame Guynemer, was an ideal wife. She loved her husband and it appeared that her love was returned. The gay life of Paris was a joy to her. She delighted in it. But there was one dark side. He had never given up his love for wine and champagne, and it was often that he became intoxicated. She argued, but to no avail. Then she began to be sorry that she had accepted the Frenchman against her parents' advice. Captain Guynemer became more devoted to his wines and champagne. And then one night he came home intoxicated beyond control. She argued, she cried, but he was crazy from the effects of his drinks. He fought her, he kicked her, and finally he picked up a chair to strike her down, when—

"Rap! rap! rap!" Annie awoke with a jump. It was a knock on her door.

"Who is it?" she queried.

"The Captain and James are downstairs waiting on you. Hurry and come down." It was her mother's voice, and in it was a note of anxiety.

Twenty minutes later there was a sound of steps in the hall and Annie appeared. She stood, swaying, in the door of the drawing room for a moment, and then rushed up to James and threw her arms abount his neck sobbing, "Thank heaven for my dream!"

"20-1-3."

THE HONEY BEE

O say, little creature, who art thou,
  Who works so diligently and so long,
Who takes no faithful oath nor vow,
  Yet to the royal tribe belong?

Thou soareth the meadows and the vales,
  And taketh the sweetest from the flower;
And risketh thy life 'gainst storms and gales,
  And bringeth sweet honey to thy bower.

You gather enough and some to spare—
  Nature's sweet juices for man are stored;
A dainty sweet, a delicacy rare,
  Can such a creature this afford?

Mindful of cold and coming pain,
  You seal your hive and make your comb;
And hoard for winter summer's gain,
  And nurse future nations in your home.

Under thy queen thou art as one,
  And with your dart all foes defy;
Yet one shot only and you are done,
  For defense to all—you *do* and *die*.

S. W. G., '20.

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of the Junior or Senior Classes submitting the best short story from those classes, and also to the member of the Freshman or Sophomore Classes submitting the best short story from those classes. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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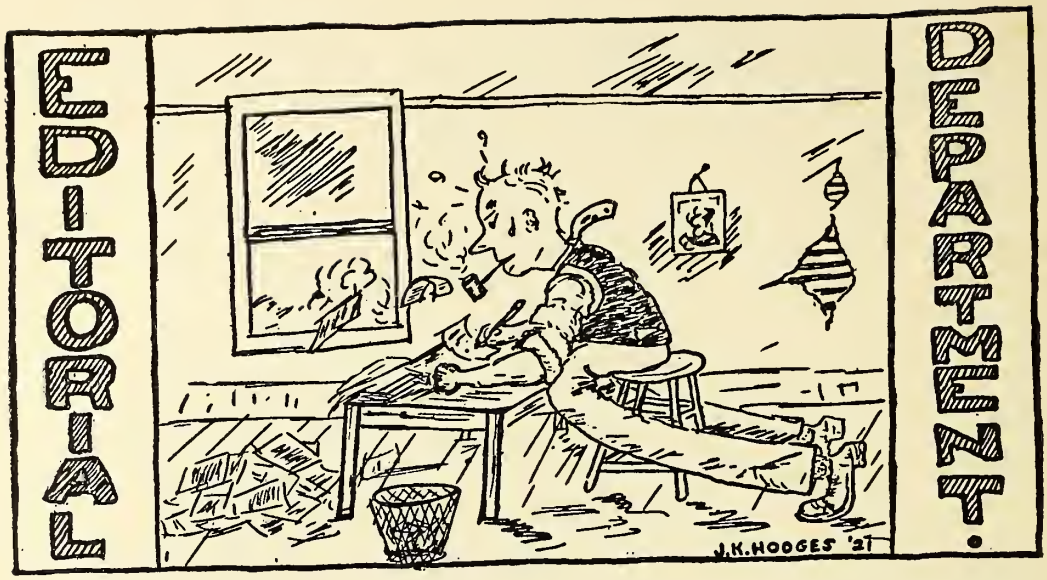

A. Stokes King ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
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The Honor Point System

A plan for distributing honors is being used in many of our best colleges today and has proven very successful. Each college has to work out its own system, because there are different offices to be filled with varying degrees of responsibility. Under this system, each office that students hold is valued at so many honor points, the more responsible offices counting more points than the less responsible ones. A student is allowed, by the faculty and student body, to hold only so many points. In this way a student cannot hold so many offices at once, thus taking the "lion's share" of honors while the other fellow has none.

But perhaps you think there are not enough capable, business-like students in a student body to so divide the duties. In most student bodies there are about three or four students who bear the responsibilities for the whole number of remaining students. The honor point system develops these capable, business-like students. One who has never held an office has never had a fair chance of proving himself capable of discharging its duties. The knowledge of the responsibility placed upon him will develop him and help him to rise to meets its demands. This has been proven in the colleges where the honor point system has been tried.

Then, too, we should look at it from the standpoint of those few students who, under the present system, have to bear all the responsibilities and work of the many offices that the student body has put upon them. *No* student can do justice to any of his work when he has so much. His time must be divided so that each branch of his work, each office, will not be entirely left out. Therefore, he can't concentrate his efforts and do his best work on the demands of *any one* office. It isn't fair to the student himself to have to bear that mental and physical strain which the honest and faithful discharge of the duties of his several important offices puts upon him.

The distribution of the work and honors of the different activities of a college student body, by the honor point system, is more in keeping with the democratic ideas of the day and fairer to all concerned. "BR'ER RABBIT."

A Greater Wofford

Every true and loyal son of our institution fully realizes the urgent need of many and more athletic equipment on this campus. The representative teams do remarkably well considering the present opportunities for development, but no one doubts that new inducements and larger chances will produce a wonderful effect in college spirit and team morale.

We will be greatly indebted to these generous-hearted Spartans who are liberally contributing their time and money for the benefit of Wofford. The unanimous vote in favor of student volunteer labor is an indication of the co-operation the young men of this college intend to give in this movement. Although this manual effort will amount to much, that alone will not guarantee the success so imperative at present—each and every one of us will necessarily and willingly subscribe the money required of us.

Boys! support the New Athletic Field, and watch Wofford grow!

H. F. D.

The doubtful attitude that America is taking in the matter of the responsibility of William Hohenzollern for the deaths

and savage crimes committed during the world war is weakening the position of the Allies. Our country's attitude may even determine whether or not there will be a trial. It is true that we did not suffer much during the war—not even enough—but we cannot overlook the wrongs that civilization suffered. The United States cannot stand silently by now without showing its disapproval of, perhaps, letting those crimes go by and the guilty go unpunished. Most of the American jurists take it for granted that the ex-Kaiser has been found guilty morally, if not legally, in the eyes of civilized man. We agree that there should be some form of punishment, carefully and wisely selected, lest the instigator of war and suffering be made a martyr in the eyes of the German people and of the future generations.

B'RER RABBIT.

There are those of us, perhaps, who feel that quarantines are a nuisance. They are not pleasant things, we all know, and perhaps students feel this unpleasantness more than any one else. The matter of having to stay shut-in and having to miss what is going on uptown grows monotonous and gets on a fellow's nerves. Too much freedom taken away? Not enough liberty to get out? One must remember that the quarantines are not imposed to interfere with personal freedom and liberty, but for self-protection and to insure "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This we all want, but, nevertheless, we hope we can have it without any more quarantines.

Kearse (to Prof. D. A. DuPre)—"Doctor, at what temperature does the Centigrade and Fahrenheit thermometers read the same?"

Prof. DuPre—"At forty degrees below zero, Mr. Kearse."

Carlisle Stuckey—"On which one does it read forty degrees below zero, Doctor?"

O. D. Johnson (to R. O. T. C. men)—"All men will be delivered audience (ordnance) tomorrow."

Freshman Kingman (upon hearing that Major Erler and Captain Gammon had been demoted, and probably thinking of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman)—"Who do you say has been sent away?"

Harry Harvin (on Lee's birthday, when many Confederate flags were in evidence)—"How come so many automobiles are decorated with British flags?"

Freshman Kingman (upon being told that the Student Volunteer Convention met at Coker College)—"Which Coker do you mean—the one at Columbia or the one at Hartsville?"

Sergeant—"Are you a non-commissioned officer?"
Freshman Cann—"Yes."
Sergeant—"What rank?"
Cann—"Buck private."

Dr. Wallace—"From what source do you get the ablest defense of the Constitution?"

W. G. Smith—"From Addison's Federalist papers, Doctor."

"Talk about fellows being broke," said a wise Soph, "but all the money I have wouldn't buy Clink a haircut."

Freshman Wall, on entering a barber shop, was asked by a barber: "Will you have any barber work done?"

Freshman Wall (after glancing at his shoes)—"Yes, sir; I will have a shoe shine."

Freshman Jenkins Knight (when Dr. R. H. Bennett was here)—"Say, is that Christie Bennett?"

PSYCHOLOGY SPECIAL

A Centipede was happy quite,
  Until a Frog, in fun,
Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
  Considering how to run.

Freshman Matthews (upon hearing of a big fire at Sumter)—"What was the matter? Couldn't they put it out? Didn't they have any fireworks?"

I. B. Lever (after Uncle Gus had delivered a talk upon the ruins of Athens)—"And, doctor, do you mean to say that you can see all of that right over in Georgia?"

A certain student has informed us that when Junior B. L. Williams was at Furman, he was asked by Dr. Poteat what the epistles were. Whereupon he replied: "The apostles' wives, Doctor."

PROHIBITION SPECIAL

Little William fell into an *Anheuser-Busch*
And tore *Schlitz* in his pants.
He came out a sadder, *Budweiser* boy,
Pabst so and *Pabst* not.

UNSATISFIED YEARNING

I. ON THE PART OF AN ANIMAL

Down in the silent hallway
Scampers the dog about,
And whines, and barks, and scratches
In order to get out.

Once in the glittering starlight,
He straightway doth begin
To set up a doleful howling
In order to get in.

II. ON THE PART OF MAN

Oh, give me whatever I do not possess,
No matter whatever it be;
So long as I haven't it, that is enough,
I fancy, to satisfy me.

No matter whatever I happen to have,
I have it; and what I have not
Seems all that is good of the good things of earth
To lighten the lack of my lot.

No covetous spirit incites the desire
To have what I haven't, I'm sure;
Because when I have what I haven't, I want
What I haven't, the same as before.

So, give me whatever I do not possess,
No matter whatever it be;
And yet—
To have what I haven't is having, and that
Destroys all the pleasure for me.

Freshman George (to Dr. Rembert)—"Doctor, were the fishes destroyed when they had the flood?"

The above question brings to our mind the following poem of Sam Walter Foss, entitled "He Wanted to Know," which we affectionately prescribe for the perusal of Mr. "Lloyd" George:

He wanted to know how God made the worl'
Out er nothin' at all;
W'y it wasn't made square, like a block or a brick,
Stid er roun', like a ball;
How it managed to stay held up in the air,
An' w'y it don't fall;
All such kin' er things, above an' below,
He wanted to know.

He wanted to know who Cain had for a wife,
An' if the two fit;
Who hit Billy Patterson over the head,
If he ever got hit;
An' where Moses wuz w'en the candle went out,
An' if others were lit;
If he couldn' fin' these out, w'y his cake wuz all dough,
An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know 'bout original sin,
An' about Adam's fall;
If the snake hopped aroun' on the end of his tail
Before doomed to crawl;
An' w'at would hev happened if Adam hedn' et
The ol' apple at all;
These 'ere kind er things seemed ter fill him 'ith woe,
An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know w'y some folks wuz good,
An' some folks wuz mean;
W'y some folks wuz middlin' an' some folks wuz fat,
An' some folks wuz lean,

An' some folks wuz very learned an' wise,
An' some folks dern green;
All these kin' er things they troubled him so
That he wanted to know.

An' so he fired conundrums aroun',
For he wanted to know;
An' his nice crop er taters 'ud rot in the groun',
An' his stuff wouldn't grow;
For it took so much time to ask questions like these
He'd no time to hoe;
He wanted to know if these things were so,
Course he wanted to know.

An' his cattle they died, an' his horses grew sick,
'Cause they didn't hev no hay;
An' his creditors pressed him to pay up his bills,
But he'd no time to pay;
For he had to go roun' askin' questions, you know,
By night an' by day;
He'd no time to work, for they troubled him so,
An' he wanted to know.

An' now in the poorhouse he travels aroun'
In just the same way,
An' asks the same questions right over ag'in
By night an' by day;
But he hain't foun' no feller can answer 'em yit,
An' he's ol' an' he's gray,
But these same ol' conundrums they trouble him so
That he still wants to know.

C. B. Smith—"Boys, do we get Saturday or Monday for Easter?"

Boys (laughing)—"Igmous! Don't you know that Easter comes on Sunday?"

Smith—"I'll look on the map and see."

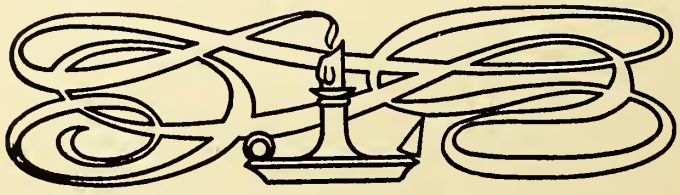
Freshman Gaines (a new arrival, to Oliver)—"Will your washwoman take my clothes also?"

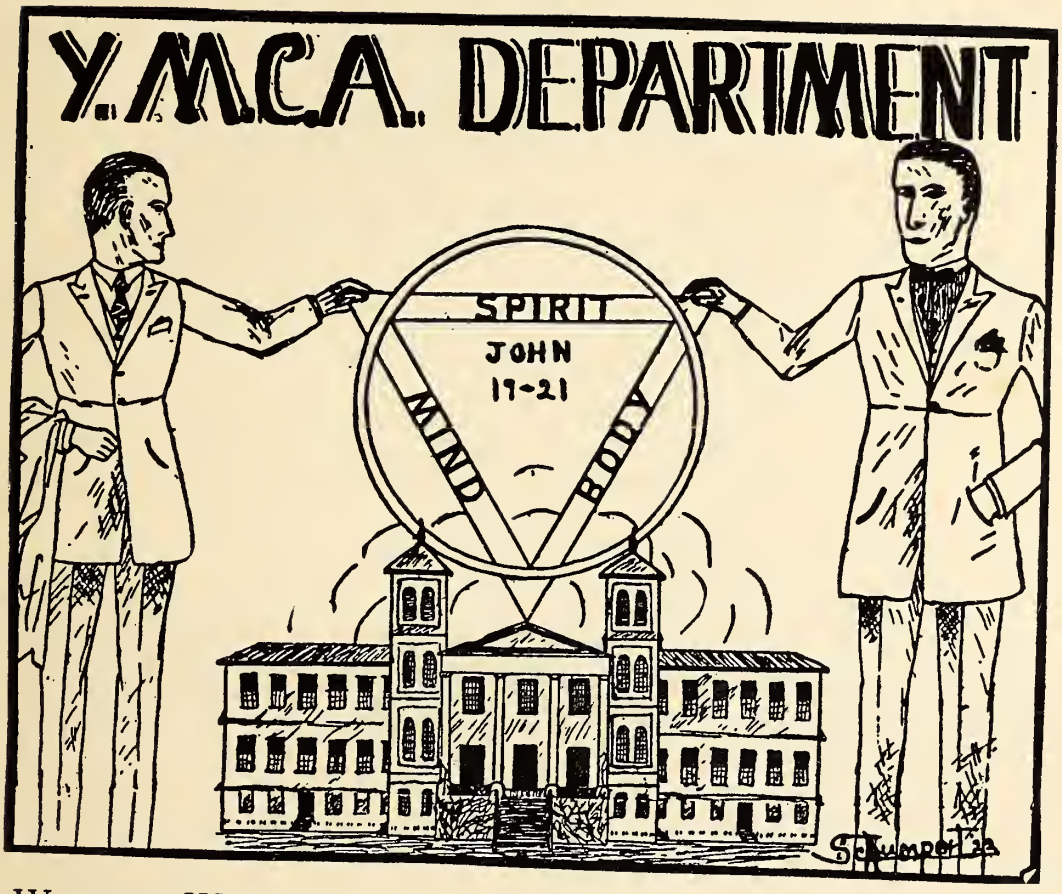
Oliver—"Yes; she took all of mine."

Tightwad Rast—"Boys, I made the greatest economical blunder of my life today."

Boys—"How so?"

Rast—"Since smoking the cigar purchased with the coupon out of the JOURNAL, I haven't eaten a meal, and I am afraid I'll have to pay a doctor bill."





WOODROW WARD.....EDITOR

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

At this service the delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines, G. E. Parrott and E. H. King, rendered reports. They gave some especially interesting extracts from the speeches of Dr. John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer. The two reported a big convention, and gave us the benefit of some of the information and inspiration they had gained.

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD AND THIRTIETH

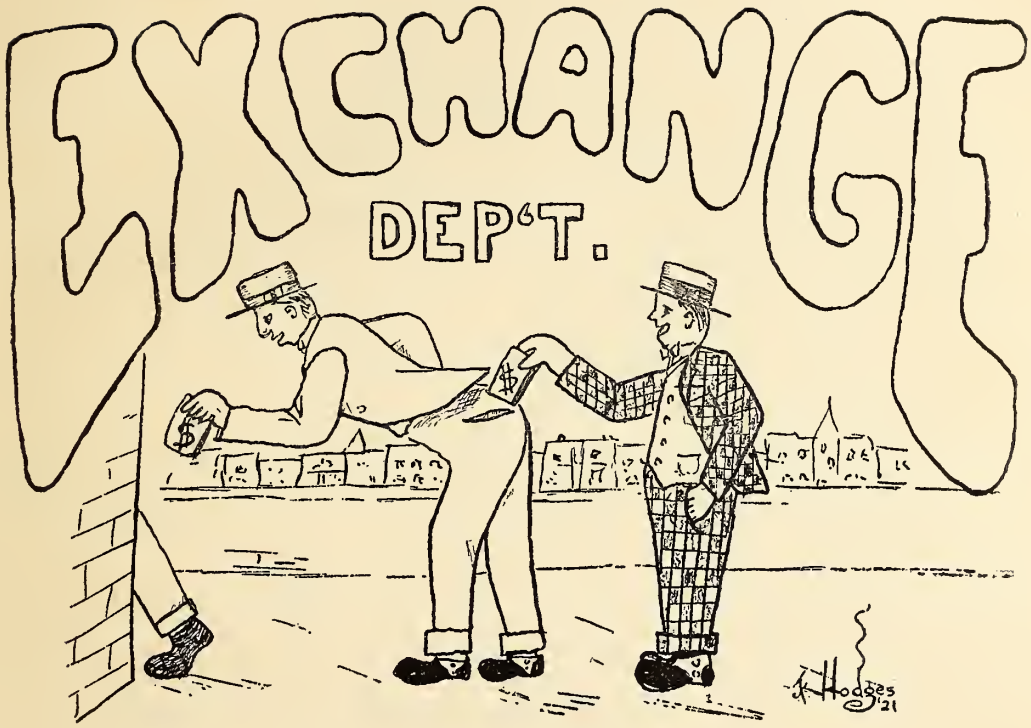
No meetings on account of examinations.

FEBRUARY SIXTH

No meeting on account of the flu.

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

On account of the flu quarantine, which prohibited us from going to church, a service was held in the college Y. M. C. A. room exclusively for students. Prof. A. Mason DuPre spoke to us at this service, and his subject was John Mark. The speaker drew some helpful lessons from the come-back abilities of a man as demonstrated in the case of his subject. He also lauded the man of the type of Barnabus, who, by his patient and kindly dealing with Mark, won him back to the straight and narrow way. He pleaded that we as students would endeaver to exercise that same spirit toward our fellow students. The speaker closed with the exhortation that we also strive as unostentatiously and yet as effectively as Barnabus to "let our light so shine that men may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven."



J. W. Potts.....Editor

TO THE EXCHANGES

We wish to thank all those who have been kind enough to exchange with us. We appreciate all the criticisms of our magazine. They will help us put out a better magazine.

"BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS"

The College of Charleston Magazine.—Taking up the publications in the order that they came to the exchange desk, we wish to compliment the College of Charleston staff. The January issue seems to be well proportioned as to stories and poems. The writers of these stories seem to know just the kind of material suitable for a monthly magazine.

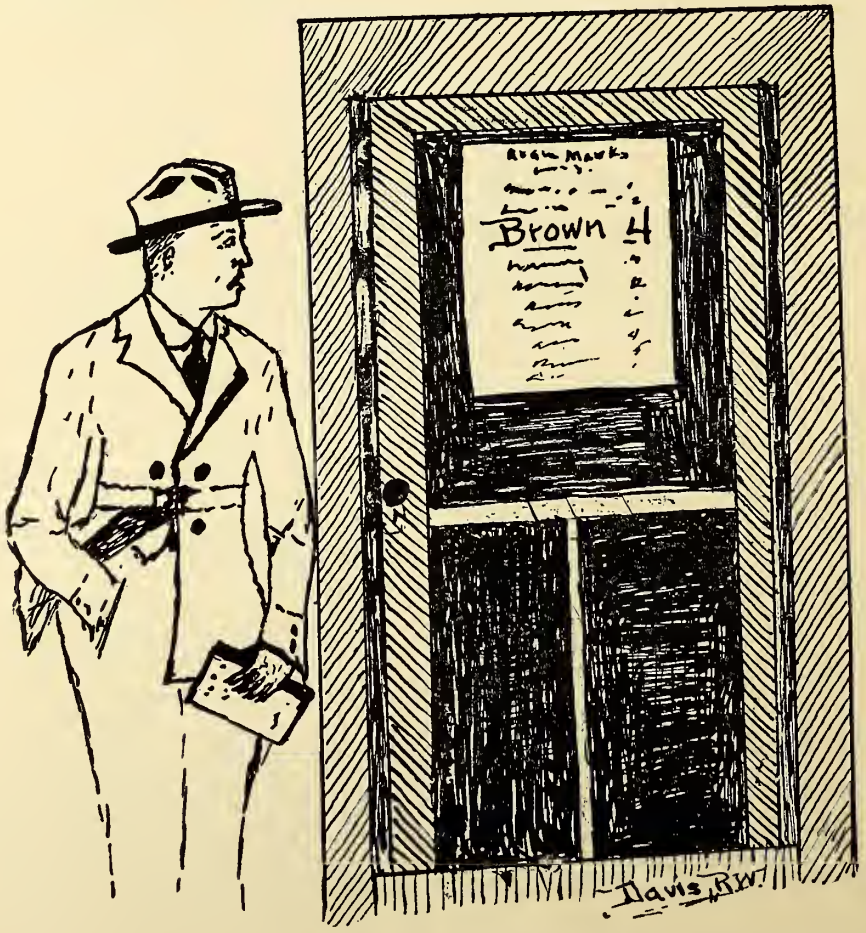
The Bashaba.—Next comes *The Bashaba.* This also was read with much interest. "The True Artist" is an exceedingly good piece of work. Although it contains one or two poems worthy of mention, there should be more of them.

The Concept.—In perusing the December *Concept,* we find much excellent and valuable material. This magazine reflects much credit on the staff and student body. The material is

well arranged, and is all of first-grade quality. It is also gratifying to see so much good poetry in one issue.

The Criterion.—The November-December issue is a very interesting number. The poems, as a rule, are good and the essays interesting. However, there should be more stories. We also think that with as large a student body as Columbia College has, it should include more material.

The Right Angle.—We have read *The Right Angle* and have found it to be of excellent quality. The contribution entitled "Seeking Lost Jewels" deserves praise. It contains a great truth and is expressed admirably. The other material is excellent, but there should be some short stories.



As It Looks To Him

SEASON SCHEDULE

February 11—Sumter Y. M. C. A., at Sumter.
February 13—Citadel, at Charleston.
February 14—Carolina, at Columbia.
February 18—Newberry, at Spartanburg.
February 21—College of Charleston, at Spartanburg.
February 23—Davidson, at Spartanburg.
February 24—Carolina, at Spartanburg.
February 26—Newberry, at Newberry.
February 27—Presbyterian College, at Clinton.

In addition to the above schedule, two games are pending with Furman, to be played some time in March, one here and one in Greenville.

THE OPENING OF THE BASEBALL SEASON

The game opened with Molasses at the stick. Smallpox was catching. Cigar was in the box, and had plenty of smoke. Fiddle was playing second. Corn was in the field. Apple was umpire. When Ax came to the bat, he chopped one and made a Cake Walk, and Sawdust filled the bags. Song made a hit, and Twenty made a score. Every foot of Ground kicked, and they said Apple was rotten. Balloon went up in the air. Then Cherry tried it out, but was wild. When Spider caught a Fly, the crowd cheered. Needle tried to umpire. He was sharp enough, but had only one eye. Ice kept cool until he was hit by a pitched ball; then you should have heard Ice Cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field. Organ refused to play. Hornet stung the ball, but it fell into the hands of Clock. Bread loafed around until they put him out.

In the fifth inning, Wind blowed around what he could do, and Hammer began to knock. Then the trees began to leave. Knife was put out for cutting first base. The crowd roasted Peanut all through the game. Everybody kicked when they put Light out. Then Meat was put out at the plate.

The score was 1 to 0, and the game was over. Door said that if he had pitched he would have shut them out. There was a lot of betting on the game, and Soap cleaned up, but Eggs went broke.

CAN THE SLANG

(*Written against the use of slang at the games*)

Can the roughneck line of chatter, put refinement in your patter,
Shun the coarse and crude expressions, mutt and zob;
Though a player is a rummy, it is wrong to call him dummy,
Or to hint about the ivory in his nob.

Do not shout to batters, "Swat it!" never use the phrase, "I got it!"
For it jars upon a highly cultured mind;
Be a well-bred sort of geezer, do not clamor, "On the beezer!"
Or the crowd will think you really ain't refined.

You should analyze your own head when you call a player a bone-head,
Or make use of rude remarks like "Empty Dome";
It may be a still for hiding out the fact there's none residing
In your garret—that, in fact, there's nobody home.

Sand your sandals, bo, you're slippin' when you talk about a pippin,
And your line of junk is certain to annoy;
If you're game to plunge, I'll bet you that a lot of ginks don't get you
When you use that cheese expression, "Atta boy!"

Tie your bull out in the stable with a heavy chunk of cable,
Or they'll think your hat is all that's on your mind;
Pound the slang stuff to a jelly, don't Chautauqua through the kelly,
For we've got to keep the baseball game refined.

TO WIN

Let's get in step and keep the "pep";
We're climbing on to victory,
And in the end we're sure to win;
We will the coming champions be.

Let's "raise Cain" and make it plain
That we're a winning crew;
For it's the cake we're sure to take
If to our colors we are true.

Let's all turn out with whoop and shout,
And support our good old team;
For in the end they are bound to win,
If in our rooting we put plenty of steam.

B. T. S., '22.

In football we are terrible,
In basketball we are strong;
In baseball we are worser still—
You'll all see that 'fore long.

The following is a partial schedule of baseball games for this season:

College of Charleston, at Spartanburg, April 7.
Furman, at Spartanburg, April 9.
Presbyterian College, at Clinton, April 13.
Newberry College, at Newberry, April 14.
South Carolina, at Columbia, April 15.
University of Oglethorpe, at Spartanburg, April 21.

Presbyterian College, at Spartanburg, April 26.
North Carolina State College, at Spartanburg, April 28.
Erskine College, at Spartanburg, April 29.
Elon College, at Spartanburg, April 30.
Erskine, at Due West, May 3.
Clemson, at Clemson, May 4.
Furman, at Greenville, May 5.
Clemson, at Spartanburg, May 7.
Newberry, at Spartanburg, May 11.
Georgia Tech, at Spartanburg, April 12 and 13.

The season begins the latter part of March and practice will start about the first. Get ready, boys!

A more detailed schedule and account of the baseball situation will be published next month. "Smoky" Joe is working hard on the incidentals, which we trust will culminate successfully in putting over the big and important thing, namely, the going to "glory land" with the State championship. Why not? We have done so before, once, twice, thrice—oh! I have lost count. But, anyway, why not again?

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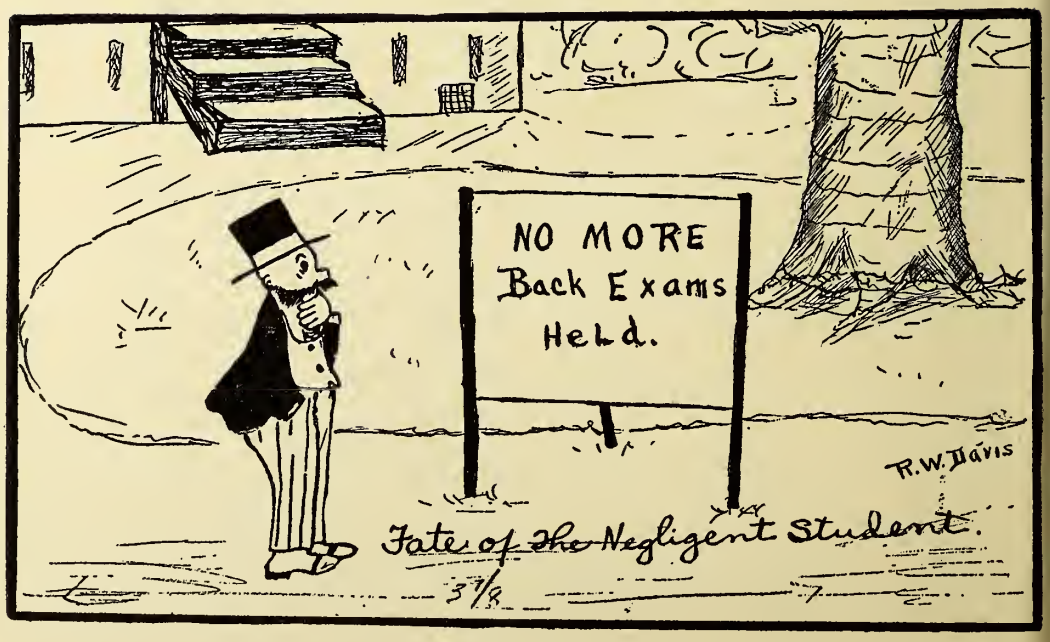
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Wofford! Wofford! Wofford!

FINIS

(Not only of this department, but of all who meet us on the diamond.)



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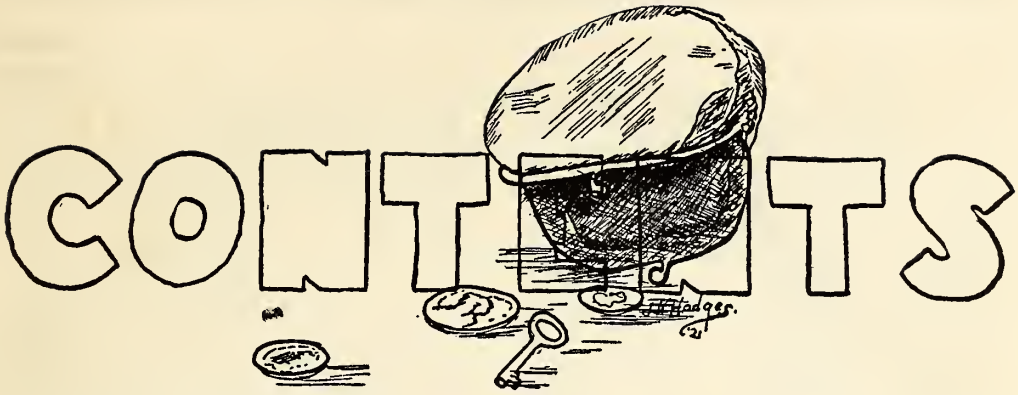

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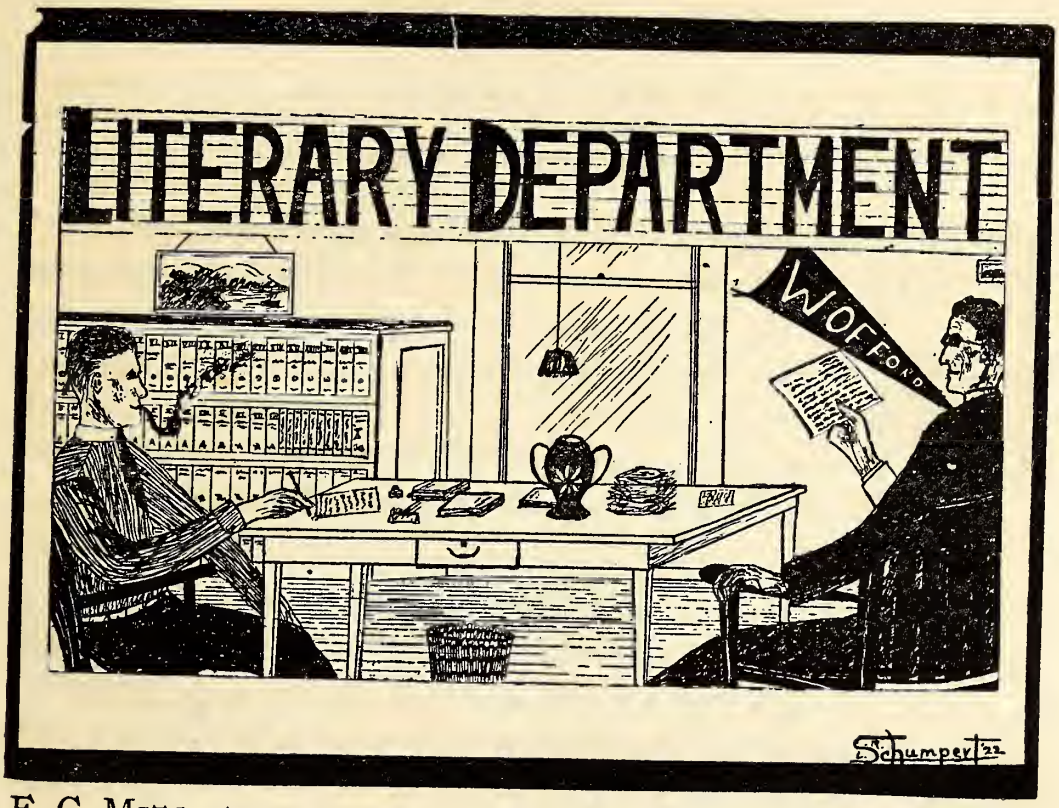

E. C. Mitchell ..... *Editor*
Woodrow Ward ..... *Assistant Editor*

PROSPICE

SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air,
Which dwells with all things fair,—
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again. —*Timrod.*

HOPE

And as the new day breaks forth from the dark matrix of the night, so from thy present faintness and fatigue some great achievement maybe shall arise that shall illuminate the gloomy world of toiling men with the great glory of a winged thought. —*Howard Pyle.*

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

Feeling right is good for the heart. Of such is happiness. In order to feel right man must do right, and to do right he must think right.—*William J. Burtscher.*

LIVES FOR A LIFE

"OUR SECRET SERVICE is a wonderful machine," I remarked to George W. MacPherson, returning to the States after twelve years spent in the Far East. My remark was occasioned by a recent sensational capture of a notorious counterfeiter in Shanghai by agents of the American Secret Service after having evaded the law for four years.

"Yes, it's a splendid organization; but it is sometimes too efficient," MacPherson responded, blowing a few rings of cigar smoke and apparently contemplating the farthest moon-jeweled wavelet. MacPherson was not a very talkative man ordinarily. Probably he had learned discretion in his long diplomatic service, but when he saw fit, he could tell stories of his experiences in the Orient that would put Schezerade to shame. I had known him for several years, meeting him first in Shanghai in 1910, while awaiting passports for the interior, where I had been sent by the United States Department of Agriculture as an exploring agent.

Tonight as we sat on the upper deck of the Pacific Mail steamer "Yokohama," two days out of Shanghai, Mac, as I had learned to call him, seemed unusually quiet, wrapped in his own thoughts, smoking the inevitable cigar. The deck was almost deserted, most of the passengers having already retired. Nothing broke the stillness except the churn of the propellers and the swishing water in our wake. The night was unusually calm, with only that calm known to the Pacific. Scarcely a breeze ruffled the rippling wavelets, which scintillated like diamonds and sapphires as they were struck by the beams of the dripping moon just rising out of the sea toward China. Finding my companion rather unsociable, I relapsed into a reverie, dreaming of home, of my valuable agricultural discoveries, of the plague-stricken land I had left.

"Funny how that remark of yours about the Secret Service started me thinking," suddenly broke in MacPherson.

Scenting a story, I hastened to add, "It must have been an unpleasant memory, from the way you have been chewing that cigar."

"Yes; I was thinking of what the overzealous persistence of one of your much-praised Secret Service men had cost the world."

I lit another cigarette, pulled my chair closer, and prepared to listen.

"The incident to which I have just referred happened the latter part of July a year ago. As you know, I was relieved of my duties at Soochow July 1 and expected to come home at once. Unfortunately, I was ordered to Kaifen-Fu, the capital of the Province of Honan, to take Carruthers' place; poor devil, died of fever, you remember.

"When I got there, I found things in a mess. The entire city was sick, it seemed. They called it the pneumonic plague then, but it was the same as the influenza which caused so many deaths in the States last fall and winter. Chinese were dying like flies in the streets. From the outlying districts reports came that whole villages had been wiped out. From time to time stories were circulated of a strange white man in the tao of Wei-Chum, who could drive out the 'devils which caused the death sickness.' Rumor said that he was worth many thousands of taels, and would accept no money for his services; the only stipulation he made was that the sick man should swear to tell no white man of the magic of the doctor. From all I could learn, it appeared that this strange white healer must be an American. Well, things drifted from bad to worse. About the time the disease was beginning to abate, the Hwang-ho, with one of those sudden rises so characteristic of it, inundated the whole flat, yellow plain. The Chinese have a name for this yellow demon of a river which means 'treacherous as the tiger'; and certainly no tiger from the neighboring Kuan-lun mountains ever caught its victims more unawares than this yellow, placid, lazy-looking stream.

"At 9:30 on the morning of July 16, Wang-Lu, the wrinkled old watchman, from his eerie perch in the two-hundred-foot

tower, gave the cry, 'The river!' and began pounding his gong. By 10 o'clock, what had been the poorest and thickest populated part of the town was only a swirling maelstrom of turbid water. The stream was fast rising, and was soon seething and hissing around the Great Pagoda."

MacPherson paused to relight his cigar. Nothing disturbed the peace of the summer night. The liquid moonlight enveloped all the waste of waters, while our powerful vessel plowed on as if through a sea of silver.

"But no use to recount the harrowing experiences that followed the flood," MacPherson resumed. "Old men said that the city had had no such visitation since the great fire during the Tai Ping rebellion in the fifties. Added to the curse of influenza was now that of typhus. My two assistants were both ill with the plague. Finally, when the only American doctor in Kaifeng went down with the fever, I determined to make a search for the strange white man who was reported to be making such miraculous cures. From all the information I could gather, he was living in the village of Huan-Wei, about thirty miles up the river from Kaifeng. So, on the following day, I set out with two Chinese soldiers mounted on mules. It took us until late in the afternoon to reach what had once been Huan-Wei." Here my companion stopped and shuddered. "Man, God has forgotten that country. All day we had been riding through a desolate waste of yellow mud, stinking pools and scattered debris. At the end of our journey, we found the climax of destruction. The flimsy bamboo huts were a tangled mass of mud-covered ruins. An intolerable odor filled the air. The ground was strewn with dead animals, and here and there an arm or a leg of some luckless victim protruded from the wreckage of what had been his home. Only a few lean, sickly Chinese were poking about in the rubbish. We got only surly responses to our inquiries about the whereabouts of the White Doctor. Finally, we found one hollowed-eyed, weazened old man who promised to lead us to the 'white man who kept off devils.' About three-quarters of a mile away, on a slight elevation of the plain, we found a few

hovels, huddled together as if to protect each other from the fury of the treacherous yellow danger. In one of these huts I found one of the strangest men I had ever met. He jumped to his feet and turned deadly pale under the tan when I darkened the doorway.

" 'What are you doing here?' he demanded, making a menacing movement in my direction.

" 'I understand that you are an American doctor,' I ventured.

" 'I was a doctor,' he responded gloomily. He appeared to be about fifty, and was as grey as a badger. His deep-set blue eyes seemed to fathom my thoughts as I stood there. The lines about his mouth and the haunted expression in his eyes gave him an appearance of indescribable sadness. Nearly six feet tall, he was well proportioned, and the muscles stood out under his frayed flannel shirt. Khaki riding breeches, much the worse for wear, and worn leather boots of American make completed his equipment.

" 'All Kaifen-Fu is sick,' I told him. The only American doctor is dying; the other officials of the consulate are ill. What we need is medical aid at once. My name is MacPherson, the new consul,' I added. At the word new consul he gave a start.

" 'Why, where—where is Carruthers?' he blurted out. When I said 'dead,' he sighed like a man relieved of a great load. He straightened up, but eagerly continued: 'Did he leave any—er—papers?'

" 'Nothing but his will and his monthly report,' I replied.

"A remarkable change came over the man. He held out his hand and said, 'My name is Howard Conrad. I am glad to meet you.' "

The ex-consul hesitated a moment, meditatively. "Yes, and I believe he was glad then," he continued.

"By this time it was nearly dark, and I had no choice but to find a place for myself and two bodyguards. Conrad, seeing my dilemma, offered me the shelter of his hut, such as it was. It was bare of furnishings except for a few dirty rolls

of straw matting; but I could do no better. After I had passed around the chocolate and corned beef I had brought with me, I ventured a few questions to the doctor. He shut up like a clam as soon as I began my interrogations.

" 'Mr. MacPherson, you've come here looking for a doctor, not a biography,' Conrad finally burst out. 'I have been in China for years studying the native diseases and doing what I could for these poor devils here. I had established a dispensary and laboratory at Huan-Wei and was making some investigations into this pneumonic plague, when that cursed river destroyed everything.'

" 'Why did you locate in this miserable hole?' I couldn't help asking him.

" 'Oh, for scientific reasons,' he answered with a cynical smile. Then, reverting to more professional topics, he remarked:

" 'This plague is destined to sweep the world if something doesn't stop it. It will carry death, like the Black Death of the fifteenth century, to all the world. The medical profession at present knows little about its origin and treatment.'

" 'But you have been remarkably successful in treating it, if reports of natives are to be believed,' I commented.

" 'Fairly so,' was the modest reply. 'And if the Fates hadn't intervened, I would have developed a new method of treatment, or rather of prevention. '

"Though the last statement aroused my curiosity, I hesitated to pry into the professional secrets of the reticent man. In response to my urgent entreaties, he promised to return with me to Kaifen the next day, provided that I would be his buying agent in fitting up a new, well-equipped laboratory. He assured me that money would be no consideratioon, and his sole fee would be that I not mention him in reports or letters back to the States.

"Two days later, Conrad was working like a demon, fighting the disease day and night. He scarcely took time to eat, and snatched a little sleep when he could. The success that man

had was a miracle. After his laboratory was fitted up, I rarely saw him over a few minutes at a time, though it was located in the same building with my office. He put a cot there, and spent all the time he could spare at work on some theory of his. The place was fairly littered with test tubes and culture glasses. One morning he came into my office wearing almost a school boy smile.

" 'I have proved it!' he exclaimed. And, before I had time to wonder whether he had proved the earth was flat or that the moon was inhabited, he continued:

" 'The theory that the Pfeiffer bacillus is the cause of influenza is all wrong. The doctors haven't known how to treat the disease. Heretofore, all they could do was to reduce the fever of the patient and let the disease burn itself out. The reason that inoculation has never succeeded is because they have been working on the wrong assumption. Inoculation with the Pfeiffer bacillus will not give immunity against this type of influenza. Although the Pfeiffer bacillus is always present in the diseased patient, it is not the underlying cause. The true influenza bacteria is a smaller bacillus, growing in chain-like clusters.' Conrad reeled off a long, complicated description of the germ and its method of growth which now, God knows, I wish I could have understood and remembered. He explained how he had reproduced the disease in monkeys with identical symptoms as in human beings. I asked him what was the name of the new germ he had discovered.

" 'Bacillus Conradi,' he replied, with a whimsical smile. 'My inoculations with the serum I have prepared from these cultures have worked wonders. You know, three of the servants at the consulate have had the disease and three haven't. The three who had it were not inoculated; the others were,' he added conclusively.

" 'Conrad,' I said before thinking, 'I am going to send you home on leave when I get another doctor, to report to the American Medical Association. You will be another Pasteur.' A shadow crossed his face, and at once the pleasure in his discovery seemed to have vanished.

" 'I must perfect my theory,' he answered quietly, and hurriedly left the rooom.

"That afternoon an unexpected American visitor got off the dirty little Peking-Hankow train. He walked into my office with a very business-like air, told the Chinese boy where to put his traveling bag, and introduced himself as George Burns, of Washington, D. C., handing over his credentials and a letter of introduction from the consul-general at Shanghai. By his credentials, I saw that he was a Secret Service agent, but what he could be doing in Kaifen-Fu was a mystery to me. He took a seat and, after lighting a cigar and remarking on the general 'cussedness' of Chinese railroads, he drew from his pocket a small photograph and asked:

" 'Do you know that man?'

"It was plainly a likeness of Conrad, taken when he was a much younger man.

" 'Yes, I think I do,' I answered.

" 'Well, he is wanted in Washington for murder.'

"I was stunned. 'Impossible!' I managed to say. 'That man has been a doctor in China for years.'

" 'Certainly,' was the response. 'Conrad Van Dorn shot to death Louis Coubet, secretary to the French legation, on the night of September 3, 1910. He escaped in a motor car and took passage on some outgoing ship at Norfolk. Since then he has led us a merry chase over this old planet.' Burns explained that Van Dorn, a very wealthy physician and specialist in Washington, had shot Coubet at a fashionable club because of the Frenchman's intrigues with his wife, and rather than go through the scandal of a public trial and drag his and his wife's name into the courts, he had chosen to become a fugitive from justice.

" 'We traced him to Brazil, back to Canada, and finally lost him in China. You see, the Government, for diplomatic reasons, was very anxious to apprehend him,' Burns concluded.

" 'Is it not possible that the man you have found here is the wrong man?' I questioned.

" 'Absolutely not!' was the emphatic answer. 'A letter directed to a bacteriologist in New York, a friend of Van Dorn, fell into the hands of one of my associates by accident. In it he directed that certain instruments be shipped to him at Huan-Wei, Province of Honan, China, under the name of Howard Conrad. Of course, the rest was easy. When I got here, I found that the man I was looking for was in the American consulate, technically on American soil. I shall ask you to aid me in serving this warrant on him.'

"I realized that his statement was true, and that he had at last hunted down his man.

" 'My God! You can't take that man to prison,' I groaned. 'He has saved enough lives to atone for one miserable French secretary. If you take him away from here, think of the lives that will be thrown away for the want of medical attention! Besides, he is working on a process of treatment for this influenza epidemic that will save the lives of thousands. It's criminal to thwart this man's service just because he happened to kill a man in a moment of fury.'

" 'That's for the courts to decide. You know Justice never sleeps.' Burns smiled sardonically. 'And I have come after my man. What will a handful of dead Chinks matter, anyway?'

"To Burns, man-hunting was merely a routine, and if this was an unusual case, it merely broke the monotony of a humdrum business. On learning that Conrad, or Van Dorn, as his name now appeared to be, would return about eight o'clock, he left instructions for me to detain him until he returned, and walked out.

"What was I to do? Warn him and allow him to escape? I, an official of the Government? Was there any justice in dragging a saver of human lives back to a useless prison sentence? I feverishly worked over scheme after scheme to block the inexorable hand of the law, but before the doctor returned Burns was back and waiting in the next room.

"The doctor came in late, tired and pale. He wearily flung himself into a chair and closed his eyes. 'MacPherson,' he

said, 'the serum is working wonders. I am obliged to prepare some more tomorroow, and if I have time I shall write up the discovery and process for some of the medical magazines in the States. If anything should happen to me, it would all be lost.' I shuddered.

"At that moment Burns stepped inside the room and interrupted: 'Dr. Conrad Van Dorn, you realize, of course, that the consulate is to all purposes American soil.'

"The doctor jumped to his feet, as if one of those innumerable little scorpions had stung him. He uttered the words, 'You've got me,' and dropped like a dead man to the floor.

"We put him on his cot in the laboratory and gave him some brandy. In a few minutes he began to move a little, and looked up blankly without a word. Two hours passed without any change in the semi-conscious man. After he fell into a sort of restless sleep, Burns and I determined to sit up the remainder of the night and take turns watching him, for it was apparent that something was badly wrong with him. At the end of an hour or two, thinking the patient asleep, we both dropped off to sleep in our chairs.

"Some time later I was awakened by the noise of breaking glass. Some one was talking and singing in the laboratory. I rushed to the door. Heaven forbid that I ever see the like again! Van Dorn was talking and chanting a sort of song to himself. Occasionally he would break into the loud, vacant laugh of a lunatic. Broken glass and shattered vials were scattered here and there; franctically the man was mixing chemicals and drugs in senseless confusion. He seemed to be looking for something he could not find. 'The serum? Where is the rest of the serum? Ah, Wang-Chu, here is something for your sick son. It will drive out the fever devils. All gone; no more serum? What a pity! Poor Wo-Lun will die now. No serum, no serum.' I stood horror-struck at the pitiable sight. It dawned on my dazed mind what a priceless discovery had been destroyed by the suddenly insane man. With the aid of Burns, I got him back on the cot and quieted him with a hypodermic.

"He died at daybreak," MacPherson ended abruptly.

It was already past midnight and the deck was now vacant. A stiff breeze had sprung up in the past hour, making me shiver and turn up my coat collar. My narrator, chewing the end of a blackened cigar, seemed to soliloquize rather than talk to me.

"All the floating driftwood of human wreckage finds its way to China. Some of it is made over into serviceable structures; the rest drifts out of the eddy into fatal currents and is carried away forever. Why could not justice have slept while Conrad made over his life for the good of humanity? What a different tale could have been told of the devastating plague that has swept the world if justice had not interfered in the life of a genius. Justice must be satisfied, but how stupid that justice can be. Now justice has been done, and the secret that might have spared a world-wide plague lies buried in the churchyard of the Methodist Mission in Kaifen-Fu. There the yellow Hwang-ho still craftily creeps through the flat fields of rice and hemp like a treacherous snake ready to strike. Old Wang-Lu still watches from his two-hundred-foot tower. The coolies still die of the plague, but there is no 'white man who drives out the fever devils.' "

We had risen and were gazing over the rail at the moon-drenched horizon. Away over there somewhere was the mystic East, the land of paradoxes, the land of flowers and temples, of disease and death.

MacPherson flung the stump of his cigar into the sea and, turning to me with an ironical smile and with a tinge of bitterness in his voice, remarked: "Yes, the Secret Service is a wonderful machine. Good-night!"

L. B. W. DE BOISVERT.

MARCH WINDS

Roaring down the valleys deep,
  Come the heralds of the spring—
Winds of March, in whistling howls,
  Tell of robins on the wing.

Tell of bluebirds and of jays,
  Tell of forests turning green,
Tell of balmy days to come—
  Peers to which have ne'er been seen.

Thus the March winds hurry by
  With their messages of hope,
That our hearts may hear the cry,
  And no more in darkness grope.

For we see as plain as day
  That the spring is coming soon;
After the sowing of the crops,
  We'll gather 'neath the harvest moon.

J. M. C.

I WILL WIN OUT

There is one thing here I do detest;
I can put up with all the rest.
But this one thing, I do declare
I had rather tackle a grizzly bear.

Boys, I mean this speaking business;
It always gives me faints and dizziness.
It makes me feel so dimunitive,
I almost wish I did not live.

It makes my knees knock together,
And my body shake like cold weather;
A lump comes up into my throat,
And the speaking business has got my goat.

I stammer, stutter and shake a while,
Then in disgrace rush down the aisle.
I take my seat and weep for shame;
For disgrace ornaments my name.

But there is something that comes around
And won't let me stay on the ground.
It drives every feeling out,
Except this one—*I will win out!*

B. T. S., '22.

PALM SUNDAY

THE LAST SUNDAY in this month will be Palm Sunday, the Sabbath day set apart to commemorate our Lord's triumphal procession into Jerusalem. The following Scripture tells the story:

And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethpage, unto the Mount of Olives, then sent Jesus two disciples,

Saying unto them, Go into the village over against yon, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them unto me.

And if any man say aught unto you, ye shall say, the Lord hath need of them; and he will send them.

All this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying,

Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek; and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass.

And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them,

And brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon.

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way.

And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

It is sweet to know that, in the midst of the life of the Man of Sorrows, there were times when He experienced great joy and happiness, and when the head that was crowned with thorns was also crowned with glory, as it now eternally is.

The following is the story in song:

The morning breezes softly blow
O'er Olivet so fair

And bear the notes of joyous song
  Upon the balmy air;
From out the city gates at dawn,
  With palms and blossoms sweet,
The children mingle with the throng,
  Their coming King to greet.

Chorus:

Hosanna! Hosanna! Behold the King draws nigh.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Thousands of children cry.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Our songs of praise we sing.
Hosanna! Hosanna! To Christ, the children's king.

Along the dusty road they haste,
  Their palms and garments spread;
There, too, they scatter fragrant flowers,
  Where His dear feet shall tread;
While sweet and clear upon the air
  Their glad hosannas ring,
"He comes! King David's greater Son,
  Our Savior, Lord and King!"

So, just as many years ago,
  Our Jesus comes today,
Although we cannot see His face,
  As on that happy day;
But to His holy temples still,
  Where little children throng,
He comes to bless us as of old,
  He hears our joyous song. W., '20.

THE STEADY GAIT

"HOW DO YOU get such high marks on Latin, Brown?" asked one Wofford student of another.

"Oh, I don't know, old top," was the reply. "I'm not very smart. I just plod away and do the best I can, and Mase seems to give me better marks than I deserve."

It seems quite prosaic to plod away; but, after all, it is the steady gait that gets one farthest in a day. Sudden spurts are apt to be followed by the opposite extreme.

But the plodder is never driven and never surprised. He is always ready for emergencies, for his work is in shape.

It is well for the men of medium talent to remember that the quality of working patiently will put even a slow man in very good shape for the examination. In fact, to work steadily day in and day out is real genius. And, whatever one's talent, the power of sustained application is a thing that all may cultivate.

CAMPUS OBSERVER.

THE COURSE OF THE SUN

Early each morning the sun doth rise
  From his long night's sleep,
Where he has been hidden
  In the realm of the deep.

Then at noon he's risen high—
  His rays are beaming down,
From away up in the sky,
  On the parched ground.

I turn my eyes to the West,
  To see him sinking low;
We know he has gone to rest
  Till morn, to return no more.

F. B. R., '23.

ANENT CREEDS

"HE CRITIC of the Church has much to say about its "narrow" creeds. To the student of English and the historical student this antipathy to creeds is no small source of surprise, especially when it is exhibited by men of reputable intelligence. For what is a creed but a definite and concise statement or summary of what one believes in religion, politics, or science? Surely every one but a spineless individual has very strong convictions upon those three subjects. The person who professes to have none puts himself in the same position in the spiritual and literary world as the anarchist and the nihilist in society. He is a mental licentiate.

The beauty of creeds is that it sets forth our incoherent thoughts and ideas in language which is unmistakable and clear. It reveals to us how nearly our hearts beat in unison with those of our neighbors by giving us a printed page over which to stand and say: "This or that *is* or *is not* my sentiment."

In the celebrated and so-called Apostles' Creed we find the epitome of the doctrines of nearly all the Protestant Churches. It contains simply the fundamentals of Christian faith. There are none of them at which a true believer would take offense or which he would endeavor to gainsay. To quote from the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopaedia: "In the Protestant system the creed is not co-ordinate, but subordinate to the Bible." That which is frequently called creed may be more properly relegated in name to church polity and practice.

There is one Church which boasts that it has no creed but the open Bible. Yet that same Church will deny to any one the right to interpret that Bible as teaching that sprinkling is a better or just as good method of water baptism as immersion. Well may those of Armenian tendency exult with their most eminent leader, from whose *Journal* we obtain the following extract: "There is no other religious society under heaven which requires nothing of men in order to their admission into it but a desire to save their souls. Look all around you; you

cannot be admitted into the Church or Society of the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers, or any others unless you hold the same opinions with them and adhere to the same mode of worship. The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion, but they *think* and *let think*. Neither do they impose any particular mode of worship, but you may continue to worship in your former manner, be it what it may. Now, I do not know any other religious society, either ancient or modern, wherein such liberty of conscience is now allowed, or has been allowed since the age of the Apostles. Here is our glorying. And a glory peculiar to us! What Society shares it with us?"

In our daily walks we come across men who are unquestionably religious bigots. Without reflection, we attribute their being so to be the result of a narrow creed. But, lo and behold! in rapid succession we come across other men who profess to adhere to the same tenets as they, and we do not find *them* to be illiberal. In fact, they surprise us by the breadth and the magnitude of their spirits and their minds. Hence, the only sensible and logical conclusion to which we can come is this, namely, that *there is no such thing as narrow creeds,* and that the whole matter may be resolved to a case of whether or not the men *themselves* are narrow or broadminded. A creed may be as big or a circumscribed as the occasion or the person demands. Men are necessarily limited by their environment, their opportunities, and their capacities.

The number of thoughtless errors entertained in regard to creed would be considerably reduced if the root meaning of the word were constantly borne in mind. The Latin verb of which it is the derivative is *credo,* meaning *to believe.* May we not say with Simon Peter, and always: "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief"; appropriating to ourselves the splendid advice of one who said: "Believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts"; and cry to all who would be bright at the expense of being accurate and sound: "Give us your convictions! As for your doubts, we have enough of them already?"

CAMPUS PHILOSOPHER.

THE A. E. F. UNIVERSITY

THERE has been much written of the splendid spirit evinced and of the courageous deeds performed by the American troops on the battlefields of Europe. There has been praise without stint for the members of the welfare organizations who made sacrifices to go with our troops and who underwent untold hardships to make the lot of the soldiers easier and to help maintain his morale. Little has been said or written of the wonderful spirit of the soldiers overseas who, when the armistice was signed and their stern task completed, went to work with the same earnestness displayed in battle to fit themselves for that greater task of citizenship which awaited them on their return to America. Few tributes have been paid to that brilliant and patriotic band of educators who, under the name of the Army Educational Corps, made sacrifices and went to Europe to make it possible for our troops to benefit themselves during the long, dreary months before ships would be available to take them home.

On November 11, 1918, there were in Europe about two million American troops. Their task was done. They wished to return home immediately. Under the circumstances, this was impossible. Each unit must await its turn, and in some cases months and perhaps a year would elapse before the time of departure. With characteristic cheerfulness the American soldiers adjusted themselves to the long, monotonous wait, and took up the task of improving their time.

At first, the Y. M. C. A. undertook the job of providing the necessary educational facilities, and established what were called Divisional and Post Schools, in which a common school course could be obtained. On establishing these schools, it was found that there were many college and university men in the A. E. F. who also wished by continuing their studies to take advantage of the long wait, but who needed more advanced work than the Post and Divisional Schools could give them. The Educational Department of the Y. M. C. A. endeavored to

meet this need by arranging for a limited number of scholarships in several French and British universities to be given to American soldiers. As can be readily seen, this still left many men to be provided for.

About this time the educational work among the A. E. F. had taken on such a large scope that the army took the task under its supervision and put it in charge of the Fifth Section of the General Staff, General Headquarters, commonly known as G-5. This section thereafter, co-operating with the Army Educational Commission of the Y. M. C. A., had complete control of all educational activities in the American Expeditionary Forces. This commission and the men and women of the Educational Department of the Y. M. C. A. were later taken over by the army and formed into a temporary Army Educational Corps. This corps was made up of many of the leading educators of America who, at the call, had crossed the seas to make possible the splendid achievement of educating the American soldiers. It included such men as Dr. Erskine, of Columbia University; Dr. Riggs, president of Clemson College; Dr. Butterfield, president of Massachusetts Agricultural College; Mr. Lorado Taft, the leading American sculptor of today; and many others equally as eminent.

When the transfer spoken of had been completed, one of the many gigantic problems facing the men in charge of this work was to provide some means whereby those students of the A. E. F. who could not be sent to the French and British universities, but who yet were qualified for college and university work, could benefit. As the solution to this problem, a plan was originated and worked out in January, 1919, by Brig.-Gen. R. I. Rees, G-5, G. H. Q., and the Army Educational Commission. This scheme was to establish a thoroughly equipped university, on a par with that of any university in America, where the properly prepared soldiers could pursue any course of study that they wished. This was called the American E. F. University.

To those who were not in Europe at the time and who do not understand the conditions existing it will be absolutely

impossible to get a full conception of the problems that confronted the A. E. C. in establishing such an institution. One problem was to find a location for housing the large number of men that would attend and still leave ample buildings for class rooms, etc.; the question of getting the vast amount of equipment needed and of transporting it to the designated place. Then, there was the problem of transporting the students to the point selected. They were to come from the two million soldiers spread over, not only the whole of France, but also of Germany, Belgium, Luxemberg, and the British Isles and Italy. This in itself was a stupendous task, as any one will realize who knows the condition that the railroads of Europe were in after four years of war, and the difficulties of securing transportation for even essentials. Then, too, anyone who has come in contact with army "red tape" will know the task confronting these men in getting quick action when all business had to be transacted through "official channels." With these and many more problems equally difficult to solve, the commission went ahead, and despite setbacks and discouragements, brought to a reality the A. E. F. University, the first establishment of its kind in America.

Colonel Ira L. Reeves, who was commanding the 137th Infantry, was detailed by G. H. Q. to inspect several possible sites for the university. On February 7, he recommended the American Hospital at Beaune, in the Department of Cote D'Or, France, as being suitable for the purpose. Beaune is a very pretty town of several thousand inhabitants, situated in the center of the Burgundy wine region, on the Paris and Lyons Railroad, about thirty kilometers south of Dyon. During the period of fighting, it had been a large American hospital center. This place was accepted. Col. Reeves, who had been designated as president of the university, immediately set to work with the A. E. C. to organize the faculty, map out the courses of study, and to place the equipment as it arrived.

The hospital buildings, which had been evacuated for some time, were sufficient to accommodate eight thousand stndents and faculty. In three weeks two hundred buildings were com-

pletely altered to suit the needs of the school, and one hundred and seventy-five additional buildings were erected. This gave a total of more than six hundred buildings for the university. In the meantime, orders were issued to all units of the A. E. F. calling attention to the university. On March 5 the university was ready to receive students, and on March 6 and the day following they arrived by train loads. On March 15, one month from the time actual work on the institution had commenced, class work was started.

The educational organization of the university was as follows: The general direction of the institute was under the authority of the president, Colonel Reeves. He was well fitted for the position as he had been president of Norwich University, in Vermont, before entering the army. Working hand in hand with the president was the educational director, Dr. John Erskine, of the A. E. C., professor of English of Columbia University. Consisting of the educational director as chairman, and the head of each of the various colleges, the university council acted as an advisory board on all courses of study. The faculty of the colleges consisted of professional teachers who were in the army at the time, or who came to Europe for the special purpose of aiding the American soldier. The faculty in the French language courses, under the college of letters, was made up of French army officers supplied by the the French minister of war. These officers were in charge of two French university professors, but through the courtesy of the French minister of instruction.

The university was made up of eleven colleges, each under the supervision of a director, giving 245 courses, with a combined faculty of 797 members, and a total registration of 13,-334 students. The colleges with their directors were:

1. The College of Agriculture: Dr. Harvy Hayward, Professor; Delaware College.

2. College of Business: W. A. Lough, President of Business and Training Corporation, New York City.

3. College of Fine and Applied Arts: G. S. Hellman, Author and Art Critic.

4. College of Education: Joseph M. Gwinn, Superintendent of Schools, New Orleans, La.

5. College of Engineering: Dr. L. E. Reber, Dean Extension Division, University of Wisconsin.

6. College of Journalism: M. M. Fog, Professor of Rhetoric, University of Nebraska.

7. College of Law: Capt. W. A. Seavy, Professor of Law, University of Indiana.

8. College of Letters: Major W. H. Parker, Department of Political and Social Sciences, University of Cincinnati.

9. College of Medical Sciences: Col. J. H. Ford, Medical Corps, U. S. A.

10. College of Music: Franklin A. Robinson, Institute of Musical Art, New York City.

11. College of Science: Lt. Col. W. F. Snow, Professor of Hygiene and Public Health, Leland Stanford Jr. University.

In addition to the courses offered by these colleges, there was a compulsory lecture course of three hours every Saturday morning on citizenship. The American Library Association Library War Service provided a library of thirty thousand volumes for reference; the books were carefully classified, card indexed, and in charge of trained librarians. The library was housed in three connected buildings, seating nearly fifteen hundred readers.

The military features must not be overlooked. The entire personnel of the institute were under military discipline, but of a lenient nature. The students were divided into regiments, battalions, companies, and billeted accordingly. Forty minutes each morning, except Saturdays and Sundays, were given to military drill. Each afternoon there was held regimental parade. Students were marched to classes. Saturdays were half holidays and Sundays were full holidays. Week-end passes were issued to allow students to visit neighboring cities, especially Lyons, Dijons, and Paris, for educational purposes. After school hours in the afternoons students were allowed to visit Beaunex and surrounding country. For those who had been under strict military discipline during the previous

year and a half, and had experienced the severe strain due to the trials and tribulations of active warfare, the university was a veritable paradise. Contrary to the popular opinion, the students found it not such a hard task to get down to studying after the long absence from books.

The university was to run as long as the number of troops in Europe justified in keeping it open. Any member of the A. E. F., officers or enlisted men, with a high school education, and who could be spared from his organization, was allowed to attend if he so desired, and his service record was clear. The life of the institute was to be divided into terms of three months each, dating from March 15. The last week of each session was to be given over to examinations. Each course was to meet five periods a weeks, each period consisting of fifty minutes. Each student was allowed a minimum of three courses, and a maximum of four. Except on Friday and Saturday nights, the time from six o'clock to nine forty-five was set aside as study hours for all. Students whose organizations were ordered home were given the choice of returning with their unit or completing the course at the school. Every effort was made to provide an atmosphere typical of the American college. The standards of the highest American colleges and universities were maintained. Upon completion of the term, and the successful meeting of all requirements, the students were given certificates for work done.

The first term ended May 31st, with the first week of June given over to special features. It had been the intention of the authorities to continue a second term, but the rapidity of the return home of troops had surpassed all expectations. It was not thought justified to keep open a second session because of lack of a sufficient number of students. So came to an end the American E. F. University. This is a general outline of the university. It was an experiment that proved a huge success. Never before in history had an army undertaken the education of its troops on such a large, liberal, and complete scale in order to fit them for the duties of peace time and of civilians. The United States had undertaken the job on a foreign soil, over

three thousand miles from home, separated by an ocean. It was only one of many seemingly impossible things that our government accomplished in the past war, and was one way of a generous people rewarding the defenders of their country.

The university attracted world-wide attention, and was visited and inspected by leading men of all the allied and associated powers. The French government in recognition of the wonderful work of the men who had planned and made it a success, decorated Colonel Reeves and the heads of each college.

The A. E. F. U. has passed into history, but the idea it embodied will endure as long as America maintains an army, whether in peace or war. That idea is one of service to the soldier through education, the country at large reaping the benefit of having an increased number of educated and trade-trained citizens. The test of practical service is that it should be mutually beneficial to the *server* and the *served*. In offering education in every phase suitable to the enlisted man or the commissioned officer, our democratic government has magnificently met the test. All honor to that brilliant band of patriotic educators who conceived and conducted the A. E. F. University, and demonstrated the practicability of education, especially higher education in the army.

It will be of interest to the students of Wofford College to know that Wofford was represented at the university. In addition to the writer of this article Wofford was represented in the persons of Barber and Easterling of the class of '18. Barber later received a scholarship to a French university in Paris.

F. L. F., '20.

THE FALLEN MONARCH

The old German Kaiser remarked one day,
Der Tag is coming when I will say
To all the powers your freedom you lay
At my feet to do with it what I may.

Of England, France, Italy and the U. S. A.,
It won't do them any good to pray;
Gott und Ich will answer them nay,
For German autocracy must hold its sway.

But the old war clouds grew heavy and grey,
And the invincible army was held at bay;
When the Yanks arrived it lost out in the fray,
And old Von Hindenburg didn't get his way.

Now, the old German Kaiser was crafty and wise,
Although rolling in atrocities and steeped in lies,
He knew how to take advantage of time as it flies,
And for safety then Holland loomed large in size.

And now as a wood-cutter thither he hies,
And all day long his trade he plies;
And Holland, grown large in her own eyes,
The request of the Nations she calmly denies.

10-8-18, '20.

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A POPULAR DISEASE

An ache in the back and a pain in the head—
That's the flu!
A choke in the throat and a yearning for bed—
That's the flu!
A river of heat, then a shiver of cold,
A feeling of being a hundred years old,
A willingness even to do as you're told—
That's the flu!

A marvelous weakness that comes in a day—
That's the flu!
A petulant wonder, "How long will it stay?"
That's the flu!
A season of fever, a season of freeze,
A quivering weakness that's felt at the knees—
Say—if ever there was a hateful disease,
It's the flu!

CAMPUS OBSERVER.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM

"HOW is the Carolina Special running now?"

"Due at six o'clock."

It was now a little after four o'clock and the second time that I had been told the train was late. The original time for it was three-ten, but it was now three hours late.

With a little over an hour yet to wait, I walked over and took a seat, making myself as comfortable as possible. Through half-closed eyes I was casually observing the people when my eye fell upon a woman across from me, who seemed different from most of the people in the station.

I saw that the reason for this difference was her dress. To begin with she did not have on a hat. An old red shawl, very much raveled, served the purpose of a hat. She wore a dark red coat and a faded red skirt, dotted with pale yellow. Her shoes looked as if they had seen better days. Her hands were folded in her lap, and she was holding a much-worn hand-bag. She was leaning back with her eyes closed, and remained in that position except to occasionally reach up with her hand to pull the old red shawl further over her head, or to lean forward long enough to let fall a small portion of tobacco juice.

At last she aroused herself and opened the much-worn hand-bag. She took out a khaki bound volume. It was the same size and looked very much like a soldier's edition of the New Testament. She opened the volume, and the fact that her lips moved slowly showed that she was having difficulty in making out the meaning readily. She read only a few sentences and then put the little book back in her hand-bag.

As a newsboy came into the station crying his wares, the woman reached into an inside pocket to her coat and took out a nickel and two pennies. Was she going to buy a paper? From my observation of her I would have thought otherwise. No, she did not intend to buy a paper, because the newsboy passed in front of her and she did not stop him.

She put the two pennies back into her pocket and arose with the nickel in her hand. She quietly walked around to the other side of the bench. There she stopped before a man, whom I judged to be better dressed than she. He was softly playing a flute, and as I looked at him more closely, I saw that he was blind.

She held out her hand with the nickel in it, and touching him lightly on the shoulder, said, "Here!"

Out of all the people in the station, many of whom showed signs of prosperity, this woman was probably the most needy of all. Certainly, at first glance, one would not have supposed the woman to have carried out this act. But in this case and in many others, the old maxim that "looks are deceiving" holds good.

I glanced out of the window and saw the Carolina Special standing on the track. So interested had I been in the little scene before me that the time had passed before I knew it.

E. C. K., '22.

TO THE SOUTHLAND

O, land of cotton! Dearest home
  That ever man has had,
We praise thee with our hearts aflame,
  We love thee, dear comrade!

Help us, O muses nine, to be
  Gifted with talents fine,
Which we may use to glorify
  This land—this home of mine.

The Southland's Spring is not surpassed
  In splendor, peace, or green;
It is the very best on earth—
  The prettiest man has seen.

Likewise her Summer comes to none
  But her; 'tis her's alone!
She glows with warmth and welcome when
  In other lands, they're gone.

She holds, also a welcoming hand
  In Autumn, as in Spring.
She knows true hospitality—
  Her heart doth faithful ring.

Mild is her Winter, light the frost
  That covers up her brow;
She has no chills for any one
  Who at her feet would bow.

Hail! Southland! Hail! We welcome thee,
  As thou doth welcome us.
We want to see thee pressing on—
  We *love* to see thee thus!

J. M. C., '22.

———o———

LIFE

There's a lot of good in this old world,
And there's a lot more bad;
The best of life is polluted
By some ancestorial fad.

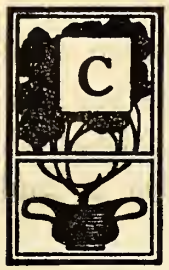
There's lots of veneer and polish,
And bought—with money fame;
But the real interior is barren—
The lord and the slave are the same.

The carrion of elaborate imitations
Makes nil this tottering life,
That is shackled and tied by tradition,
And is black with dissension and strife.

We are weighed and found wanting;
All the world's treasure does not suffice
To compensate for the lofty motives
That we have paid as the price.

B. T. S., '22.

CONSCIENCE



CONSCIENCE is defined as a moral sense, a power or faculty which distinguishes between right and wrong. It is in reality an internal monitor that is always on duty. It has been called the soul-voice of royal manhood, an utterance of the soul that indicates a kingly or majestic human being.

Conscience is universal; it is peculiar to no class, race or condition. It dwells in the breast of the ignorant and illiterate no less than with the educated and cultured. Paul speaks of those who lack the law of revelation, but who, nevertheless, have a law in their hearts, "their conscience also bearing witness." All peoples do not have the Bible or church as moral guides, but there does not live a man without a conscience.

Once when Theodore Parker was a small boy, he was about to kill a turtle. But before the raised stick descended, he seemed to hear a voice saying, "It is wrong." Startled, he dropped the stick and ran home to ask his mother about the strange voice. She said, "Men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak louder and clearer and always guide you right. But if you disobey, it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends on your heeding that little voice."

One may cripple his conscience until its power is diminished and its testimony obscured, but it cannot be completely killed. Like truth, it will be heard from again. In some strange and unexpected way it will make itself known. Esau silenced his conscience long enough to sell his birthright, but in due time it awoke and cursed him to his dying day. Jacob could silence his conscience long enough to steal the blessing from his blind old father, but he did not escape its punishment in after years. Herod choked his conscience to have John beheaded, but it regained mastery over the infamous king until he believed the dead man had come back from the grave to torment his murderer. Brutus did treason to Cæsar, but in his tent afterward

an awakened conscience could see a huge, shadowy form, standing by his side, and hear a voice saying, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus; we shall meet again at Philippi."

Conscience never pleads, it always commands between right and wrong. There is no murderer, thief, or criminal but first kills his conscience and then steps to the infamy of crime. A man may be orthodox and upright, but if he carries a dead conscience, he carries a dead soul. C. F. N., '22.

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THE STARS

In the heavens, gleaming brightly,
On clear nights they are so sprightly—
Are the stars—
That we trip along more lightly.

We see thousands, yea, and millions,
Or perhaps, there are some billions,
Of the worlds—
Counting those we can't see—trillions.

Anyway, they're God's own making,
And to see them's worth the taking
Of our eyes
From the things the earth is raking.

When you see them, you feel little
As the old proverbial tittle.
And you quake,
And your greatness seems quite brittle.

If you're feeling sad or gloomy—
Your way doesn't seem as bloomy
As you'd wish,
Look above—you'll find it roomy!

Yes, the stars are always shining,
Even tho we're not divining
That 'tis true,
So let's quit our petty whining.

J. M. C., '22.

LIFE—UP AND DOWN

"Oh, what were life's dull, transient hour,
Without its sunshine and its shower—
Its day of gloom, and doubts' dark dream—
And hopes succeeding brightening beam?"

IN youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose tops eternal sunshine appears to illuminate. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit! But when we have gained it, how different is the prospect of the other side! We suffer pain when we contemplate the dreary waste which lies before us; and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have already passed, but may never more retrace.

Life is like a portentious cloud fraught with thunder, storm and rain. But Christian religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowing skirts with gold.

Life is like a river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep ravines and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions. It is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge. In its mature state it is deep, strong and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

Pursuing the metaphor farther, we may say, that in its origin, its thunderings and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake, in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the calm, deep, cool and unimpassioned mind is freed from its

fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise and foam. And, above all, the sources of a river, which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere, and its termination in the ocean may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to and lost in the infinite and eternal intelligence from which it sprang.

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.
"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.
"Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows;
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deed he goes."

"PARAPHRAST."

A CHALLENGE TO CAROLINA

Sweet memories of our childhood days
Come up to cheer our later years,
And bring us goodness, peace, and love
For one another, and for the world
In which we live. We see those good
Old times, as if they were just gone.
We feel our hearts throb with desire
To once again be on the farm—
To awaken at the call of Spring
And start on our work afresh. We feel
The warm glad days of Summer come
Over our heads, and we watch the fields
Of cotton flourish in the beaming rays
Of the sun as he rides high in the sky.
A tender *something* rises in our lives
And our hearts ache with yearning pain
For things that used to be, but are
Now in the past to bloom no more.
Thru all our years we long for thee,
Sweet home of our early years.
We love thee, Carolina State,
Of our Union strong, the best. O fair
Are thy maidens; and thy young men, strong
Protect thy borders, till thy fields,
And place thy name high at the top
Of achievement, both in works of art
And things material, things of use
To a world in need, a world made poor
By devastation and turmoil
Of five long years of bitter strife.
But now, dear State, come, press still on
To peaks of literature where we feel
That you belong and you *must* go.

"314."

LETTERS OF A BACKWOODS FRESHMAN TO A CHUM HE LEFT BEHIND

III.

Dere Soder Cracker,

I reckun Ill have to pleed guilty to that charge of yourn that Ive ben treatin you scandulus bout not writin to you lately. But man have a hart even tho valentines day is done cum and gone. I hav ben standin mid yare zaminations and as Whoanita Gramlin and Aderline Holler our 2 nurses and mades at the Wofford horsepittal wood say, Im just now conevurlessing. But there is reward for all triuls and tribulations. I an sum other fellers made the very highest figures that could be made. We made fours an the other fellers made ones and twos. By the way, I tol you bout what an unsartin quanity phizics wuz, I beleve. Well, I herd a feller say jus tother day that he wanted to git a revized edition of Kimball caus uncle Dan had busted this yares Kimball.

Last month we wur under a quaranteene. Now dont get xcited an fall over the dashbode, Soder. Thats nothin contajus, but it wuz to protect us agenst sumthing that wuz. Sum peple in toun had what they call the *flew*. I don't noe as what caused it, but there wuz sum aryplanes here 2 or 3 days ago, and they must have got it from them.

I also red in the Spartanburg Herald bout anuther terrible epidemic. You noe Spartanburg is a nice toun. You can not only git the most up to date clothes here but you can git the latest and most fashionable disease jus any time you want hit. This one that I red bout wuz called speedomania. The paper sed that in spite of the fact that Doctor Floyd had given two or three good dozes for it, it didnt seem to do much good. I dont noe why, but frum what I cood gathur, it seems to be peculyar to men havin automobiles. So be glad, Soder, that you an I are pore mens suns. You cant git nuthing but the hay fever frum ridin ole Sukey and Maude.

Speaking bout automobiles, you noe sense Spring has cum with its cool breezes, zepplins they calls em here, but you noe

me, Soder, I never mince meat no words—if I wanted to call you a dead turkey buzzard I wouldnt say you wuz a sweet little kernary—but what I started to say wuz that the Spring wether an the mention of automobiles has made me poetic. You noe you has hern a hole lot of poetry bout Mary had a little lamb. Well, how bout this,

Mary Jane went fur a ride,
But the automobile shied—
Thru Mary all about—
Somehow she felt quite put out.

Does you notice any impruvement in my punkzation an spellin? If so jus giv the credit to Doctur Pure, the Teacher of American an South Carolina an Ioway dialecs. The boys all call him Cooper. I reckun its because hes such a good friend of the guvener.

Well, Soder, I shal try to be more punkshal after this an rite you a letter every month til commencement. Auf veeder zehn. You dont noe what that is, but thats ether Spanish or French for Farewell. I fergit which.

Your ole pal,

Halman Washington Hanks,

—Woodbine, '20.

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of the Junior or Senior Classes submitting the best short story from those classes, and also to the member of the Freshman or Sophomore Classes submitting the best short story from those classes. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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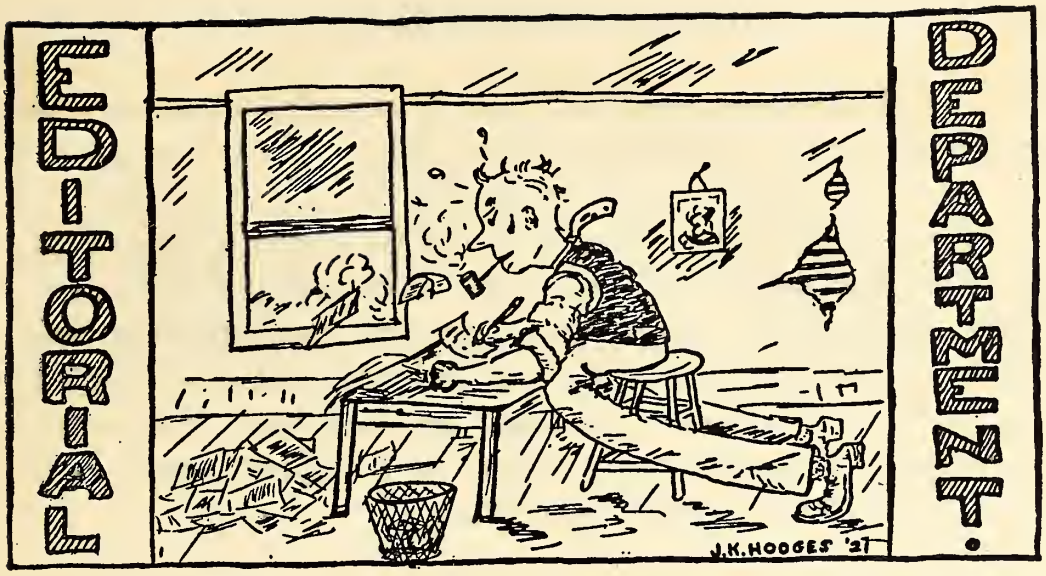


A. Stokes King ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
R. H. Rollings ..... *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*

Concerning Examinations

It is generally granted by authorities that examinations are a necessary evil but it seems that it could be bettered by some plan. Must the studious and the negligent suffer alike? Is there to be no distinction made between the student who does his work faithfully and the one who does not? We suggested sometime ago the plan of exempting those who make a certain grade from examinations, and we still think this an excellent plan.

It is late in the school year and almost time for the finals, but we wish to suggest one other phase of this same plan, and hope that it can go into effect during the finals of this year. If it can not be arranged to exempt those in the whole student body who make the required average, why not exempt those in the Senior Class who make it? The Seniors should be shown some deference any way. It will add a wonderful stimulus for the Seniors and there will be fewer failures. The Seniors need more time at commencement than the other students do because there are preparations that have to be made ahead of time, and each class that they are exempt from gives just that much more to the already much needed time. Can we not have this? Can we not try it and see how it works? Why not? Try it out with the Seniors for the on-coming examina-

tions and next year they will have a longer time to work toward that goal.

Boys, remember every one of you is needed to keep Wofford's name held high. Stand by those who represent you. Let your ball teams know who is backing them up every time. Help your staffs make your paper and magazines the very best —they are yours and you must do your part. Co-operate with those whom you have trusted your different activities to, and Wofford will always stand first.

Hope for Russia

Russia still remains a menace. The anti-Bolshevist forces still exist but the Reds have made an increase in the amount of territory they are controling. They are seemingly well organized in a military way and hold Odessa in the south and Archangel in the north, while they are making gains in Siberia.

The recent advances that Lenine and Trotsky have made toward a peaceful understanding between Russia and the Allies are promising and more hopeful. This change of attitude is a sign of a change of situation in Russia. We would judge that the peasants, who make up more than half of the people, are neither for nor against the Bolshevist movement, but want to have peace so that they can raise and sell their crops in safety.

While America can not recognize this Bolshevist government in a diplomatic sense, she should do all she possibly can to encourage industrial and constructive work in Russia because we believe that the most helpful way of overthrowing Bolshevism will be through internal peace and commerce with the outside world, rather than through war or revolution. America wants to give encouragement and be of service.

B'RER RABBIT.

C. B. Smith maintains that Pope excelled in satriric dynamic verse.

Dr. Rembert (in Psychology)—"Gentlemen, it is absolutely impossible to conceive of a percept without past experience. For instance, a man from Greenville who had never seen a stove would have no definite idea what that conglomerate mass of iron was if it were suddenly put before him."

MAXIMUM RAPIDITY

Dr. Clinkscales (to J. C. Fowler in Astronomy)—"Mr. Fowler, if the sun's heat were due to the burning of carbon, about how long would it last?"

Fowler—"No time, Doctor."

SOME SNOW

W. G. Smith (upon hearing Dr. Clinkscales tell of a big snow in New York)—"Doctor, did it stop the elevator cars?"

Sophomore Higgons (seeing a picture of a cotton boll)—"What is that? A peach?"

Note to out of town subscribers: Sophomore Higgons hails from New York.

Dr. Wallace (in History)—"Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?"

Wise Freshman—"Because there were so many knights."

Tramp (to Mrs. Osborne)—"Please, mum, I ain't had a full stummick for three weeks."

Mrs. Osborne—"Well, you go up yonder to Mrs. Snyder's house and ask for some dried apples, and I will furnish the water."

"A missionary," said a recent lecturer here, "should be full of the milk of human kindness."

Senior FitzSimons (under his breath)—"What if he were sent as a mission worker among the Kurds?"

WHEN PA SLEEPS

(A Small Boy's Soliloquy)

When my pa's awake he's still,
Dis alike you and me,
Never makes a bit of noise,
Dis still as he can be.

But when he goes to sleep, oh!
He makes such a clatter!
Scares you almost half to death
Wonderin' what's the matter.

First he gives a groan or two,
Then he begins to rumble,
Then lets out a snort or two;
Then he'll groan and grumble.

Wonder if pa's broke inside,
Or been getting rusted?
'Spect I'd better have him fixed,
Or he may wake up busted.

A country member of Dr. Fraser's church, and his wife, killed their best hog and hung it outside to cool. Next morning it was missing. They decided to say nothing about it but to wait until someone mentioned the matter to them; then they would learn who was the culprit.

The following Sunday they went to Central Church, and listened while Dr. Fraser gave out as his text the following

extract from the thirty-second verse of the fourth chapter of John: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

The farmer nudged his wife and whispered: "Mary Jane, we never did suspect him."

PROOF POSITIVE

Irishman Pressly and Englishman Hooker were arguing as to the respective merits of their countries.

"Ah, weel," said Hooker, "they tore down an auld castle in England and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was known there hundreds of years ago."

"Well," said Pressly, "they tore down an old castle in Oireland, and, faith and be Christ, there was no wires under it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds of years ago."

WANTED TO KNOW

Why, when some one remarked that Dr. Wallace had two good Scotch names, another remarked: "I thought he was Scotch all the time."

Why the head of the History Department breaks cough drops in two.

ALWAYS IT IS THUS

To buy her presents his cash is spent,
And her words of thanks were sweeter than honey;
But when he had squandered his last red cent
She married a youth who had saved his money.

—*London Globe.*

Hillis Phillips to Polly Parrott (in Manning's studio when the society presidents were having their pictures taken)—"What kind of a picture are you going to have taken, Polly?"

Polly—"Just an ordinary one."

Phillips—"You *shore* spoke the truth for one time in your life, if no more."

After Dr. Snyder had told the students that they must stay on the campus during the flu quarantine, Freshman Forrest went to a Senior in deep distress and said that he would like to know where the campus was. He said that he had been both to the corner store and to the postoffice and that no one at those two places could tell him anything about it.

Our art editor, J. K. Hodges, was displaying some of his work to a certain cute little girl with a dimple. "Your work bears the closest kind of inspection," she said. "What great pains you must have taken with it."

Hodges (in his usual affectatious manner)—"Perhaps! But, do you know, I really enjoy the pains."

Miss Dimple—"Oh, I see. Then you, too, pursue art for *art's ache.*"

After Freshman T. F. Davis had made a few purchases from a store up town, the clerk remarked: "Sir, I perceive that you are a shrewd buyer."

Davis—"Why shouldn't I be? My name is Tradewell."

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
  Behind the hills on a summer day.
Her eyes were tender, and big, and brown,
  Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
  Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,
  And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood;
  I see her standing peacefully now,
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
  As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

Some one seeing absent-minded Bob Lucas wearing rubbers on a sunshiny day asked for an explanation. Whereupon Bob replied: "Why, I thought this was the day for it to rain."

Student (hearing Polly Parrott talk about how things were up North)—"Polly, how do you know? Have you ever been there?"

Polly—"Sure! Why I was in Des Moines just last month."

I. B. Lever to C. G. King—"How did you hurt your back?"

C. G. King—"By trying to lift the quarantine."

L. O. Clinkscales to H. V. Rast—"Did you take a shower?"

Rast—"No! Is one missing?"

Williams (looking at Crisp's valentine, which had R. S. V. P. on it)—"I wonder who R. S. V. P. is."

C. G. King to C. B. Smith—"I have something that I've been wishing to tell you for a *week* back."

Smith—"Tell me now. What is it?"

King—"Sloan's liniment."

C. B. Smith (wanting to go up town)—"Let me have four bits, Rast."

Rast—"I haven't got it."

Oliver—"Oh, Rast, I'll go on his bond. Let him have it."

Oliver to Rast—"Rast, let me have your Economics book!"

Rast (raving in anger)—"I can't furnish everything for you boys."

Oliver—"What have you ever furnished us?"

Rast—"Why, I bought a tablet and a pencil."

WANTED TO KNOW

Why the head of the Political Science Department constantly uses the single spacer on his typewriter?

Why a certain professor grades very carefully the first page of an examination, but then merely counts the remaining sheets and gets the grade from the average of the two, that is, the quality of the first one and the number of the last ones?

E. H. King (seeing the following notice flashed upon the screen at the Rex Theatre: Rex Orchestra will play overture) —"I wonder why they play that same piece every night! That's what they have been playing ever since the first of the year."

Herman Duncan to Assistant Literary Editor of THE JOURNAL—"I have got something here that will fill up space."

Fellow Student (looking down at Duncan's feet)—"I believe they do."

Barber to Barney Bishop (when he was about ready to part Bishop's hair)—"Wet or dry, sir?"

Barney—"You poor fool! Where have you been all the time?"

George Carlisle to D. N. Murph—"I have got a new Tuxedo?"

Murph—"Do you think that's a good car?"

LATEST CASE ON POLICE DOCKET

Defendant—Prof. "Peg" Shuler.

Offense—Shooting robins with a slingshot.

Fine—The maximum for minors.

Respectfully referred to "Uncle" Dan, warden of the grounds, and Campus Policeman Humphries.

C. B. Smith—"Boys, I believe I am going to make the baseball team."

Sophomore Gaines—"Ah, Smith! You couldn't stand on the beach and throw a ball in the ocean."

"Red" Grant—"Elrod, are there any more skeets in the kitchen?"

Elrod—"No, they are all gone."

Grant—"Any more water?"

Elrod—"No; its out, too."

If the recent setting-up exercises were instituted to prevent the flu, why doesn't the faculty take them? Are their hides too tough to permit the permeation of disease germs?

Dr. Waller—"Mr. Nelson, what is the second member of the Benzine series called?"

Junior Nelson—Tulane, doctor (Toluene)."

Freshman Forrest (upon hearing Hamlin Garland speak of John Burroughs, the naturalist)—"Is he the one that wrote Tarzan of the Apes?"

Visitor to E. C. Kirkland—"Have you a Wood here in college?"

Kirkland—"Why, golly, man! We have got a whole *Forrest.*"

IN THE MORNING

At first you hear the breakfast bell.
That means breakfast for one and all;
What we will have no one can tell,
But hash is hollered through the hall.

Afterward comes the mail for all.
Some will get two, others four;
But our name they don't seem to call—
We will get ours tomorrow, though.

F. B. R., '23.

THE FATE OF THE TARDY FRESMAN

A Fresman stopped at "Knotty's" classroom door,
His face wore a look of gloom,
He was late by twelve minutes or more.
But he bravely entered the room.

Humphries gathered him up off the lawn,
And planted him under the trees,
But he's scorching his toes on the coal below,
And he longs for a cooling breeze.

THE ALGEBRAIC BLUES

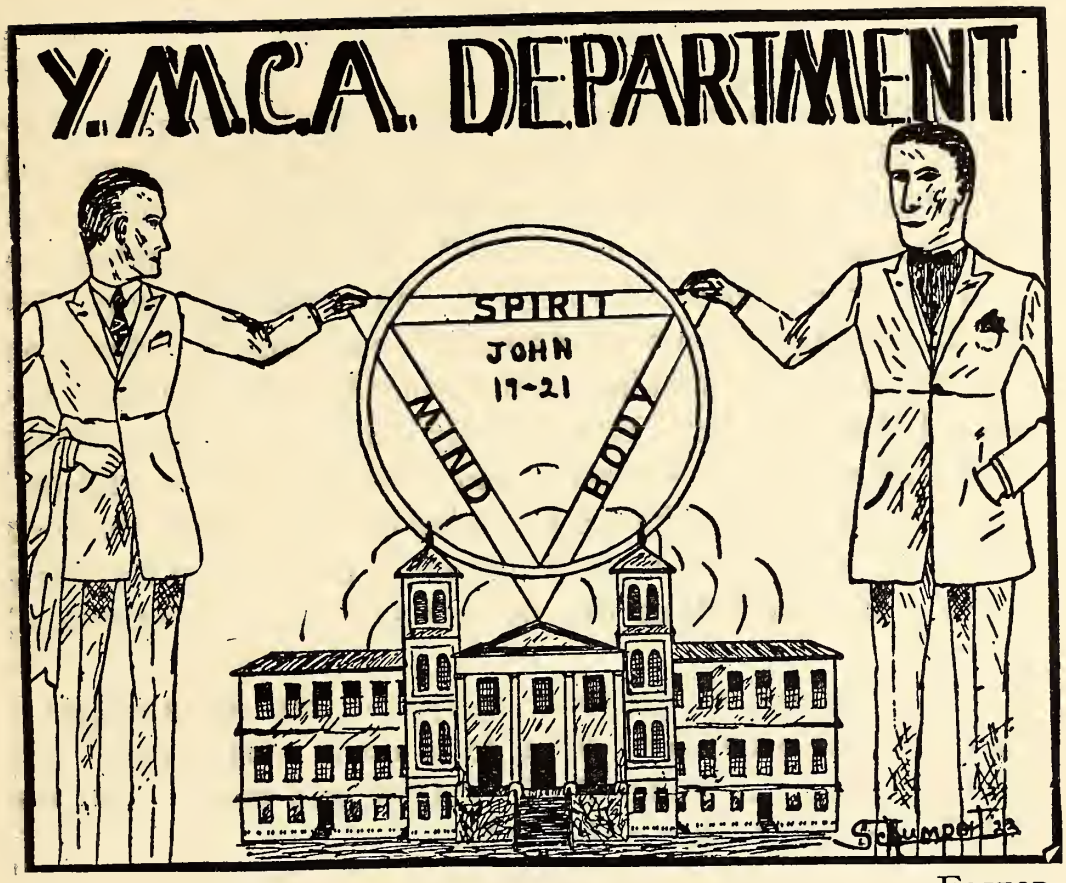
(Felt by the Senior Class when Clink announced that he would take up Algebra after Astronomy)

I've got the blues, I've got the blues,
I've got the Algebraic blues;
Oh those Ms and oh those Ns,
Products, sums and dividends,
Oh those Xs, oh those Ys
That make me heave so many sighs;
I've got the blues, I've got the blues,
Since Clink's course I did choose;
Lordy, Latin's bad enough,
But not so bad as that darned stuff,
Oh I've got the Algebraic blues.
SOME BLUES!

COLLEGE CALISTHENICS

(Parody on "In the Evening by the Moonlight")

In the morning after chapel, you can hear those breeches tearing,
In the morning after chapel, you can hear those boys a' swearing,
As the faculty stand a' looking—
They would stand all day and smile,
As we exercised in the morning for a while.



WOODROW WARD.....EDITOR

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

The meeting on this occasion was in the nature of a preliminary service for our revival meeting. Dr. C. B. Waller was the speaker of the evening, and he gave us a helpful and inspiring talk on the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, Paul's love chapter. We had heard the chapter commented upon many a time before, but we are forced to confess that the speaker gave us some strikingly new thought and a flood of new light upon it. We are deeply indebted to him for the comfort and spiritual fortification which his message afforded.

In conclusion the speaker urged us to exercise a maximum amount of love during our revival, for it is only by love that our fellow students may be won for Christ and the campus rid of the forces of darkness.

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Since the flu quarantine barred the Wofford students from attending religious services at the churches, Dr. Rembert met

his Bible class in the Y. M. C. A. room, Sunday morning, February 15, at 11 o'clock. He took as his subject Ananias and Sapphira, especially Peter's words to Ananias: "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." The speaker applied the words to the student who neglects and perpetually shirks his work, who copies some other student's exercises, and cheats on his examinations, thinking all the while he has fooled and deceived the professor. In scathingly denouncing this practice, and giving words of sympathy and advice for one so addicted, the speaker asserted that he was lying to himself and deceiving himself more than he was the professor, and that he was lying to God and committing day by day spiritual and intellectual suicide.

This was one of the most timely and forceful messages it has been our privilege to listen to in many a day, and it will serve to keep the standard of integrity and honor upon the Wofford campus what it should be.

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

Prayer meeting groups were organized upon the three floors of Carlisle Hall, preparatory to the revival. The one for the first floor was held in Room 130, the one for the second floor in 220, and the one for the third floor in 324. These rooms, the rooms of G. E. Parrott, O. H. Hatchett, and M. W. Lever, respectively, were made permanent places of meeting prior and for the period of the special services. Large and gratifying crowds attended these prayer services the very first night, and interest in them bids fair for a deep and continual prayer life upon the campus.

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH

The dormitory prayer meetings were continued, the interest never abating, the crowds continually increasing, and boys taking part who had never previously revealed any interest in their spiritual welfare. We take off our hat to Mr. Glenn Parrott, the originator of the scheme, for his happy idea; and we ex-

tend him hearty felicitations and congratulations upon the results that have accrued.

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

Dr. R. S. Stewart, the evangelist appointed by the Centenary Committee of the Southern Methodist Church to conduct revivals in the Southern colleges, arrived at Wofford and preached his first sermon in the morning. From the first the speaker made a decided hit with the Wofford students. His scholarly presentation of the gospel and the world-wide application that former missionary experience enabled him to make of it, won him at once a generous hearing from the intelligent and thinking men on the campus.

The initial text was: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The speaker made some introductory remarks about the adaptability of the average college student to all the exigences and vicissitudes of life. He took up William James' statement about the need of a moral equivalent for war, and declared that young men need positive channels in which to direct their latent powers and energies. He then showed the very close relation that exists between the material and the spiritual world, as suggested in the text, and gave a very vivid portrait of the limitless universe to which the Christian man was heir.

In the evening the speaker spoke on the subject of prayer, using as a basis the incident of Christ and the Syrophonæcian woman. After speaking in exalted terms of the privilege of prayer, Dr. Stewart urged the students of Wofford to keep in a constant state of repair that bridge that spans the space between this world and the heavenly region.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-ONE

In the morning the evangelist spoke from the text: "Except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish." The speaker endeavored to show and brought out very forcibly how personal immorality effected the body of men politic, using England as an example, on account of the fact that England was hampered at the be-

ginning of the war by officials of the government who were either bribed or blackmailed by the German government. "Take religion from among men and bolshevikism will be universal," he said.

In the evening the speaker took as his subject The Rich Young Ruler, and as his text: "What lack I yet?" It was the most searching message of the first series. The preacher intimated his fear that many a young man was losing golden opportunities to rise from the mediocre to the sublime, as did the rich young ruler who, according to the speaker's conviction, was first choice for the position later taken by Saul of Tarsus. He made a strenuous plea for students to live lives of complete ethical and moral symmetry.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Just one service was held on this day, and it was held in the lobby of Carlisle Hall. The old building, under whose roof some have been guilty of desecrating the name of the Lord, was the scene of prayer and praises to that same name. The text was: "Ye shall be my witness." The speaker spoke at length upon the significance and the magnitude of the opportunity of being a witness for Christ. He told of local and international tasks big enough to challenge the last ounce of strength in the most robust man. He called to our attention the fact that the Holy Spirit could be in the world only as he was in us and the hearts of his believing children, and that the only barrier to having that Holy Spirit was the non-glorification of Christ in our lives. Many boys requested prayers at this service, some for salvation and some for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

There was only one service held on this day, and that in the early evening. The speaker used as his text: "The place whereon thou standest is Holy Ground." The words of the text were God's words to Moses as he tended sheep for his father-in-law. Mr. Stewart used the text to show how God

was not a local deity and could not be relegated to any particular spot. Though we may have our sweetest moments in prayer at some altar, the God of the universe is too big to be circumscribed within the four walls of a church. The speaker made a comforting application out of the text by showing how we could find God in our classrooms, in history, in literature, and on the college campus. He urged all who had not made a discovery of him to speedily do so, as certain people and certain countries may be marking time until they can get in the harness of Christian service, as civilization did in regard and relation to Moses.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

In the morning the revivalist used as a text: "Lay there thy gift upon the altar." He first laid stress upon the right relations into which one must come with his fellowman before he can render any acceptable offering to Jehovah. He cited several instances about college students who had as a barrier to full and complete enjoyment of the Christian life the knowledge that they wronged someone. "It is impossible for Christianity to exist without at least three parties," said the preacher. The speaker urged all young men to get the hindrances to their becoming well-rounded, wholly consecrated Christians out of the way, as it was a compliment and an honor for God to covet our lives and for us to devote them to his service.

In the evening Mr. Stewart preached from the text: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The speaker laid emphasis upon the fact that the kingdom of God was one in which a man could enter at the present and did not need to wait for death to make its attainment possible. To live in these stirring times with lofty Christian ideals and noble purposes was heaven enough for anyone. The heaven of which he spoke was a progressive one, which started on earth and continued throughout eternity. But it is only the prerogative of one who has surrendered his will whole-heartedly to the infinite. Therefore, the speaker concluded with a plea for the consecration of heart and life to Christ.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

The revivalist spoke in the morning from the text: "Ye are bought with a price." The speaker ridiculed the idea entertained by vast numbers, that not only did a man belong to himself but his property as well. The price paid for human life and human happiness has been too great to warrant anything but a spiritual and community obligation to the eternal. The speaker distributed tither's cards at the conclusion of the service and many of the students dedicated in writing their means to Jehovah and his service.

The last service of the series was held on the night of this day. The preacher made it a special life service number. He used as the basis of his remarks the words: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit has come upon you." The speaker stressed the word *holy* in Holy Spirit, and said that only as we purified our own spirits could we expect the presence of the Divine Spirit in our lives. He threw out very vividly a panorama of world problems that cried for solution and demanded Spirit-filled men. At the conclusion of the message a number stepped forward as a token of the fact that they wanted to dedicate themselves to some form of Christian service.

SUMMARY OF THE MEETING

We have no word of criticism to raise excepting that the meeting was not long enough. The conductor of the meeting, though unique in his methods and somewhat different in style from others who have visited us heretofore, was all that could be asked for in the form of a preacher especially adapted to college men. He did incalculable good on the campus, and will be long remembered among us as a preacher of power. Our best wishes and prayers will follow him wherever he goes.

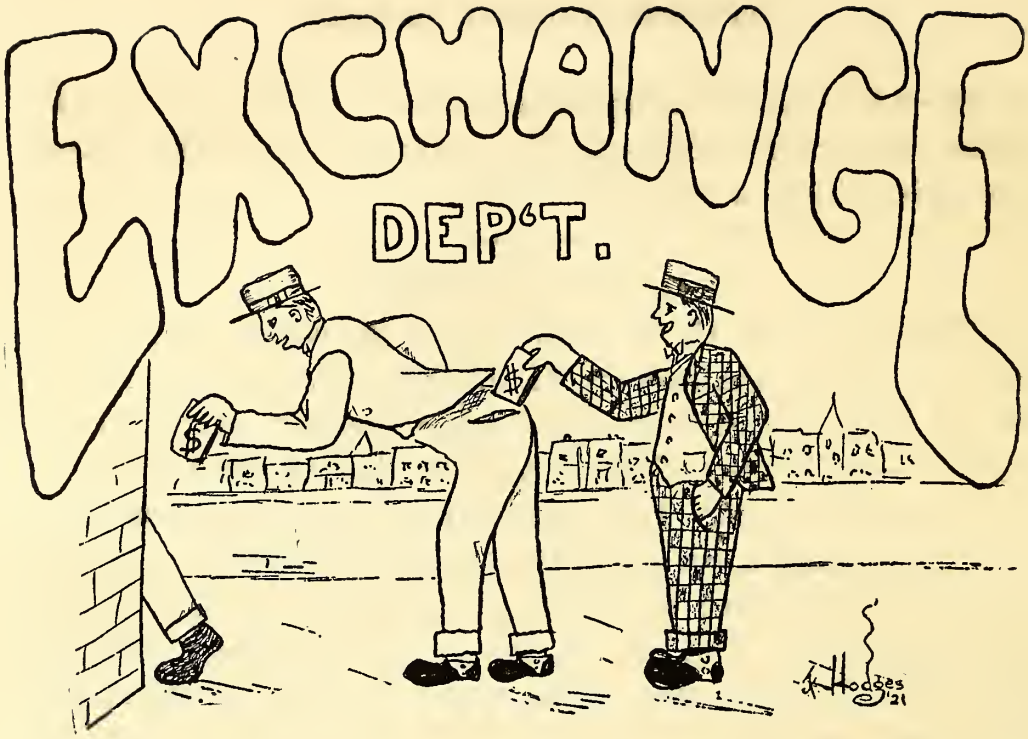
We cannot close without paying a tribute of appreciation to Mr. J. T. Hooker, who so efficiently and effectively led our singing. He succeeded in drawing out from the boys a maximum amount of volume, and the lover of male voices would have been amply repaid by having come to have heard the

Wofford boys sing during these services. Then, we are also under obligation to Messrs. W. A. Black and Carroll Brown for their faithful work at the piano.

MARCH FIFTH

The first Y. M. C. A. meeting after the revival was held at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of this day. Mr. L. W. Perrin, of the City of Spartanburg, was the speaker. Mr. Perrin's subject was "College Spirit," and he pleaded for more of it and a better brand. He pointed out how it was disastrous to center college spirit upon just one phase of college life, and urged that Wofford men take an interest, not only in the baseball team for this season, but in the literary societies and the Y. M. C. A. as well. This was one of the most enthusiastic and timely talks ever delivered in the Y. M. C. A. room, and it was delivered in a vigorous and captivating manner.

At the conclusion of the service the following officers for the new term were elected: President, O. H. Hatchett, Vice-President, G. E. Parrott; Secretary, E. B. Goodwin; Treasurer, L. C. Sanders.



J. W. Potts.....Editor

OUR SENTIMENTS EXPRESSED BY ANOTHER

It is extremely easy to deal out destructive criticism. But constructive criticism, the only kind worthy of the name, is exceedingly rare. We need infinitely more of it in every relation in life than we are now getting. And we can dispense altogether with the destructive kind.—*H. Addington Bruce.*

"A mule," said Uncle Eben, "should be a warnin' against kickin'. De better he does it, de more unpopular he gits."—*Washington Star.*

We have received to date two copies of South Carolina Education, a magazine published by the Extension Department of the University of South Carolina, and devoted to the cause of obliterating illiteracy from the Palmetto State. It is contributed to by some of the ablest educational writers in South Carolina, including our own Dr. Wallace. We bid you God speed, gentlemen, in the worthy task you have undertaken.

Since this department is designed principally for offering *constructive* criticism to those who exchange periodicals with

us, we must note the fact that there are a few weak points which are common to all of the college publications. First, from the quality of the contributions, it is evident that very little time is spent in preparing them. It seems that our college men, more especially, are interested in other activities to the extent that they allow the magazines to deteriorate in size and quality. Secondly, there is so little poetry which is good enough to be published. Let us hope that the spring season will bring an inspiration to the poetic mind of the students. We can write, if we have a mind to.

The February issue of *The Winthrop Journal* is very good. The material is interesting as well as instructive. The merits of this magazine are entirely within the pale of prose.

The Hampton Chronicle for February is worthy of mention. The material is made up almost entirely of prose, but of an excellent grade. *The Dream City* is intensely interesting. *Richardson's and Fielding's contributions to the English Novel* is very instructive. Only one short poem can be found in *The Hampton Chronicle.*

The Wesleyan for February is a very poor issue as compared to some we have received. What is the matter with *The Wesleyan* this month? There seems to be a lack of interest in the magazine. We know that *The Wesleyan* has been far better, and we are looking forward to a better issue for the month of March.

The Furman Echo.—The March issue of *The Furman Echo* is a very creditable magazine. In fact, most of the stories, poems and essays are readable, a thing not always true in college magazines. There are a number of stories, several essays, short, and for the most part, to the point, and two poems, and yet like a very many of the stories in college magazines, some of the short stories smack of the amateur.

In the average story in college magazines, the plots are not well developed and there is an obvious lack of local color and "atmosphere." This criticism is not so much aimed at these

particular stories as at most short stories in our college magazines. The authors do not give care and consideration to the technique of the art of short-story writing. There is little attempt at character study, and for the most part the plots are hackneyed. There is rarely an effort to understand and interpret the psychology of any situation. For instance, in "Trumping an Ace," the plot is loosely hung together, and brought to an unnatural climax in an absurd card game. The characters are puppets, mere mouthpieces for the utterances of the author. As a whole the action is too mechanical. The story "An Early Morning Surprise," is rather too puerile, and "When Dick Rides," savors of the wild west scenario.

There is a tendency of the college essayists to stray into the paths of glittering generalities and into the realms of which the authors have little conception. In "The Universe of Spirits," the author is plainly out of his element and is delving into depths of philosophy of which he has no ken.

The above criticisms are not made in any spirit of malicious fault-finding. They are equally applicable to us all. What all of the college magazines need is original, logical and clear thinking among the contributors.

OUR ENGLISH COUSIN'S IDEA OF IT

An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball, and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself he asked faintly: "What was it?" "Only a foul," was the reply. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the Britisher, "A foul? I thought it was a mule!"

CHEER LEADERS

At the last Student Body meeting the following men were elected to lead the cheering at the games: J. T. Medlock, Cheer Leader; J. G. Snelling, R. A. Higgins and P. F. Carroll, Assistants. These are twice as many as we have had before, and we are expecting as a result that the yelling will be more forceful and copious. Give these men your wholehearted support.

A committee consisting of R. W. Davis, Chairman; Woodrow Ward, R. A. Higgins, W. L. Bozeman and T. F. Davis, has been appointed to draft a list of college songs and yells to be used this season, and this committee expects soon to have them in the hands of the cheer leaders and the students. Every student is requested to learn those thoroughly and no more.

SEASON SCHEDULE

College of Charleston, Spartanburg, April 7.
Furman, Spartanburg, April 9.
Presbyterian College, Clinton, April 13.
Newberry College, Newberry, April 14.
South Carolina, Columbia, April 15.
University of Oglethorpe, Spartanburg, April 21.
Presbyterian College, Spartanburg, April 26.
North Carolina State College, Spartanburg, April 28.
Erskine College, Spartanburg, April 29.
Elon College, Spartanburg, April 30.
Erskine, Due West, May 3.
Clemson, Clemson, May 4.
Furman, Greenville, May 5.
Clemson, Spartanburg, May 7.
Newberry, Spartanburg, May 11.
Georgia Tech, Spartanburg, May 12 and 13.
South Carolina, Spartanburg, May 15.

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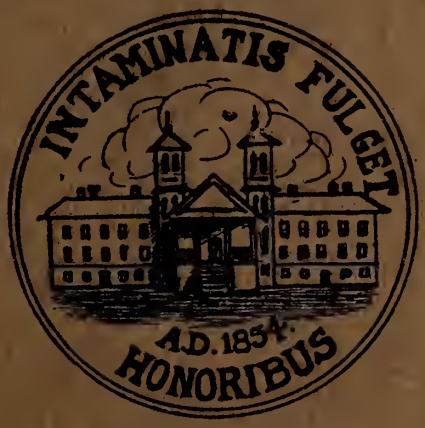

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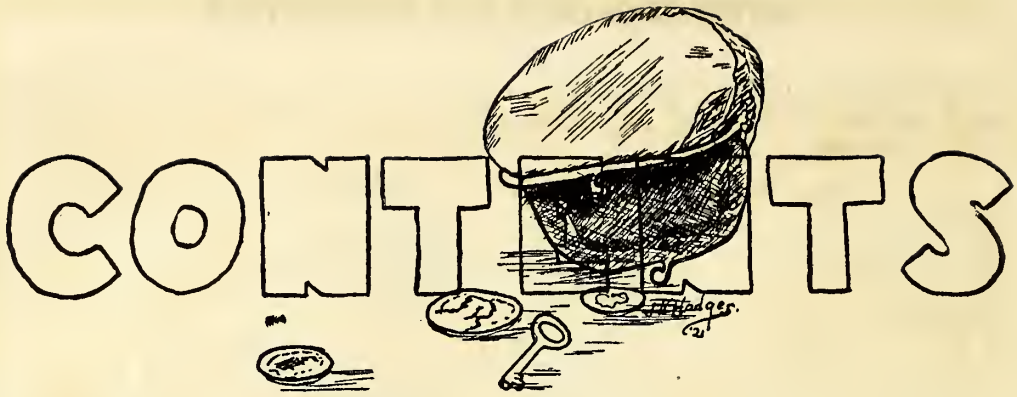

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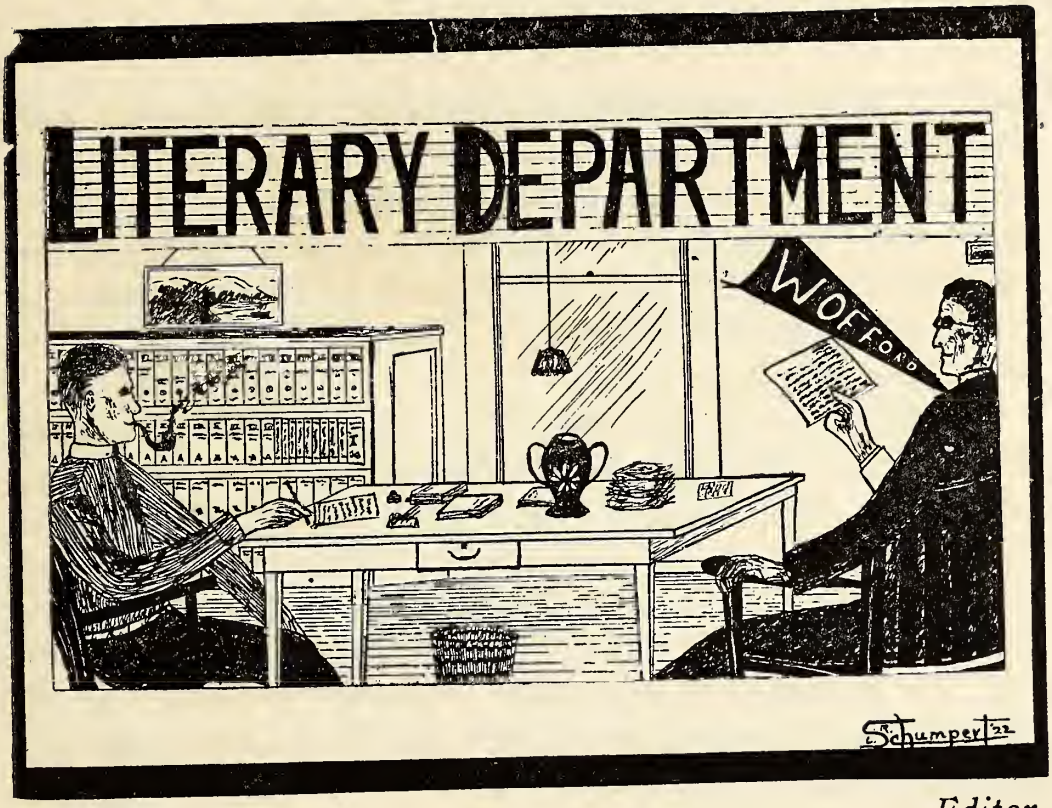

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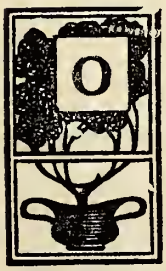
THE INFLUENCE OF DR. JAS. H. CARLISLE



ON MAGNOLIA STREET, directly across from the Southern station, is a cemetery where many of our good old Southern families laid their loved ones to rest. Among the many tombstones is one that should be of especial interest to all Wofford men. This stone is of pure white marble, four feet in height, almost as wide, and about one and a half feet thick. On one side of this stone at the top are the dates 1825-1909. Just below these dates is carved a circle, and in this circle is the embossed likeness of the main building of Wofford College. Below the ring is inscribed the dates 1854-1909. Still further down on the stone these words are found, "The power of that life abides with us yet and will abide." At the bottom of the stone is the signature of Jas. H. Carlisle.

A few facts about the life of this man ought to be of interest to us. James Henry Carlisle was born on May 4, 1825, at Winnsboro, S. C. His father was a farmer and a physi-

cian. His first school days were spent in his native town, and later in the city of Camden, where his parents moved. In 1842 he entered South Carolina College as a Sophomore. He graduated with second honor. Then for four years he taught in the Odd Fellows Institute in Columbia, and for six years in the Columbia Male Academy. In 1848 he married Miss Margaret Jane Bryce.

Wofford College was opened in August, 1854. Dr. Carlisle was elected professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, and thereby became one of the original faculty. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him in 1870 by the Southwestern University. He was elected to the first General Conference to which laymen were eligible, selected as a delegate to the first Ecumenical Conference in London in 1881, and to the second in Washington in 1891, but he attended only the latter. His last appearance in public was to make an address before the Wofford College Teachers' Summer School in 1908.

Dr. Carlisle lived in the house that Dr. Wallace now occupies, and there he passed away from this world at 7:45 on the morning of October 21, 1909. The funeral service was held in front of the college chapel. Although there was nothing except the simple service of the Church, great numbers of people were present. As the black velvet casket rested under the old historic trees of the College some of the golden leaves of autumn fell and rested for a moment on that bier already surrounded with costly floral offerings and placed as nature's tribute the College colors—old gold and black. After the services in front of the chapel, the body was borne up College Street and down Magnolia, through two solid lines of school children, to its last resting place.

At his death articles and short comments appeared in all the leading newspapers of this State, and also in many outside of the State. This sentence appears in an article published by the World's Work, "He was never a preacher, but always a teacher, and what he taught was neither science nor literature, but character." This was always the central theme of Dr. Carlisle's life—to teach character to young men. One of Dr.

Wofford College Library
No.

Carlisle's pupils has said, "Dr. Carlisle differs from other educators in one great respect; he never seemed to desire that we should at any cost become scholars, but that at any cost we should do our duty and meet the obligations that come to us as men." Dr. Carlisle's influence was felt not only in Spartanburg and South Carolina but in other states as well.

In 1905 a society was organized and named after Dr. James H. Carlisle. The room, which for over fifty years was the class-room of this great man, was given as the meeting place for this society. Dr. Carlisle's chair was where the president of the society now sits. On his desk the principal article was the Holy Bible. This must have been the reason why it has often been said that no one could go into Dr. Carlisle's class-room and come out without hearing some religious truth that would make for a stronger character.

So, as we go about our college duties, let us not forget the man who taught by word and deed. May we all be able to say, "The power of that life abides with us yet, and will abide."

E. C. K.,'22.

TO SPRING

Springtime! Who said 'twas not fair!
This gladsome time of all the year!
Springtime! The season for me!
The budding time for bush and tree!
I sing to thee,
I sing of thee,
Dear season of the Spring.

Springtime! The gladdest of all,
Better than Winter, Summer, Fall!
Springtime! O season most good,
You rouse my heart, you stir my blood.
Accept my praise,
My humble praise,
O season of the Spring.

"IGNOTUS."

AMERICA AND THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

ON the morning of Sept. 30th, 1918, an American colonel of the Thirtieth Division was standing at what was once one of the most impregnable points of the famous Hindenburg line, viewing the scene of the previous battle. As he stood looking up and down that vast stretch of ruined fortifications, once the most perfect that military science had ever produced, a Canadian colonel stepped to him and said, "How did you do it? Three times the English tried it, and as many times were beaten back. It seems that it remained for you and your gallant sons of Carolina to take it, seemingly impossible as it was. How did you do it?" The American officer looked over that torn and broken scene once more and replied, "Sir, my men have the fighting heart!"

And thus it has always been the spirit of the American people that has placed America in the front ranks of world powers. The American spirit, when put to the test, has always proved itself superior to any crisis, regardless of circumstances. On the field of battle, it has never known defeat. In the halls of legislature, it has always been foremost. In the realms of literature, science, and art, it has been among the first. And it has always revealed itself as a fighting spirit, fighting against the existing evils and injustices of the day, that the virtues of freedom and independence might live. Nor has it been a selfish spirit; wherever civilization has gone, the fighting spirit has penetrated and men have been bettered by its influence.

The fighting spirit was born in the days when our forefathers were suffering oppression at the hands of the mother country. Even in those early days it arose to the occasion and flung itself upon the foe with such desperate tenacity that the enemy was driven away from the shores that our forefathers had learned to love. British tyranny had inspired in the hearts of the American people ideals as unquenchable as truth itself. And for a century and a half that same indom-

itable spirit has been growing in the hearts of the American people. A glance down the pages of history will reveal the wonderful progress it has made.

When the first great task of freeing the country from oppression was completed, a still greater task, building a nation without a precedent, confronted the people who suddenly found themselves free. The world looked on wonderingly as those same determined men went silently to the task with the light of liberty shining about them. And today history bears mute testimony to the admirable way in which they accomplished their work, proving themselves "pioneers of the world's free people."

In the days and years that followed there were breakers ahead for the young ship of state. Political and commercial strife was afloat, threatening the very existence of the young republic. Many times there were differing opinions upon divers matters that foretold no good for her. That same tyrant across the sea began encroaching upon her rights once more and again the fighting spirit arose in defense of her privileges as a free nation. Her cause triumphed a second time and, in so doing, she won a place of respect in the eyes of the world that she had never known before.

Through the pages of history we may trace the course of her events for nearly a half century further. We watch her in the process of territorial expansion, in the development of her commerce and industries, in her multitudinous increase in population, and in the wave of prosperity and contentment that swept throughout her borders. In all these movements that same fighting spirit, growing stronger and to larger proportions, overcame all obstacles in its path and proved itself bigger than any threatening danger.

There came another occasion in the course of her career, an occasion that threatened the destruction of all the fruits of former years. America found herself in the throes of internal strife and the evils of "slavery" and "secession" were running riot. Hearts grew sick at the prospect of civil war. Bloodshed, the destruction of her institutions, and the crippling of

her commerce and industries were the inevitable results of such a conflict. But the conflict came, and with it all the horrors of civil war. The world wondered and thought the spirit of America was dead. But that undying spirit appeared on both sides in the combat. On the one in defense of the Union, on the other in behalf of sovereign States, and on either side it proved true to its nature, fighting for principles it believed to be right. The end of the conflict came, and one principle triumphed over the other. And in the weary days of reconstruction that followed that wonderful spirit was severely tested, but under its benign influence the differences were adjusted and the wounds healed until today not even a scar remains; only the memories of brave men and gallant deeds, that are hallowed and will be cherished as long as time is. Today we know no North, no South; the splendid spirit of our fathers has welded us into one nation—united and strong. The blue and the gray of former years have been blended into the khaki of the present day.

After recovering from the shock of the strife the historian writes another chapter of peace, prosperity and contentment. The wheels of industry turn once more and gain in proportion and momentum. And America forges ahead again to find her place in the front ranks of world powers.

On the horizon of a clear sky a cloud suddenly appeared to the southward. A friend in distress, suffering oppression at the hands of another tyrant from overseas until her very life-blood was oozing out. Cuba stretched out her arms to the civilized world for help and America was first to respond. Her liberty-loving sons and daughters were aroused by the tyrant's oppression, and when that tyrant would trespass upon the rights of America herself, it was too much, the storm burst, and caught in the fury thereof, Spain learned a lesson. The spirit of America was growing bigger and taking on a broader and nobler aspect—that of world brotherhood.

Again the historian writes his chapter unmarred by any martial disturbance. In this chapter we find the spirit of world brotherhood growing and our own country playing a leading part. A vision of universal peace was conceived by an

American and great strides were taken toward its achievement. The light of civilization grew brighter and men began to feel that it was good to live.

Just when it seemed possible that the vision might be realized, men were astounded by the sound of a mighty conflict in the East. The crash of falling nations and the cries of bleeding humanity sent a chill to every heart. A demon had broken loose in Europe and started upon a murderous rampage, wreaking his fiendish brutalities upon weakling nations while the world stood still in amazement. Belgium and Northern France soon lay bleeding beneath his iron heel, and he marched on, no one knowing where he would stop. But civilization awoke from its shock and, arming, set the combined armies of Europe across the path of the Hunnish invader. And still he came on.

The Macedonian cry came across the Atlantic and the fighting spirit of America awoke as if from a dream and again answered the call. Soon there was another army upon the scene, an army whose approach was heralded by a burst of Red and White and Blue. A beautiful banner, "the heritage of our fathers," floated over the heads of our own brothers, sons of America, as they marched bravely into the conflict. And still the storm raged.

But soon there came a change in the scene. The tides of war turned and the world, beholding in wonder and admiration the changing scenes, breathed a sigh of relief as those Hunnish hordes fell back in rout and confusion before the onslaughts of those other hordes in khaki. The demon was caged and Germany learned that she could not dominate the world by power of brute force.

And so we come to the present day. Peace reigns once more and we are in the midst of another great period of reconstruction. The historian is again busy with his sheets and we wonder what future generations will read about us. Aye, in the present day of rapidly changing events, we even wonder what will happen to us tomorrow. We see America blessed with all the institutions and inventions that mankind could wish, and enjoying a place of world leadership such as no other nation

has been privileged to enjoy. She is indeed a "city set upon a hill." But behind all this, dangers are lurking, evils that threaten the very existence of our national life. The seed of Bolshevism has been sown within our borders; the demon alcohol has been buried, but there are low rumbling noises about the tomb; the germs of illiteracy and vice are still living in our midst, and we have scarcely witnessed such a period of social and political upheaval.

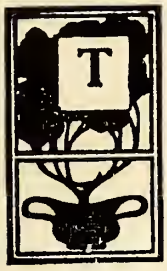
Surely these dangers are enough to challenge the fighting spirit once more. And as surely will it arise to the occasion as nobly as it has ever done and, casting itself upon the enemies in characteristic American fashion, crush them to the earth, that the legacies of our fathers may remain unstained, and the land for which they fought and died may be kept clean and thoroughly American. Even now the picture appears before us, showing the fighting spirit in action and behind it a scene lovely to look upon; all the enemies within our borders silenced; the evils uprooted and cast out; peace and brotherly love reigning in the midst of millions of free people, happy and industrious, their hearthstones bright and cheerful, their home life an inspiration, honor and fidelity uppermost in their minds; the "races walking together in peace and contentment."

All this and more looms in the vision before us and may we not hope that the reality is near? May we not hope that the day when red-blooded Americanism shall be the ruling passion of these millions of people is not far distant? Then shall the historian write another sheet, a beautiful chapter, dipping his pen into the life of the youth of America for his inspiration, for theirs will be the heritage. Just now we are standing upon the threshold of the present with the memories of the past in our hearts and hope for the future before us. And it seems that a voice comes to us from foreign soil, speaking in clarion accents a ringing challenge to America, and the fighting spirit.

"To you from falling hands we throw the torch,
Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep———."

C. F. NESBITT, '22.

THE INTER-DEPENDENCE OF THE SCIENCES



THE word "science" is derived from the Latin word *scientia,* which means knowledge, *science,* or skill. Sir Wm. R. Hamilton defined science as being, "A complement of cognitions, having, in point of form, the character of logical perfection, and in point of matter, the character of real truth."

What is truth? Truth, as it is commonly known, is no more than the acceptance of the majority opinion of the most thoughtful of any age. Under this interpretation that which we call truth is variable. For instance, there was a time when the earth was flat, and the sun "rose and set" during his diurnal flight around the earth. But today we know that the earth goes around the *sun* once every twenty-four hours. Many similar truths have been learned which have upset old ideas of the imagination and illusions. These have led to many earnest searches after truth and they have given birth to what we know today as the different branches of science.

The study of the heavenly bodies is known as the science of astronomy. This is one of the oldest of the sciences and has been handed down to us from the simple shepherds of the Orient watching their flocks by night. Today the civilized world is dotted with observatories equipped with a great variety of instruments for weighing, measuring and studying the celestial orbs. This science is "man's golden chain between the earth and the visible heaven, by which we learn the language and interpret the oracles of the universe."

Another group of students were seeking knowledge, and their view of truth is another science. It is called chemistry. In its earlier days it was growing out of alchemy. The discovery of oxygen, by Dr. Priestly about 1774, came like a bombshell into the structure of false science that was based upon misconceptions of the Stahl theory that all combustible substances contain a common element, or fire principle, which he called *phlogiston,* and which escapes in the process of combustion.

The art of photography is based upon the fundamental laws of chemistry. By means of photography an exact reproduction of a person's features or that of a landscape can be made upon a sensitive plate.

Medicine is based directly upon chemistry and mathematics. All of the sciences are indebted to mathematics, which is one of the oldest of the sciences. Astronomy could not advance until accurate calculations could be made and applied in the construction of astronomical instruments. In fact, no single science could advance alone, but was a borrower and a lender to each of her sister sciences. For example, there was a time when the known solar system consisted of the sun, moon, earth, and the five planets visible to the naked eye. Herschel's telescope won its first triumph in the detection of Uranus in 1781. Then the discovery of spectrum analysis and the invention of the spectroscope have supplied data for the creation of a stellar chemistry, showing us hydrogen in Sirius and the nebula of Orion, sodium and potassium, calcium and iron, in the sun. By it helium was first detected in the sun's atmosphere, and afterward found in Norway. A still more wonderful result of spectrum analysis is our ability to measure the motion of a star through a slight shifting in the wave lengths of the light which it emits.

Good results have been brought about by one science becoming, at the same time, both a borrower and a lender. Astronomy borrows from photography and many valuable discoveries have been made by the application of a sensitive photograph plate to the telescope in place of the human eye. It may suffice to observe that we catch the fleeting aspects of sun spots and preserve them for study. And since the metallic plate does not quickly weary, like the human retina, the cumulative effects of its long exposure reveal the existence of countless stars and nebulæ too remote to be otherwise reached by any visual process. That which used to be a mystery is not so now. For example:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I *wonder* what you are—
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Can be written now as follows:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Now I *know* just what you are—
Flames of sodium, fumes of tin,
Incandescent hydrogen."

This process of showing how one science depends upon the others can be carried on through the whole catalogue of the sciences. Each science has to accept data from the others in its infancy to use as a spring board from which to take a leap into the ocean of knowledge.

Truth is too big and gigantic in its entirety to be compassed by one man or even by any one group of men. Just as the human body is a unit composed of several members which gives rise to "Specialists;" some ministering to the eyes and are called opticians; others ministering to the teeth and are called dentists. So the scientists are "Specialists" giving their attention to one particular phase of truth.

Imagine yourself standing upon a tower looking at a vast forest in the distance. It appears to be a homogeneous whole. Now, go to the forest and you will observe that it is composed of individual trees. Draw an analogy. The forest represents truth. The trees are the several sciences. Each one is interlocked with those standing nearest to it. Pursue the metaphor farther. Below the surface of the ground the roots are intertwined; above your head the branches are interlaced.

Time itself is divided into sections called day and night. No one will deny that there is a difference between the two, but who will attempt to draw the line of demarcation? It is with some such emergence as this that one science is linked to the others.

Now, let us "dip into the future as far as human eye can see," and visualize an assembly of all the scientists into one

body. Imagine the "Master of all sciences" gathering information from all of the different branches of science and binding it into one volume.

Now see Him hold it up before the assembly and across the title page will be written the word "Philosophy." But upon the back and binding will be stamped the word *Truth* in golden radiant letters.

WALDO LEVER, '20.

APRIL SHOWERS

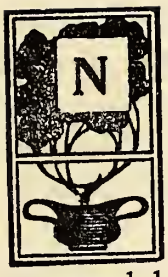
Patter, patter on the roof,
Like a very little hoof
Comes the rain a-falling from the sky.
Softly, gently down it drops,
Hits a leaf, and off it hops,
Merrily it leaps about—and spry.

April showers—so they say—
Come 'most every other day,
But they are too fresh to make us mope;
For they tell of things to be—
Budding bush and blooming tree—
Fill our breasts with love and joy and hope.

Thus the April showers fall.
Thus they beckon and they call
For our assent to their gentle prophecy.
Let us then lift up our heads—
Rouse ourselves from sleepy beds—
Let us then be doers—you and I.

"FRUHLINGSDICHTER."

THE SPIRITUALISM CURSE



O other subject has attracted so much attention and called forth so much discussion during the past few months as has spiritualism. It has been eulogized by some and denounced by others. Especially has it been discussed by the press, investigated by scientists, and either eulogized or denounced by ministers. The question discussed is this: Can the dead communicate with the living? Some say yes, others say no. But the bulk of well-founded evidence seems to answer the question in the negative.

Although scientific investigations afford prima facie evidence that telepathy may be a fact, rather than a fancy, this still does not offer an explanation to the theory that the dead can communicate with the living. Telepathy is merely the transmission of thought from one living person to another. This supernormal phenomenon is accepted as possible by many very able scientists, but, as has been said, this has to do with living persons and not with those who have passed into the great beyond.

Among the scientists who, upon investigating the matter of spiritualism, have been converted to the ranks of the believers, is Dr. Hyslop. He is secretary of the American Society for Physical Research and has carried on investigations for years. He says that he believes in spiritualism, and that the dead come back to earth, because he can find no satisfactory explanation to some rather extraordinary occurrences which he has witnessed in the seance room. This strikes me as a rather shallow excuse for an eminent scientist to ally himself with the ranks of the credulous. Another scientist who worships at the shrine of spiritualism and who is attracting a great deal of attention now is Sir Oliver Lodge. He is now in this country lecturing on life after death. He has written a book on the life after death, in which he claims that his son Raymond, who was killed during the great war, is not really dead but living in another world. Sir Oliver claims that his son com-

municates with him often, and tells him curious tales of what kind of world he is now living in, and what kind of people inhabit it. Of course no one believes what Sir Oliver Lodge says except the superstitious and credulous, who are always ready to believe anything. This man's "faith" is probably due to some mental derangement brought about by the death of his son; just as scores of other parents have become mentally deranged by grief for sons lost in the war.

Are these communications which are received through "mediums" genuine? Or do these "mediums" merely play upon the superstition of the human mind? As we all know, people who wish to try to communicate with their dead relatives must go to a "medium" in order to do so. Investigations show that the vast majority, if not all, of these "mediums" are frauds. Some of them, indeed, seem to have some faculty of mindreading, but they use this faculty along with various means of deception to "transmit" their so-called messages from the spirit world. They prey upon the simple, the credulous, the superstitious, for the purpose of making money. And they are always people from the lower classes. In order to make their dupes "see things," these "mediums" appeal to the imagination in direct contradiction to the eye's evidence. Alas! neither science nor civilization has yet been able to dispel the enormous superstition of the human mind. And it is through the superstition of their dupes that "mediums" are able to appeal to their imagination. I have read of one case in which the "medium," wishing to call the spirit of a very beautiful little girl back to the land of the living at one of her seances, chalked the face and mustache of her husband and put a white robe on him and then introduced him to the audience as the spirit of the girl. And she so worked on the imagination of the members of her audience as to make them—with the exception of one—believe that they saw a very pretty little girl. Of course the seance room was darkened, but they always darken the room so that it will not be over-evident to their dupes that they are being deceived.

If all of these manifestations are not frauds, how then are they accounted for? Are there invisible beings around us that cause them? All kinds of agencies have been offered, including psychic force, telepathy, unconscious cerebral action, and electricity to account for these manifestations. Some scientists suggest also that "mediums" may possess some psychometric faculty. But none of these conjectures furnish a satisfactory explanation of these phenomena.

Studying the question from a religious viewpoint, we are confronted with the question: Is it right to try to communicate with the dead? Opinions differ here, but quoting from a prominent New York minister, "In the Old Testament, the Jews were strictly forbidden to try to communicate with the dead." A prominent South Carolina minister says that if it were the will of our Creator that the spirits of the departed should communicate with us, He would certainly let their messages have more moral virtue than they do have, and the He would choose a better grade of people for "mediums." As it is, the so-called messages transmitted by "mediums" are entirely insignificant and show an utter lack of virtue. Some of our educated, cultured people stoop to the level of the credulous and accept these communications as genuine. This is an astonishing and lamentable fact, indeed.

Finally, according to authorities on psychology, consulting these "mediums" inevitably leads to mental and physical disaster. What is needed in our country is a law prohibiting "mediums" from accepting pay for transmitting messages from the spirit world, and punishing it with imprisonment. Then we would see the vast majority of them go out of business as "mediums" and begin to tell fortunes, probably.

J. H. P., JR., '21.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN

What manner of man is he who holds
  In low contempt his fellow man,
Or thinks himself by far too good
  To stoop and help him when he can?

To all by God some talent is given,
  And they who wish can rank the same;
And if they fail to use their powers
  They themselves are only to blame.

B. T. S., '22.

———o———

SUNRISE: FROM CARLISLE HALL

A calm, such as is seldom sensed
    In noisy Spartanburg,
Comes now upon the early dawn.
Like to the playing of a fawn,
    The light
Seems timid and afraid to peep
Upon a world just roused from sleep.
    Then it grows pink and bright.

The birds, the harbingers of day,
    Come out in their delight
To welcome his lordship, the sun,
Who now comes forth, his sleeping done,
    To glow
On field and river, wood and stream,
And with his brightness brings a gleam
    To people here below.

J. M. C., '22.

LIFE—UP AND DOWN

FOR the kingdom of trade is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his stewards and delivered unto them his possessions.

And unto one he gave five shares, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his native ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received the five shares went and speculated and made other five shares.

And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one went and spent it for his own pleasure and convenience. Then he tried to borrow more from his more thrifty friends, who refused to lend.

After a long time the lord of those employees cometh, and reckoneth with them.

And so he that had received five shares came and brought other five shares saying, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five shares; behold, I have gained beside them five shares more."

His lord said unto him, "Well, done, thou good and thrifty steward: thou hast been thrifty with small possessions, I will make thee steward over greater realms: enter thou into partnership with thy lord."

He also that had received two shares came and said, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two shares; behold, I have gained two other shares beside them."

His lord said unto him, "Well done, good and thrifty steward; thou hast been diligent in small things, I will make thee overseer of large things; enter thou into partnership with thy lord."

Then he that had received the one share came and said, "Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and showing favoritism to my richer competitors; and I felt slighted, and oppressed; so I bought a car and other modern conveniences with my share; lo, here is the remains which thou callest thine."

His lord answered and said unto him, "Thou prodigal and slothful steward, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gave larger shares to your more thrifty brethren; thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

Take therefore the car, and whatever else is left, from him and give it unto him which hath ten shares.

For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

And send ye the unprofitable steward out into the university of hard-knocks, in which the chief instructor is experience; there shall always be toiling, strikes, and clashes of the classes.

"PARAPHRAST, '20."

QUESTIONS

Are our minds uplifted
  Have we a goal in sight;
Or rather have we drifted
  Into an eternal night?

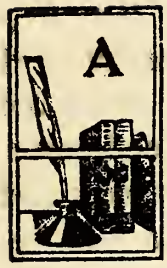
Are we strong and wholly fit
  For the race of life to run,
Or are we just a derelict
  A-drifting in the sun?

Have we ever accomplished
  More than called to do;
Or have we merely finished
  And very hurriedly, too?

Why not then be so ready
  That, with a cheerful heart,
We'll ne'er be unsteady
  Before we take our start?

R. W. D.

A POOR MAN AND HIS MULE



A MAN has three friends—a wife, a dog, and money. Now two of these friends Jim had. He had a wife and he had a dog, but he had no money. And these are times when you can say what you please, a man's need for money overshadows everything else. Such a time had come to Jim.

It came on a cold March morning at one o'clock, when his mule became sick, and it was necessary to have a veterinarian to attend it. For some time he and Jim worked in the lot by lantern light. Martha, his wife, had been hurrying back and forth from the kitchen with pots of hot water.

"Better go to bed now, gal," he said over and over. But she had not gone. Old Bob, his setter, had hung about within the circle of light cast by the lantern. He had followed Martha to the kitchen and back, as if she needed a protector. He had gone with Jim and the doctor to the well after water. While Jim and the doctor worked, he had sat gravely on his haunches, looking solemnly on. Now the doctor had driven away, and poor old Jim, long, lank, a bit stooped, stood in the middle of the lot, Martha on one side, Bob on the other. Before him lay his mule dead.

Now a mule is mortal, and a dead one not uncommon. But on this particular mule Jim had depended for his cotton crop, and on his cotton crop he had depended for money to pay off the mortgage on his farm, the farm that determined their future life. But this left them with nothing but a bird dog before the fire, a shot gun over the mantel, and a fishing pole under the shed. His was the knowledge of field and stream, not of business. It was Martha who, two years before, had seen in the advancing price of cotton their chance to own a farm. She had talked him into trying to make terms with the landlord.

"All right, gal," he had said some mornings before, "Here I go."

He had come back with a new light in his large grey eyes. He had begun to work. The sound of his hammer as he patched barns and sheds had taken place of his shot gun in the woods. He had followed the furrow as earnestly as if it were the track of a wild turkey in the swamps, while old Bob, his dog, looked on bewildered. He had raised good crops. He had met his first payments. Then had come the war and thirty-cent cotton, and the chance to pay out. He had redoubled his efforts. He had borrowed to the limit on the coming season prospects. He had bought ample fertilizer, a new wagon, a new plow, and now the mule, without which all of these were useless, lay at his feet a mass of worse than useless flesh.

The soft voice of Martha at his side (he hadn't realized before how sweet it was), roused him from his melancholy contemplation of the spectacle.

"What are we going to do now, Jim?"

"Oh, we will manage some how," he declared.

He picked up the lantern, looked down into her face, and his eyes twinkled momentarily.

"The mule was lazy, anyhow."

But there was no answer on Martha's lips as they turned back toward the house. They left the lot gate open, no need to close it now, and old Bob followed with subdued mien at their heels; their troubles were his troubles, and besides he had rather liked the mule in a sort of way.

"How much will a new mule cost?" Martha asked as they went up the steps.

"Well, two hundred dollars will get one good enough for us," was Jim's reply.

He did not see the sudden eagerness in her face. He pushed the door open and said, "Come in, old Bob, you have done the best you can."

In the unceiled kitchen he set the lantern down, and said to Martha, "Don't worry, I will go to town tomorrow and get the money to buy a mule." But it was not as easy to get as he

thought. Jim and Bob went from one bank to another. Finally he secured enough money to buy him a mule.

Jim begun work that spring as he had never begun before. He would be seen going to the field early in the morning to plow, while Bob, his dog, was chasing snow birds through the woods. But the happy part of Jim's life has just begun. It seems as if his wife loves him better, and prosperity is on every hand.

In the fall of the year Jim did not only have a mule, a buggy, a wagon, and plow, but all of the mortgage was paid off, and he had an automobile to take Bob and Martha to ride in.

H. B. K. '23

REST TIME

The golden sun's last ray has kissed
  The snow-capped mountains to sleep,
And the twinkling stars from the azure sky
  Have just begun to peep.

The bright moon, just now, has hid her face
  Behind a silver cloud;
And little corners here and there
  Are wrapped in a dusky shroud.

Now bats and owls and things that prowl,
  And steal around at night,
Are free to roam around at will,
  Secure from disclosing light.

Of the times of which the poets sing
  This time of all is the best,
When the tired world from the cares of day
  Can stop and take a rest.

B. T. S., '22.

LETTER TO HALMAN HANKS FROM THE CHUM HE LEFT BEHIND

Dear Hal—

Hal, you've ben telin me about the things that air up there to Spartinbug so I rekon I'll tell you about the old country and what the folks all be doin.

I don't like the city no how, Hal, there's two much airs and stuck-upedness for a pore rube like me. I don't rekon that Dr. Clinkscales likes it from what you've tole me. I hope he don't. You noe some of them city folks ain't got brain enuf to smell if it was bad eggs, or money enuf to run if it was water. Then Hal, there's wher all them strikes and things comes from—I don't mean baseball strikes. The country is the place where real happyness is and where the honest to God Amerikan gentlemen. Its shore grate out in God's own free air and sunshin, where you are independent and don't have to say peaturkey to nobody.

Well, Hal, theres a lot of news but I ain't got no time to be telling you. Yowr Sister Carlin and John Thomas Henry Harris air a sparking to beat the Jews. Your pa said that he rekoned that they would want to get matromoned before long. John Thomas Henry is adoin purty well, he's got as good a farm as these here sandhills afords and he's got a John Henry Lizzard to.

We have got all our lan ready for planting and there aint much adoin here now. I am a goin fishin to nite.

Your pa was over to our house this morning he is agoin to town to morrow to swap ole Maud for a yung mule. He said that I could go with him if I wood promis not to tell how ole Maud is. But I spek pa will want me to cut wood, and break the garden plot. I wood like to go with your pa for he always buys me some candy.

Well Hal take ker of yourself and don't git to many new fangled diseses.

Your pal,

SODER.

B. T. S.

LETTER TO HALMAN HANKS FROM THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

FROG LEVEL, S. C.,
R. f. d. No. 1.

Dear Hal,

I reckon you thinked I never noed bout you ritin to Soder but I do. Soder he tells me all the time when he gits letters frum you. Why you dont rite to me some times Hal? You showly think Soder done cut you out. Wal he ain't, not quite. That is if you still like me much as you said that night at the Partie, you member Miss jemina's Partie doncher? I show had a good time at that partie, it wuz the bestest one I ever saw. Course I ain't never went to no partie but that won, but I have heered bout just oodles uvem. doncher noe whut you rote on a peace uv paper bout whut bootiful eyes I had? You sed you rote it sos no body but me wud heer it an tol me not to let Soder an no body ellse see it. Soder ast me heeps uv times whut you rote on that note but I tell him it ain't none uv his bizness whut wuz on it.

I don't like Soder much as I do you no how, caus he aint got much nurve. he wont evon write on a note that he likes me but I noe he do by the way he looks at me all time at Sunday School. We had a easter egg hunt at school not long ago. I thought you wuz cumin home fer it, Soder said he spec you wud, but I recon you ruther stay up thare to that big school where they wud be heeps of eggs to find. Thenn I spec you got another girl up thare at Spartinberg any how an done went and forgot all about me an Miss jemina's partie.

Soder wuz absent from school Monday. He run off an went to town on a waggin an the teecher wuz sho mad too. They say absents makes the harte gro fonder but it made our teechers harte gro harder. She kep Soder after school the nex day an whooped him. But we got even with her Thursday, that was April fule day an we naled her outen the school house that mornin. She sho did rave but we jes laffed at her threw the winders.

Now, Hal don't tel no body I rote to you an don't tel Soder ether cause ma says it ain't gud ediket fer girls to write to boys first.

Yours til otherwise,

LIZA LEE.

By J. H. P., Jr., '21.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

(With Apologies to Robert Ferguson)

In Southern homes in days of yore,
When lads and lasses homespun wore,
Sweet music rang from every door
'Tis truly said;
But harmony is now no more,
And music dead.

Our "Dixie's" now a land of "jazz,"
And "rag-time" tunes are all she has;
Gone are the songs our grandfathers sang, as
They in dances led;
They're mixed with French slang "et ou-la-las"—
Oh, music's dead.

In the Southland in the years gone by
There were great poets who could espy
The beauty of her fields, her streams, her sky.
Alas, they're sped;
There're no more souls tuned just so high
And poetry is dead.

In the present South there is no seer,
Not a Poe, nor a Timrod, nor Lanier
Not one to write of his land so fair—
Nor hills of red;
But all seem dull and full of care
Since poetry is dead.

In the South there once arose
Writers of free and unique prose
The fame of whom the whole world knows;
And tho' they're read,
Their pen now rusts; the authors repose—
Ev'n prose is dead.

Southern writers of today no love of art dare boast,
They love not art; they think of finance most;
They're sold to such as The Saturday Evening Post;
In shackles led,
Away from true art and style by old High Cost—
And prose is dead.

O, people of the South, "My native land,"
The destiny literature is in your hand;
Awake! arouse the geniuses who idly stand.
Some great head
Must be found soul-free'd of worldly demand,
Or Literature is dead.

Wallace A. Clyde, '23.

THE LOST LOVE

God! What is wrong with her!
She seems to have no life—no feeling
Her words are empty, void, and reeling
With mockery and sleight.
But underneath it all, *I* feel,
I hope, *I* pray for—*know* 'tis there;
And as a drunken man I reel
With love, in vain, yet dear.

Ah! Good were the moments spent
With this my loved one and my pleasure,
In whom I found the fullest measure
Of lovely womanhood.
Although she was but maiden young,
Her words were best that ever fell
On human ear, from human tongue.
They brought what love can tell.

To me her voice brought hope.
'Twas music from heart-depths ringing—
'Twas just as if all birds were singing,
Whene'er she spoke to me.
But now no more her voice I hear.
'Tis silent now, 'though I don't know
Why it is so. She was so dear,
But why—why did she go!

J. M. C., 22.

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of the Junior or Senior Classes submitting the best short story from those classes, and also to the member of the Freshman or Sophomore Classes submitting the best short story from those classes. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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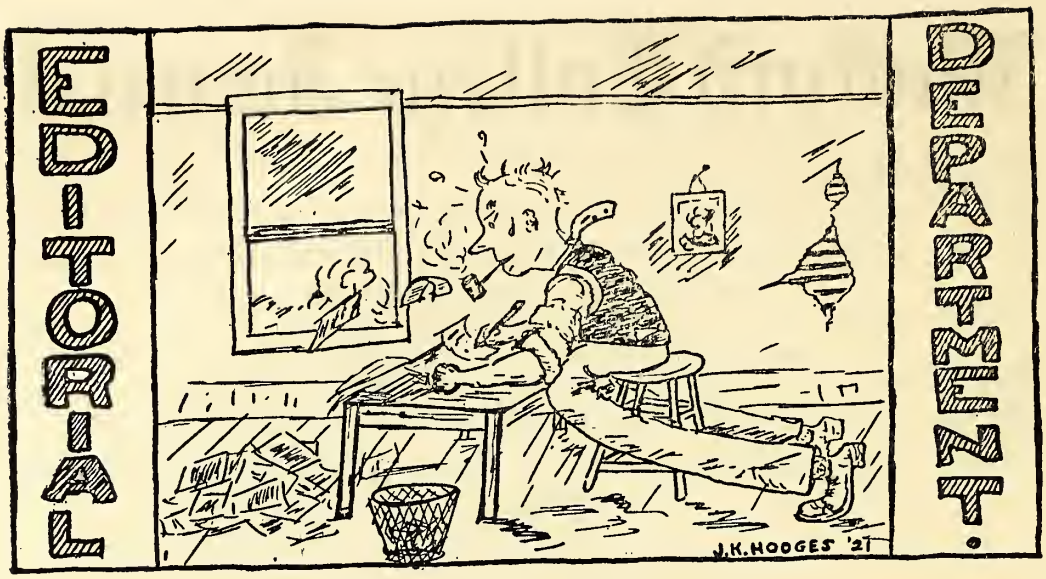


A. Stokes King ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
R. H. Rollings ..... *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*

Democracy's Challenge

As commencement draws near the question on the lips of almost every Senior is: "What are you planning to do next year?" Also we understand that about this time every year numerous letters are received at the president's office, from various school boards throughout the State, inquiring as to the number who might be considered as prospective teachers for the next school session. But, notwithstanding that the teaching profession offers an unlimited field for service, it is an alarming fact that the average college graduate of today is deliberately turning his back upon this profession. Not through any choice of his own, perhaps, but for the very obvious reason that he cannot maintain a decent existence from the meagre salary that is paid to a school teacher in this State. Too many of them look upon teaching only as a last resort from idleness. Consequently, the business world is swallowing up our college youth, and instead of being recruited the teaching profession is being depleted each year.

There is only one conclusion to draw if such a condition continues. The schools of our State will be overrun and stocked with an inferior grade of teachers. There are numerous school in South Carolina in prosperous communities that are being taught by those who have not completed even a

high school education. Now is this good for the community? The question answers itself. It is useless to be alarmed by student radicalism when we feed the fires of anarchy and unrest by supplying our schools with an inferior teaching force, who are not only not equipped to properly train our children, but who have no genuine interest in either their work or their subjects, and who too often impart their own discontent to the eager and listening ears of the school child.

Small wonder that the school boards in our larger cities are having to draw up creeds of patriotism for our public schools. The word "Democracy" means very little to us when we are confronted with the fact that here in *free, democratic* America an American school child has to be asked to agree to revere and defend his country's flag, to respect and obey the laws, to support American ideals of fair play, and to put patriotism above every other loyalty. If we wish to eliminate radicalism from the schools we will have to *teach* it out; as someone has aptly said, we will have to take the Red out of the Little Red Schoolhouse.

All honor to those teachers of our State who are conscientiously doing their best, and rendering efficient service in the face of handicaps, those who teach their pupils that character is more important than books, and something that can't be laid away on the shelf when vacation comes.

But the results are far from satisfactory. We appropriate money for good roads, for tick eradication, for the better breeding of hogs, etc., but we are a failure as a nation if we succeed in raising better cattle and potatoes than strong, healthy, vigorous children—boys and girls of today—men and women of tomorrow, in whose hands lies the destiny of our boasted institutions of learning.

Concerning a New Society

There has been considerable agitation on the campus recently in favor of establishing a new literary society. While it is not our purpose to become a party to any controversy that may develop, nor do we wish to incur the enmity of the movement's

supporters, yet frankly, we do not see any justification or sufficient reason for a new literary society on the campus. The societies at present are doing good work, as good as the average society in the average college. One of them, we understand, has had an unusually successful year—the best in its history. Its enrollment has been the largest it has had since its founding, and it has enjoyed a year of earnest effort and hard work on the part of its members. Yet out of this society comes the complaint that a great many members who are desirous of serving on the weekly program are not permitted to do so because of the unusually large membership. Hence several men who are really anxious to benefit by the work of the society are kept from doing so simply because they haven't the opportunity. The complaint is just and reasonable. But does this fact alone warrant the establishment of another society? This complaint alone seems to be the gist of the whole matter—the society is too large to do efficient work.

If this is the only trouble it seems to us that the problem could easily be solved by dividing the above mentioned society into two sections, a plan which operates very successfully in several other institutions in the State. Why break up *one* society after it has reached the crest of its success? Is it fair to those who have, by their untiring efforts, succeeded in making the Carlisle Literary Society what it is, to break it up and reduce it again to a position of struggling inferiority? Is that the reward of its labors? The Carlisle Society needs a large membership, its financial obligations are heavier than any other society in college and it needs the support of every one of its members, both financially and otherwise. If the request for another society came from the student body at large, that would be another matter. But let us not break up one society merely because it has attained success, when the little discrepancies can easily be adjusted without. Any society that has a large membership because of the quality of its work deserves to keep a large membership, and any society that is ahead because of its persistency and hard work deserves to stay ahead. Why not put new life in the societies we have?

Short Stories

We regret exceedingly the entire absence of any short stories in this issue. With as versatile a student body as Wofford has and with an English department second to none, we should have no trouble in securing a high quality of material for our short story department. A magazine that has to go to press without some good short stories lacks balance, variety and interest. Let us have your efforts. THE JOURNAL offers two medals for short stories this year. Get busy!

Looks Good To Us

If the Democrats want a man who is not only capable of carrying the Democratic party to victory, but who will rival Mr. Wilson as to the conduct of the President's office, why don't they nominate William Gibbs McAdoo? He has demonstrated his ability not only as a great thinker, but as a man of action as well. For whether the task be building tubes under the Hudson River, floating a huge war loan, fathering a system of banking that has revolutionized the country, directing the nation's railroads, or making the most successful secretary of the treasury since Alexander Hamilton, Mr. McAdoo has proved himself master of the job. He is a true representative of the people and a friend of the South. If Mr. Hoover doesn't want our nomination we aren't inconvenienced in the least. Will McAdoo? We think so.

R. W. Davis (upon hearing Dr. Rembert say that Mr. Swearingen, our blind State School Superintendent of Education, told him that he had a clear idea of an automobile because he knew the laws and the forces and the parts that would be requisite to make one such mechanism)—"Doctor, do you think if Mr. Swearingen was a *sculptor,* he could construct an automobile?"

J. G. Snelling (in Political Science)—"Doctor, what right does a State have to make *inroachments* upon a *munickipality?"*

L. C. Sanders (to Harvey Floyd)—"I smell something bad."

Floyd—"Why, I don't smell a thing but odors!"

Mrs. Osborne (on Good Friday)—"You boys ought to fast today."

E. F. Carmichael—"Mrs. Osborne, we fast every day."

Dr. Rembert (in Psychology)—"In what two ways does instinct look?"

W. G. Smith—"Backwards and forwards."

WANTED TO KNOW

Why, when Doctor Snyder takes a trip northward, especially in the neighborhood of Governor Edwards' territory, he always "balls" up announcements in chapel on his return.

Glenn Smith (to Dr. Wallace in History III, with awe and horror)—"Did the American soldiers in France really kill men, and did they fight on Sundays, too?"

Bob Lucas (to John Snelling)—"Say, John, I got a bid to the dance."

John Snelling—"A bib?"

Bob—"No, stupid, a bid. What would I want with a bib at a dance?"

John—"Oh, I dunno; I thought it might be a dinner dance."

Pretty Young Thing (to Mike Carmichael)—What are kisses good for, anyway?

Mike—Well, with me, their face value, you know.

He—Jones claims to be a self-made man.

She—Well, that relieves some one of a terrible responsibility.

The reason that hazing has lost its enchantment at Carlisle Hall is that so many Freshmen are veterans of the A. E. F.

Frank FitzSimmons (to W. G. Smith)—"I see Europe is willing to accept the peace treaty with our reservations."

W. G. Smith—"Haven't we done our Indians enough dirt already?"

If John Snelling still wants to know the difference between an opossum and a 'possum, we respectfully refer him to Dr. Clinkscales of "Possum" fame.

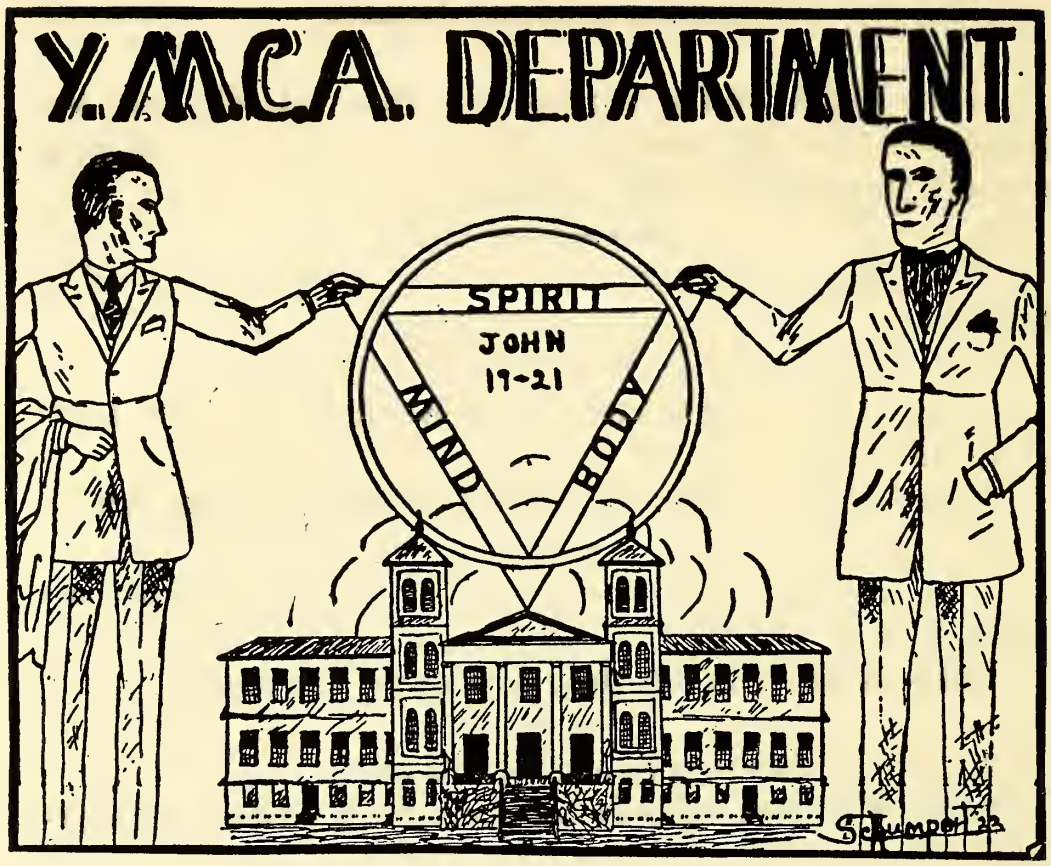
Freshman Floyd (reading army poster)—"Men wanted for the Tank Service."

"All the fools aren't dead yet. There's a fellow advertisin' for bartenders."

WONDER HOW HE KNOWS?

Harry Harvin (to Hardluck Stuart)—"I hear she won a loving cup."

Hardluck Stuart—"She certainly deserved one."



T. J. Herbert.....Editor

Y. M. C. A. Officers

President.....O. H. Hatchett
Vice-President.....G. E. Parrott
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MARCH TWELFTH

The new officers were installed on the evening of this day. Plans for the coming year were discussed in an informal way between the old and new officers and by the membership.

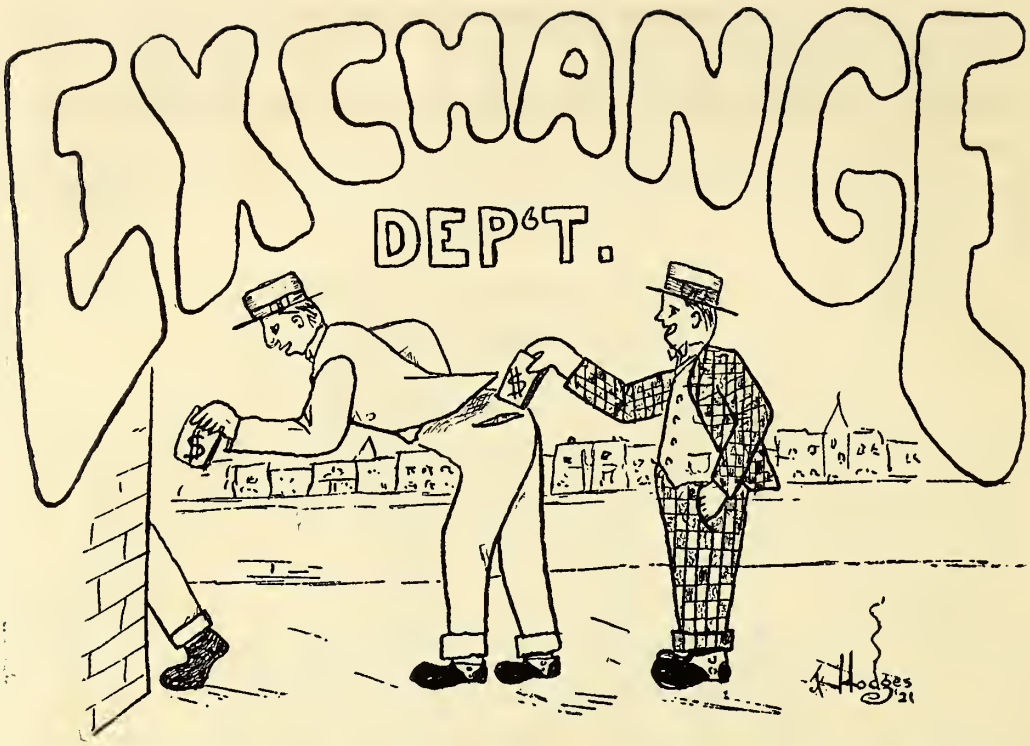
MARCH NINETEENTH

The Rev. F. E. Dibble, pastor of Bethel Methodist Church, was the speaker of the evening. Mr. Dibble delivered an excellent and compelling message on "What It Means to Be a

Christian." He reviewed a history of the origin of the name, showed how its meaning was being applied in foreign and domestic fields, and made a strenuous plea that we live worthy of the title.

APRIL SECOND

The meeting at this time was strictly a business one. Mr. T. J. Herbert was elected as new Y. M. C. A. editor of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, to succeed Woodrow Ward, whose term expired.



J. W. Potts.....Editor

We always begin any criticism of our contemporary magazines with a great deal of hesitancy, knowing that any unfavorable comment is often equally applicable to us. However, the mere handing out of bouquets will never be of benefit to any of us. It is always our aim to be as constructive in our criticism as possible.

One of the best magazines that has come to our attention thus far is *The College of Charleston Magazine* for April. It is filled with a well balanced arrangement of stories, poems, essays and sketches. The material is a credit to any school, and especially to a school where the student body is as small as that of the College of Charleston. If the larger schools had as great a per cent. of contributors there would verily be a new era in college journalism. Especially to be commended is the arrangement of department headings.

There is something refreshing in the sketches having a touch of local color. Certainly there is a rich field for the writer of sketches as well as the story teller in the old metropolis of the Carolinas, and we hope the contributors to *The*

College of Charleston Magazine will see fit to further exploit the resources which Charleston offers.

The Carolinian.—The March issue of *The Carolinian* is a very creditable magazine, but what has long puzzled us is what would the editors do without the "co-eds." By far the greater number of contributors are "co-eds" and the boys seem to take little interest in their magazine. However, the young ladies are to be congratulated on the quality of their work. We would suggest that a little more care be taken in reading the proofs. There are a number of typographical errors in the March issue, which always gives the reader a jar; a little thing perhaps, but enough to mar the pleasure of reading.

"The Diamond of Dobljar" smacks too much of the influence of Conan Doyle in our opinion, and we fear the author has sacrificed originality to interest. The theme is an ancient one and always arouses a flicker of interest in the reader of adventure and detective stories, but it is rather outworn and is too much an echo of Sherlock Holmes.

The sketch of John Masefield is a well written article of timely interest. The author has evidently shown considerable interest and effort in gathering his material.

All of the college periodicals are showing renewed life with the advent of spring, and it is presumed that the next issues will abound in spring verse. We wish to acknowledge *The Orion, The Concept, The Erothesian, The Furman Echo, The Wesleyan, The Cerberus, The Hampton Chronicle.*

SEASON SCHEDULE

North Carolina State College, Spartanburg, April 28.
Erskine College, Spartanburg, April 29.
Elon College, Spartanburg, April 30.
Erskine, Due West, May 3.
Clemson, Clemson, May 4.
Furman, Greenville, May 5.
Clemson, Spartanburg, May 7.
Newberry, Spartanburg, May 11.
Georgia Tech, Spartanburg, May 12 and 13.
South Carolina, Spartanburg, May 15.

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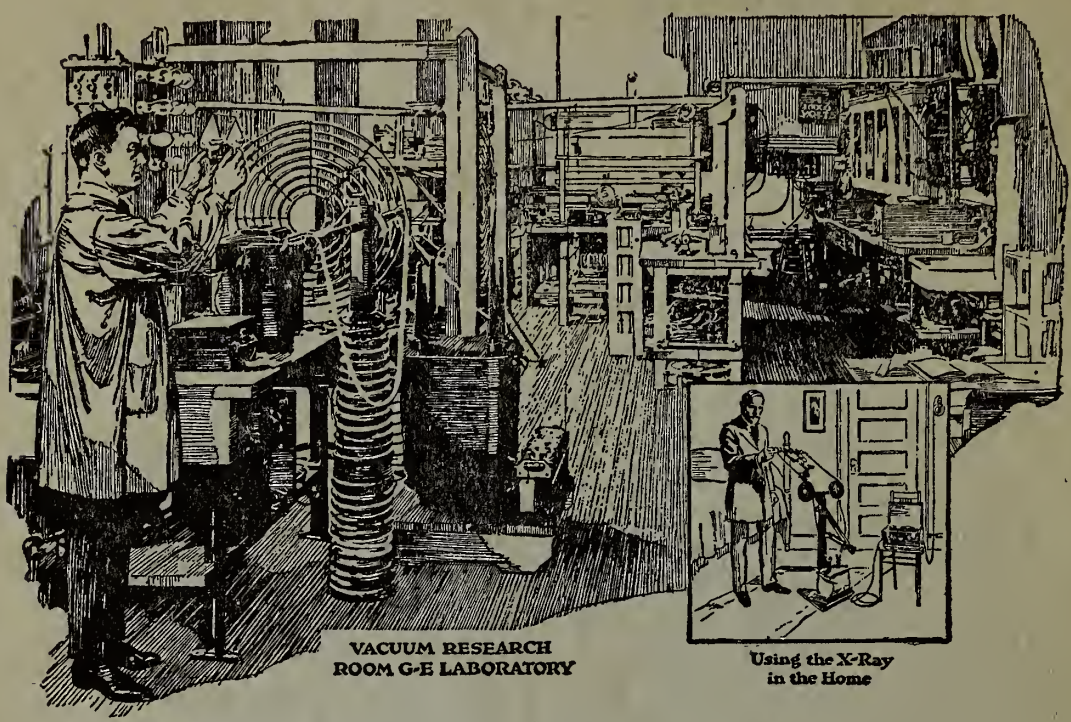

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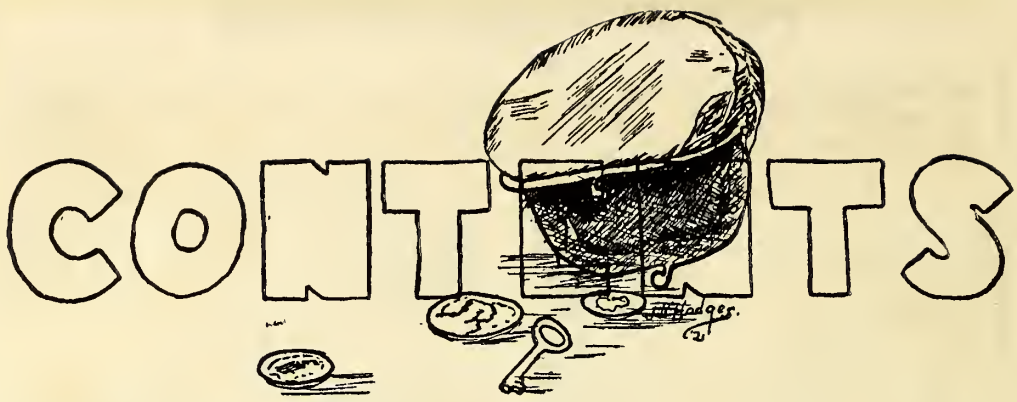

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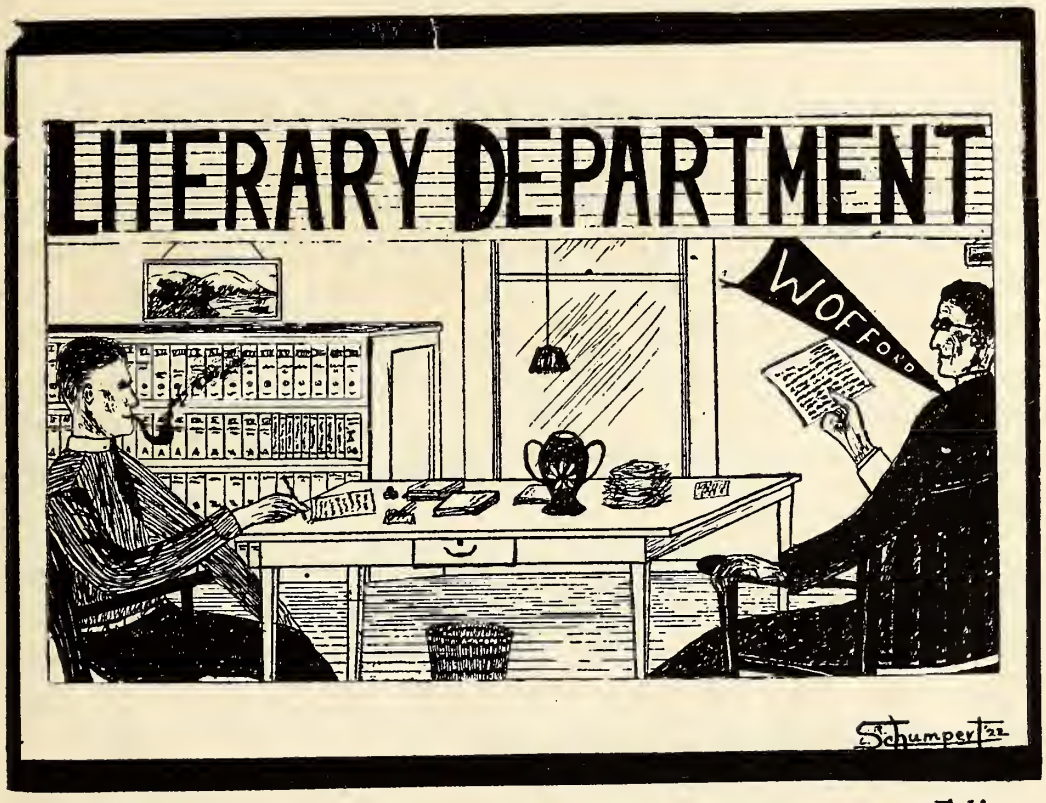

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THE CLOAKED SHADOW

TENNYSON, in his immortal "In Memoriam," tells of the fair companionship existing between the poet and his friend. He speaks of that common path by which they twain did go, as they followed the guiding star of Hope. In one of his gloomy semi-prophetic passages the poet tells how, as that path "began to slant the fifth autumnal slope," as they descended, following Hope, "there sat the Shadow feared of man"—the Shadow which broke their fair companionship, which wrapped his mantle, dark and cold about it, and dulled the murmur on its lips.

The companionship of nations today follows that pathway that leads to Hope. Our democracy looks to it as its guiding star. It is to our civilization as a beacon light. But that pathway is menaced by the Shadow feared of man, who keeps the keys of all the creeds. That fair companionship is threatened by the ghastly spectre, "cloaked from head to foot." The

fairest dream of our modern civilization is disturbed by its hideous presence.

If we take the "Cloaked Shadow" to be the wan spectre of the spirit of radicalism we may appreciate the point of view and the attitude of the fear-oppressed seer, only we *know* in what waste the shadow stalks and hunts his prey—no longer content to "sit and wait." It seems fairly possible that he keeps nearly all the keys of political creeds in central and eastern Europe today and is reaching out to grasp those that open gates farther west.

Nor is it necessary to go so far afield in order to find evidences of the Cloaked Shadow. A few months ago we were laughing at the silly rumors of Bolshevism in this free and happy country. But who can shut his eyes today to the evidences of its presence in America?

Is it not apparent in the threat of Emma Goldman—"that the practice of deportation was the beginning of the end of the American government?" Is it not apparent in the attempted lynching, by an enraged mob, of the mayor of one of America's largest cities? Can it not be seen in the columns and pages of many newspapers and periodicals? Is it not witnessed in all the welter of modern business, the struggle of the government with the trusts, and the unending strife between capital and labor?

There is a sense in which every hour in a nation's progress is a critical hour, a sense in which every day is doomsday. In a philosophical mind every hour marks the end of an era and every year sets its sign on a new order of ages. But there comes a time in the career of nations as of individuals, so plain that "he who runs may read," when there is a necessary cleavage between the past and the future, and when a people especially are pressed forward as by a dynamic force into a new and inevitable destiny.

We are in the beginning of a stupendous world revolution. Mankind is coming of age. There was more involved in the war than anybody foresaw. We are confronted with a war after the war, the outcome of which will be of far greater con-

sequence than was the great struggle itself. We must rid ourselves of Prussianism in its social and industrial phases, as well as its political and military phases. The issue of the war was to make men free, the issue of the *greater* war is to help them achieve brotherhood.

Our world is bent upon realizing a new era of fraternity. Call it Bolshevism, social amelioration or what we will, its coming is inevitable. The problems of modern life are but phases of the one problem of the spread of democracy. It is useless to complain of the world's restlessness in these times of question and change. Rather we should see in the hour's need a challenge to our best powers, a test of our tolerance, steadfastness and courage.

But this deceptive program of *so-called* brotherhood which is being promulgated in all lands is a thing of ill-will, of class consciousness, of destruction, disintegration and irreligion. But the menace of this hideous shadow should not becloud the fairer prospect of a nobler condition of life, it *must not* blight that fair hope of justice, freedom and friendliness to which the hungry heart of humanity looks forward.

It has often been observed that a change was noticeable in our soldiers and sailors as they returned home from the battlefields of Europe. Something of the battle-born simplicity and open comradeship slipped off and the old constraints of civilization's artificialities replaced them. The challenge today is: *how are we to preserve in civil life the nobler characteristics of trench and camp?* Amidst the shot and shell of hostile guns there was born an endless fellowship, and this "soldier solidarity" will be one of the principal factors in constructing a new America. Our warriors have come back determined to improve upon the old system of caste and strife. They are determined to destroy aristocracy and exploitation and achieve *genuine* democracy. Now is the time for every red-blooded citizen in the United States to let the *whole world* know that there is not one inch of soil in this country for any person who is not 100 per cent. American.

Tendencies in a nation as in an individual are but the shadows of ideals. A great writer has said that civilization is the difference between an Indian hut and a ladies parlor. The difference between Americanism and Bolshevism depends upon our answer to one question, "What makes life worth living?" Find out a country's ideals and with some certainty you can predict her destiny. Are her ideals the song of the sword? Then her rewards will be in terms of the sword or in brute force. Is her chief and all-absorbing ideal money? Then she must give up hope of reaching the highest culture of mind and spirit. The things we imagine and admire in the germ cells of our brain inevitably mould us—they become our masters. Beware we choose our ideals with care, for they are the gods before whom we pour out our costliest libations, the light of whose faces colors all our worship.

The *greatest menace* to our civilization today is the modern tendency to depart from the straight and narrow paths of our fathers—the tendency to forget those imperishable principles enunciated by the "Father of his country." We have turned our backs upon the faith of our fathers. Our democracy has lost its way, because it does not understand its *true goal.* Our civilization, when the veneer is scratched, too often reveals the savage beneath.

A former soldier tells an interesting story of his impressions of America upon his return home from the battlefields of France. He says:

"When we return to find a mob of thousands of persons in Omaha lynching a negro, trying to lynch a mayor and setting fire to the court house, we know that all our dreams of good, sound old United States were only dreams. Since I have returned home I have seen an unprintable photograph of a crowd of young men surrounding a pyre on which that negro's body was burned in Omaha. It was a night-time picture. The flash of that photographer's powder caught on the faces of the twenty-one young men who were gathered around that fire smiles that were terrible in their simplicity. On the face of a well-dressed girl who stood at the head of the charred corpse

there was the same smile. If those faces had been grim and set, you could have understood why that awful thing happened in Omaha. But these were gala smiles, holiday smiles, the smiles of cannibals killing for a feast. The photograph tells truly enough how the veneer had been scratched away from that American crowd in Omaha and how the savage had come to the surface."

We are still the worshippers of physical force and material rewards. Our idols have feet of clay. Our courts still mete out limping justice. Our education drives itself into the grooves of money and the making of a living rather than the building of strong manhood and womanhood. We still fill the air of our modern Babylons with the strident cries of sensual satisfaction, and we barter our birthright for a mess of pottage that only adds to our fleshly hunger and fails to feed our famishing souls. Our much vaunted civilization proves to be all too frequently in hours of crisis an unsubstantial dream, and, like our religion, it is too often but a thin cloak to cover the nakedness and selfish sordidness of perverse and pride-filled hearts.

There seems to have developed a veritable epidemic of self-seeking. It is as though a noxious poison had affected men's brains to make them forgetful of social obligations. Under some malign influence a grasping individualism has been rampant. People struggle for material gain, using *without compunction* methods certain to impose suffering on other people.

We see business men in a mad scramble to amass wealth through exorbitant profits. Profits—*big profits* they must have, even at a cost of compelling multitudes to shiver in shoddy clothing, to eat inferior foods, and to endure an insufficiency of all the necessities of life.

We see employees making a bad situation worse by ever clamorously insisting on higher wages. Nor do they hesitate to enforce their demands by voluntary idleness, which makes it still harder for their brothers to exist. And all the while we see swindlers of every degree from shabby sidewalk thieves to gorgeous promoters of fraudulent stock companies tricking men out of their savings. *All* of this pernicious activity is but

a *symptom* of our diseased democracy, a disease which threatens the collapse of our veneered civilization unless a cure be achieved.

Somehow men must be persuaded to less selfish, less sordid ways of thinking. They must learn to substitute lofty social ideals for gross individualistic ideals. The great question of the age is: "What are we doing to promote or hurt the welfare of our fellowman?" *It* is the question of questions. In its solution lies "the key to all the creeds." Ignored, unanswered, there can be no doubt as to the outcome. The muttering of today will become a thunderstorm of hate and revolution tomorrow. Let us not deceive ourselves. In avoiding the false, let us beware lest we forget the true.

Who can fail to scent danger in the methods of our modern educational boards who have to draw up a creed of patriotism for our public schools? Think what it means when here in *free, democratic America,* a modern school child has to be asked to agree to revere and defend his country's flag, to respect and obey the law, to support American ideals of fair play, and put patriotism above every other loyalty.

We drive out those who refuse to subscribe to such a creed, leaving to grow up into dangerous radicals those who failed to understand it and those who understood it in a general way, or pretended to understand it.

The menace of juvenile radicalism will not have been removed. If we desire to eleminate radicalism from the schools we will have to teach it out. As some one has said we will have to take the Red out of the Little Red Schoolhouse. Aye, more than that—back to the home, the foundation of our democracy.

What was wrong when a small boy was being reproached by his school teacher for using profane language on the streets of our own town replied,"That ain't nothing, teacher; Pa cusses Ma every night?" Why waste our time deporting radicals when we shelter the spirit of anarchy in the sacred precincts of the American home? Why be alarmed by bomb throwers when we foster radicalism where love should reign supreme?

Not until every home is a little democracy and every school a little republic will our civilization be safe. Our salvation as a nation must come from the inside *out*—not from any outside influence. Small wonder that our youth is infected with the taint of radicalism when the family altar is but a fading memory of our fathers. Small wonder at the school boy Bolshevik when the modern father is either too immersed in business to become acquainted with his children or looks upon his home merely as an outlet for his angry passions. Small wonder that our colleges and universities are becoming hot beds of socialism when our students refuse to respect constituted authority and strike merely because the faculty would not grant a holiday, or otherwise humor some petty whim.

In this mad, tumultuous age the labor that made our fathers great, that inured them to hardships and paved the way for our virile institutions is forgotten in the struggle over a baseball pennant or in the excitement of the present-day social carnival. For a moment let us stop thinking of the puzzled present; for a moment let us stop looking at the blurred future. Let us look back and receive the benediction of our fathers as it comes down upon us like a blessing and hovers before us like a guiding star. Amid all the strangeness and mystery of American affairs today, let us stop and catch a glimpse of the lights by which the old-time Americanism was guided.

In the great Roman play of Virginius, where the father seeks to rescue his daughter who has been stolen from him, the father cries as he sees he must lose his daughter: "Give me men and I will rescue her! Where are the men? Give me men with hearts in their hands and I will rescue her. Give me men!" *But there are no men,* and going over to his tender little girl, he drives a dagger to her heart rather than she should become the prey of an unworthy despot.

Give us men in the churches today, give us men in society, give us men in business, give us men in politics and we will rescue the State. The world needs men—disinterested men—high-minded men, men "who will not lie." It is a great deal harder to *live* for democracy than to die for it. Moral courage

is far more wonderful and more exacting than courage in battle.

Mazzini once said "one day a man will arise to whom democracy will be a religion. He will be called the one great man." We must make our democracy our religion. We must spiritualize our politics. We must *Americanize* America. Democracy is the ferment of the world, it shall not cease until the whole be leavened. Fraternity is coming either in the American or Christian way, or in the Russian or savage way. Christianity is the truest fellowship known. Let us not be content with any lesser or more artificial ties. Let us make our brotherhood *real* in every relationship of life. For the sake of our country, for the sake of our democracy, for the sake of our challenged civilization let us cultivate a new spirit of fellowship in every community and among all men. The great hope toward which the companionship of nations look is something greater than our old ideas of clannishness and selfishness. The Cloaked Shadow that lies across the path to our hope, that threatens to break that "fair companionship," is the peril that our modern social impulse will depart from the spirit of the author and leader of the only *true fraternity.*

The line wavers. Violence, greed, egotism, radicalism have their way here and there but slowly democracy advances. As someone has aptly said, the sure-footedness of democracy, its inevitability of going forward is what we mean when we say "God."

Truly, let us look forward to that day when men shall no longer plot as rivals but plan as partners, when the rights of the nation and the individual, no matter how insignificant, will be held sacred, when there will be no more homes broken and saddened because of the vacant chair at the fireside, when—

"Men to men shall brothers be
For a' that and a' that."

THOUGHTS OF THE CLASS OF '20

From country, town and city
  We came by twos and threes
To an old and stately college
  Among some beautiful trees.
And now when we are parting
  Let us give one more cheer
For dear old Wofford College
  In this our Senior year.

'Tis a class not great in numbers
  But with a loyal heart;
That each will remember the other
  Although we have to part.
Its lesson it learned in labor
  To always do and dare,
And where duty calls or danger
  It'll ne'er be lacking there.

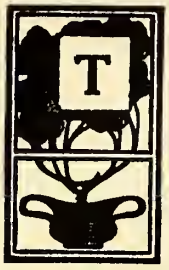
And now to those who labored
  To fill both mind and soul
With thoughts that were high and noble
  Along with self control;
We give them their due laurels
  For the deeds that they have wrought
And in the world's tomorrow
  May we live as we were taught.

Among our comrades are friendships
  Made with the students here
That will on our departure
  Leave on the heart a sear.
But all along life's pathway
  We carry with us their love,
That rivals in its greatness
  With that which comes from above.

Farewell! 'tis hard to say,
  As in our ships of state,
We sail out to the battle of life
  And try our luck with fate.
And if in battles of the future,
  To us should honor be
We'll give the praise where it belongs,
  Alma Mater, dear, to thee.

R. W. D.

THE GOB



THE one slang word that is used most by the navalmen is the one slang word that has caused so much comment and questioning. This one word has caused a great deal of argument among the bluejackets, and especially the newer men who have never heard a definition for that one word.

That word is "Gob." "Gob" is the sailorman's favorite name; he likes it and can see no reason why the civilian populace should not. He affirms: "If it suits me, it should tickle you to death." And so he is not only contented to be called "Gob," but very often explains why he likes it and where the name originated. However, not all of the men now in the service are aware of its origin, and not all of them have ever heard an attempted definition.

The word "Gob" is an abbreviation of the word Gobshike. This word Gobshike is the one that gets the majority of the sailors. But many of the old-time sailormen differ as to its origin. Some of the sailormen of a quarter of a century ago contend that it just happened and that lets it out.

Some years ago a naval publication offered a prize to the man who could tell "Why is a Gob a Gob?" The idea was plain that the publication wanted to know where and how "Gob" originated. Many explanations and historical facts were sent in and probably the most logical one of them all went something like this:

"In the olden days—back where ancient history started—there was a people, tribe or creed known as Gobbies. They were a ghost people and could only see at night; they lived in cliffs, high trees, and deep under the ground. They were seldom seen out in daylight—in fact, seldom seen at all. In later years the people were known as Gobbies, since they were of the spook variety, or Goblin, as they are sometimes called. And since all sailors were superstitious once upon a time, all suspicious characters were called Gobbies. And, too, sailors always abbreviate their words, and soon the term Gobbies was known as Gobs;

in time, it is said that sailors began to refer to each other as "Gobs."

But there are many more theories.

I have been to sea (in the Navy) for a while, and have met—because I liked to talk to old sailormen concerning things of the old Navy—several of the old types of navalmen. Among them, that I recall were, Jimmy Connelly, "Pat" McNulty and numbers of "Spud" Murphys. In nearly every conversation I asked about the coining of the word "Gob." Several different stories were told, but, taking all into consideration, I believe the following is true even if there does happen to be a few exaggerated phrases:

Long before the Spanish-American War, out on the Asiatic Station, there was a long, lanky sailorman on the flagship by the name of Gobbles. Gobbles was a very well known character in the "Mosquito Fleet," as the Asiatic Squadron was termed. Gobbles was a good-natured, easy-going sort of a chap; he made a decided "hit" with the "gang" because he could drink like a sea gull and stand up longer than any man on the station. He could truly swill beers of the Orient. He could put his shipmates away and go over to the Astor bar, if he happened to be in Shanghai, or do anything that he deemed great.

They first called this sailor "Shikepoke," and he went by that handle for some time. Since his name was Gobbles, they cut the two names in half and called him Gobshike. Later, nearly every tall, lanky fellow on the station was called "Gobshike," so Gobbles changed his name to just plain, simple "Gob," and by that name he was known until he "came home to the States."

The term "Gob" later became so popular on the station that men coming home brought it back; later it was circulated in the North Atlantic Squadron, and still later throughout the service. Today it is the sailorman's favorite, and he always refers to himself as a "Gob."

Now, there are several names that a "Gob" does not like, such as, "Jackie," and oodles of others. He would rather you

call him either "Bluejacket," "Man-of-Warsman," or "Gob." And I pity the person who calls a good-fast-Yankee-sloop-o'-warsman a "jackie" to his face.

SHE

(Mother's Day Poem)

She is not a sweet prim maiden
  Of sixteen years or so.
Yet she's sweeter than the fragrance
  Of the flowers as they blow.

On her cheeks there are no blossoms
  That have faded long ago.
But there's softness in her presence
  Like the pale-pink evening glow.

Her hands bear marks of service,
  Of many kind deeds done.
Though they're rough and hard, I love them,
  All because I am her *son*. J. M. C., '22.

MOTHER'S LOVE

(Editor's Note: Mother's Day is the second Sunday in May)

From home and friends I have wandered afar,
  Am cold and hungry and without a friend.
There follows me as a shining star,
  A love that lasts to the end.

My sweetheart made me a "lasting" vow,
  Just before I went away;
But she has found another now—
  She forgot me in a day.

My friends remember me no more;
  They have forgot my very name.
I may wander the whole world o'er
  But there is a love that is always the same.

There is one who loves me tho' I fall
  To the lowest place among men.
My mother loves me, tho' one and all
  No helping hand to me will lend. B. T. S., '22.

LIFE—UP AND DOWN

SWIFTLY glide our years. They follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew, the scenes in which we once were actors; they appear before the mind like phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gayety of his soul; the wheels of time cannot roll too rapidly for him; the light of hope dances in his eye; the smile of expectation plays upon his lip; he looks forward to long years of joy to come; his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds; he wants to be a man; he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shout of applause. Look at him again; he is now in the meridian of life; care has stamped wrinkles upon his brow; disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye; sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance; he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futility. Each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers that the season of youth, when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of the aged locks? His hair is white with the frost of many winters; his form is bent and totters under the weight of many years; his footsteps move more rapidly towards the tomb; he looks back upon the past; his days appear to have been few, and he confesses that they were ill spent. The magnificence of the great is to him vanity; the hilarity of youth, folly. He considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one, and disappointment end the other. The world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him; still, however, he would linger in it. Still he would lengthen out his days; though of "beauty's bloom," of "fancy's flash," of "music's breath," he is forced to exclaim, "I have no pleasure in them." A few years of infirmity, inanity and pain, must consign him to idiocy or the grave. Yet this was the gay, the generous, the high-souled boy who beheld his ascending path of life strewed with

flowers without a thorn. Such is human life; but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

"PARAPHRAST," '20.

MAY FLOWERS

Covering woods and fields with color,
  Giving up their fragrance sweet,
Making beautiful the gardens,
  May's bright flowers do us greet.

From the sunshine comes each color
  Borne by these bright blossoms gay.
April's rains have made them flourish
  So that they might bloom in May.

Welcome, flowers, to our country,
  Whence you fled in Autumn's blast.
Welcome! Yes, and three times welcome!
  From your winter's sleep at last.

Give us fragrance, give us pleasure—
  For they always come with you—
Give us joy in this glad May-time,
  Give us scenes of brilliant hue.

Here's to March, who brought the springtime!
  Here's to April's balmy showers!
Here's to Spring's bright, gladdening weather!
  And, too, here's to May's sweet flowers!

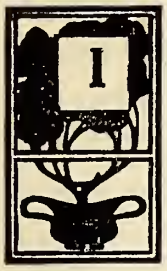
10-13-3.

DAWN

Dull grey, a sombre, misty coolness,
Around the whole earth drawn,
Predicts the fading of the stars,
And shows the pines like unto bars
    Which hold the light
    Deep in the night.
Then rosy pink comes out of it, the dawn.

J. M. C., '22.

AMERICA ON THE HIGH SEAS



IT IS A well-known law that the prosperity and progress of the world are determined by the amount of its transportation. The tons of merchandise which are carried in the general interchange of the globe are the indexes of its industries and wealth.

The maritime nations of the world are indebted to their merchants and to their private corporations for their commercial relations with other countries. Review of the history and deeds of his callings may justly fill the merchant's heart with generous pride.

At its head has stood, from the earliest years of the race, the genius of inquiry and enterprise. It has been the forlorn hope and the vanguard of civilization. In ancient days, when priests and scholars turned for knowledge their feeble gaze to the stars, in credulous lunacy, and every stranger was a frightful barbarian and a foe, the merchant's caravan unfolded a knowledge of the earth and of the arts of life. In later times, when the deluge of barbarism had submerged the civilization and the ancients, and again darkness was upon the face of the earth, the rays of returning light shone from the cities which the Adriatic merchant built and endowed, and thence also sprung that perfect code of the laws of business to which all civilization pays the grateful tribute of obedience.

Afterwards, when tyrants, big and small, ruled and robbed the land of Europe; while pirates despoiled the seas, alike unchecked by fear of justice or of a spiritless and subjugated people, it was the merchant who joined together that puissant league of towns which bowed princes to the law, strung pirates to their gibbets, and taught the first lessons to the people of their rights and powers.

It was little Holland, mighty in her knowledge of the laws of trade, from whose mercantile genius, like Minerva from the head of Jove, sprung Grotius, to write that law which rules nations as its subjects; it was trading Holland which gave se-

cure asylum to the oppressed in conscience, and ushered from its shores the adventurous pilgrims, heralds of liberty to the new world.

It has been the merchant who broke the sysonying of enemy and stranger, who discovered the brotherhood of man and pioneered the civilization which Christianity purified; it was the merchant who practiced the Baconian philosophy before Bacon lived and displayed, by his adventurous inquiry, the beginning of many sciences; it was the merchant whose intelligent courage and wisdom first subdued the anarchy that broke the tyranny of the middle ages, and gave the spirit of liberty to the land and all the security of law to the sea.

And as we stand here in the mere youthtime of a new and mighty world may we not strain a prophetic eye to that future day when the American merchant—worthy inheritor of the glories of his line—descending to his ships, from either shore of this harmonious continent, shall cause the gigantic arteries of an earth—surrounding traffic to beat from the American heart of commerce, concentrating here the returning wealth of all nations?

The outcome of the war across the Atlantic Ocean has forcibly brought to the attention of the people of the United States the vital necessity of an American Merchant Marine, and the further necessity of providing such an efficient element of strength to a country with such immense resources as our country possesses in every feature of national greatness. Such a merchant marine the United States ought to have as would place us foremost in competing for the trade of other countries and of entering into honest competition for the world's business.

A little more than a hundred years ago our forefathers took advantage of the opportunities that came to them, though the hostile legislation and unjust oppressions of England and France prevented them from reaping full benefit.

We, with equal opportunities, without a foreign merchant marine, are bound hand and foot. Not alone are we unable to send the Stars and Stripes to those parts where only the

flags of England and Germany formerly flew, but the partial paralysis of our foreign trade, due to the withdrawal of foreign vessels, has choked the great arteries of commerce and inflicted heavy loss and suffering upon all the people of the United States.

But we shall discuss the desirability of having an American Merchant Marine. We will assume there is no difference of opinion on that point. The fact that we pay a sum variously estimated to be from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 annually to vessels under foreign flags to transport our commerce, which seriously affects our balance of trade, is urged as a sufficient reason why we should have a merchant marine.

But just how to build up our merchant marine has always been the question that vexed us. No one has doubted that we can do so, taking into account our vast resources, if we could once agree upon the plan.

The only way that we can effectively increase our merchant marine engaged in foreign trade is by government subsidies. We need not expect smooth sailing in our efforts to build up an American Merchant Marine. The task has been neglected too long.

The question then arises, why do we find ourselves in the pitiable condition of being the greatest nation and at the same time owning the smallest percentage of the ocean carrying trade of the world? We think this question has been answered effectively many times during the last century.

The reasons why private capital has not established an American Merchant Marine are readily stated. The explanation is to be found in our laws, which have imposed two handicaps upon private capital, handicaps which have afforded an insuperable barrier to success in this field.

In the first place the American capitalist seeking to enter the field of commercial enterprise on the high seas finds that he must pay more for the necessary ships than his competitor is required to expend in that direction. This is handicap No. 1.

In the second place, having securing his ships at a prime cost approximately one-third more than like ships will cost his

foreign rival, he finds that his operating cost, due to the requirements of our laws, is far greater than the operating cost of competing ships flying foreign flags. This is handicap No. 2.

The difference between the operating cost of cargo-carrying vessels under the American flag and of like vessels operating under foreign flags is markedly great in the Atlantic and conspicuously so in the Pacific. So long as these handicaps exist, American capital cannot enter upon the overseas carrying trade. It is foredoomed to failure.

Hence, under the operation of purely economic causes, the American merchant ships have gradually disappeared from the high seas and have been replaced by foreign competitors who were able to furnish the necessary service, on better terms and at lower rates, to both the American and foreign shippers. Competition in the cargo-carrying trade on the high seas is necessarily unlimited, and American capital operating under the handicaps mentioned has simply been unable to meet it.

Remove the handicaps, that is, by government subsidies allow American capital to purchase its ships in the cheapest market and operate them as cheaply as their foreign competitors, and at once the foundation of an expanding merchant marine will be laid. So far, however, no political party has been willing to afford the legislation necessary to establish this policy.

The ideal way, in fact the only way, to remove these handicaps is by way of subsidies. In other words, direct appropriations from the treasury to guarantee an otherwise losing enterprise.

The goal of our ambition should be to carry our exports and imports in American ships without regard to the ordinary considerations of profit and loss on the capital invested. Why need we attain this goal by way of government ownership, which will commit this country to a sequel of government ventures in many directions, to the destruction of private capital, private initiative and private enterprise?

If in order to establish an American Merchant Marine this country is prepared to overcome the existing handicaps by way

of appropriations from the public treasury, why not enter boldly upon the policy of direct subsidies, which at least would leave us free from the entanglements and perplexities of government ownership and build up a universal merchant marine at a cost that would be prodigious, but in the ultimate far less than would attach to this government project?

In either case the extent of our merchant marine would depend upon direct appropriations from the treasury. It is easy to see that if the desideratum is American ships in the foreign trade, a system of direct subsidies will afford far more ships at less expense than government ownership. In one case the government is concerned only to overcome the handicaps. Private capital will furnish the ships.

In the other it will be necessary to purchase the ships and then operate them at a loss. A few millions in subsidies would establish quite a line of American ships in the South American or other foreign trade.

It is urged in opposition to subsidies that the government would have no control over the passenger and freight rates charged by the subsidized vessels. But this position is obviously untenable. Inasmuch as the subsidized lines could not operate a moment without the subsidies, the government could fix the terms on which those subsidies would be granted, and as condition precedent determine the rates to be charged, both for freight and passenger service, so far as the same were of interest to the American public.

The construction of the Panama Canal is cited as a reason why the United States government should construct and operate a mercantile marine. But the cases are not analogous. The Panama Canal was constructed as a necessary part of the national defense. This was the foundation on which its construction was frankly placed. It was evident that private capital would not construct this canal, for the manifest reason that, as a commercial proposition, it would never afford a dividend upon the capital invested. Upon the theory that it was a necessary work of national defense it was constructed out of the national treasury. There was no alternative. But it was

not necessary to have a government merchant marine either from a point of view of economy or national defense.

This government should allow private capital to enter the field of competition unshackled. This task is not beyond private enterprise. On the contrary, private enterprise is fully equal to its successful conduct. This is amply shown by the success of private carriers flying the flags of other countries and seeking international trade in every part of the globe.

Practically our legislation forbids private capital, at least American capital, from entering this field under the American flag. We have no right, as a nation, to pursue this policy and then justify government ownership and government operation on the ground that private enterprise will not essay a task which that same government renders impracticable and impossible through the provisions of positive legislation, nor as a political party, without any regard for the consistency of our attitude should we inveigh against subsidies in the solemn declarations of our platform, and then enact a measure, which in respect to the argument and in its burdens upon the public treasury cannot be distinguished from a bill flatly providing subsidies.

In the solution of these great questions we are left to the distinguishing good sense and judgment of the American capitalists and laborers. The trades unions can and will do much towards a wise and honorable solution of all the difficulties that now exist, if we will but aid them and ecourage them, and there can only be favorable results. Reciprocity should be made a permanent feature of our commercial policy.

And by mutual help and encouragement we shall look forward to a day when we shall have a hundred States, and our people shall be the richest, the most prosperous and the most contented on the face of the earth. When Canada and the British possessions shall have joined hands with Mexico and the Gulf; when the frozen regions of the North shall be chained to the perpetual summer of the South; when the oceans shall be linked together by iron bands of travel and commerce and shall dash their waves upon a prosperous country, and God

shall write in the rising spray on His bow of promise the perfection of all government and the perpetuity of our nation, and the ship of the American capitalists and merchant shall be seen speeding to every part of the globe, and at its masthead shall be the emblem of power beloved by every nation on the face of the earth—the Stars and Stripes of America.

FRIENDS

A friend that is true, loving and kind,
  A friend to do and dare,
A friend that is either lame or blind,
  Is a friend, and is worth one's love and care.

A helping hand in some dark hour
  On the rocky road of life,
Will give the weakest man a power
  To conquer in his daily strife.

We all want friends, you and I,
  And comrades by the score.
But in our friendships do we try
  To do our duty and then some more?

TUUS AMICUS.

MEMORIES

Well I remember those eyes of blue
And that silken dress of azure hue,
That blended so well with the skies above
When we used to stroll together, my Love.

And while kodaking we climbed the hills;
Our hearts they danced with daffodills;
And we both were filled with a purpose true
When you loved me and I loved you.

Now, away to the west my love has flown
Leaving me loveless and all alone.
But O for the wings of a morning dove
To fly away and seek my love. 18, 23, 4.

THE INEVITABLE RESULT

TENNYSON in immortal and prophetic lines voices his belief that there is an eternal and fixed natural law that governs the universe; that every action or function of man or beast is but the expression of some established, unchangeable principle; that this law asserts itself in the actions of men and thus expresses itself in the lives of nations. "For," says he, "I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." Analyzing the application of this statement, we immediately conclude that he is right. For, indeed, we observe the adherence to an eternal law in the changing seasons—the bursting bud in the coming spring and the fading leaf of approaching autumn, the heavenly bodies as they move in their fixed orbits, and even man obeying his natural instincts—all with the precision and never-failing exactness of Time itself. In whatever way it may affect the lives and actions of men, to what extent its application may reach, or whatever its results may be, this infallible law which governs the universe may be interpreted as Truth; for in all its workings it symbolizes and embodies truth, and because of its never-failing exactness, we may conclude that it is Truth. But the poet goes farther. He defines it as a form of freedom which step by step asserts its power and rises to greatness—that freedom which is gained only by obedience to the moral law, which allows man his natural and normal growth, and in whatever way the operation of this law may accelerate or retard the progress of man, the results are inevitably the same—

"For nothing is that errs from law."

Indeed, the dignity of all law appears when we view its eternality. Even God is a law unto Himself, and always will be; for He cannot act inconsistently with Himself. A universe without law is inconceivable. A restraining influence is essential to growth, to security, to character. Without the restraint of law, the ownership of property would cease and men would

contend for their share as the wolves divide their prey; without the limit of law, the trees might grow and reach above the sky; without the restraint of law, the ambition of man within his present environment would never cease until he possessed the earth; without the limit of law, the sun and the stars would clash and melt and roll to chaos in a maddened mass. The law that makes us, keeps us, rules us, gives us scope for effort and reward is the better law for every one. It leaves man within its limits to work out mighty plans and accomplish great results.

The eternality of law is evident in the scientific world, for as the eminent Dr. Jas. H. Carlisle once exclaimed, "What is all philosophy of science but a synopsis of the laws of nature!" Science never had a bolder wing or a keener eye than now. The astonomer of today sees worlds where the astronomer of yesterday saw only a thin vapor floating on the remotest edge of the night. But never yet has the telescope brought tidings of one lawless world. The chemist can put matter of almost any form into his crucible and divide it until the particles vanish and escape detection, but never yet has his microscope fallen on one lawless atom. It is so in nature. Every seed in the tangle of the forest produces its like. There is, in all the collisions of tendencies in that marvel of intricate forces, with power striking upon power, no jostling of a predetermined plan off its grooves. There is no shrub so lowly, no animal so lordly, as to be free from this eternal law of Truth.

Since the eternality of all law is Truth, what must be the conclusions from this doctrine? Disobedience inevitably results in disaster. There has been no departure from this fact since the career of man opened. God has expressed Himself thus for countless ages. From the beginning He has uttered but one voice. As the poet says: "Cursed be the sickly forms that err from nature's honest rule." The dwarf is always born of disloyalty to law.

This fact is evident in history. As with the individual, so it is with the nation. Some one has said that by an inscrutable chain of cause and effect Providence punishes national sins by national calamities. The pathway of the race is strewn with

the wrecks of the past, and in every case the cause of disaster was the failure or refusal to obey law. There have been republics and monarchies in the past which have grown strong and powerful, and yet, one after another, they have gone down on the rocks of disaster. Thebes and Alexandria are but fossils on the Nile. Athens, with her magnificent temples, has crumbled into dust, and the wild beasts haunt her halls of art and gardens of pleasure. Rome, with her prowess, is but a relic of the past. Russia, once a vast empire, is today in the throes of anarchy.

And what is the explanation? They contended that nations were above the moral law. They attempted to substitute false doctrine for the everlasting Truth. They denied to the citizen the eternal right of living within the limits of the moral law—that law which must sooner or later express itself in the affairs of men. They forgot that Justice never sleeps—that she is omniscient and, striking with infinite certainty, never once misses her mark, whether it be a nation or an individual—a king or a pariah. They forgot that nations are not soulless corporations and that the sinning soul must die; that there are no clocks in the Divine economy, and that time, as man computes it, is not the essence of moral contracts, and that punishment must follow disobedience of moral and therefore eternal truths.

Alexander the Great, after he had conquered the known world, sat down and wept for other worlds to conquer; but he could not endure because he disregarded this infallible principle and contended that he was responsible to no one except self for his deeds. It took the mighty Roman Empire four hundred years to die, but now "Imperious Cæsar might stop a hole to keep the wind away." The meteoric rise of Napoleon, with all the dazzling brilliancy of his mighty conquests, ended in ruin and disaster, simply because that monster of blood pursued the same policy and practiced the same theory that might makes right, not realizing that this might merely makes brutes of men and destroys the inherent rights of the individual.

The past fed upon physical power and the theory that might makes right, and each potentate, when gorged with this food, became in turn a feast for his successor, who was always ready and waiting to devour him. Thus, however well these centuries built, there was little power in them to preserve what they had achieved.

As we look out upon the world today, it is as though we looked across a wild and heaving sea of storm. The landmarks that yesterday stood serene today are engulfed by the tempest. Prussia, yesterday the land of Draconian order, today is a seething maelstrom of rebellion. The dual monarchy has collapsed like a house of cards. The vast empire of Russia has crashed into chaos. On the other hand, as we look out across that vast tumult, there is one rock that stands amidst the tempest, serene, inviolate and unmoved—that rock is Britain. That "tight little isle" of a thousand years and a thousand memories, representing the strongest and most liberal empire that the world has ever seen, stands at the summit of her history, crowned by victory in the greatest struggle of mankind. She has survived from this war and from all her age-long struggle, not by chance, but by the *power of law*. Beyond the valor of her soldiers, the vigilance of her sailors, the sagacity of her statesmen, England depends upon the power of law for her defense. Germany, crying out, "Necessity knows no law," is swept into ruin; while England, standing by that law, remains. "Horses cannot run upon crags, nor can one plow the sea with oxen"; no more can men sin against the fundamental laws of the universe and expect peace and strength.

Today in a lonely and secluded spot in Holland is that arch criminal whose deeds have staggered civilization. An exile and an outcast, he stands condemned before the eyes of the world. He, too, contended that nations were above the moral law, shouting in his blind egotism, "Those men who have gone before me have failed, but my mailed fist shall succeed." He violated that law eternal as Truth itself, and by an inevitable chain of cause and effect he must suffer the fate of his predecessors. History, which weighs guilt and innocence in its iron

scales, will honor Truth, and in letters of flame will write the verdict of international condemnation against Germany—the inevitable punishment of any nation that disregards the moral law. Manifold as have been the material losses, it may be that they will prove less disastrous than the spiritual losses, which are doubly disastrous, in that they are both external and internal. Civilization itself has drawn an indictment against the German people—an indictment which will stand because the Germans themselves have supplied the exhibits that justify it. What Germany will have to outlive before she can regain the confidence of the world is a sentiment far stronger than dislike and distrust. Perhaps it may be characterized mildly as a shrinking abhorrence and a personal repulsion. She is regarded as an outcast and an outlaw, a beggar in the streets, who has earned the enmity of civilization, and she must pay the price.

Prominent Germans have declared, with much bravado, that they do not care what is the verdict of the world, that Germany will live it down and make her own history. But Germany cannot fail to care very profoundly what the sentence of the world against her fate may be. Even as the sentence, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting," stands eternally against Babylon, so will the sentence of the civilized world that the Huns deliberately planned to destroy civilization remain against Germany until the end of time.

Has man learned the lesson taught by the great war—that there can be no true freedom when the law of Righteousness is abolished? Freedom has come to him slowly, step by step, from her mountain heights. Will he, forgetful that she is the handmaid of Truth and Justice, drive her back? It may be, for not in a day, not without tremendous effort, can the old ideas of greed and might be torn from his nature.

Henry Ward Beecher, in the greatest speech he ever delivered, said: "It took Rome four hundred years to die, and the death of our nation should we perish will be far more terrific. May God hide me from the vision when the dying agonies of my country shall begin." Nations, like everything else, have

their morning, their noon and their night of life. Let us be sure that we are able to stay the lengthening shadows of this nation's day.

We are in the beginning of a stupendous world revolution. Mankind is coming of age. We are being pressed forward into a new and inevitable destiny. Shall we meet the test? Shall America be weighed in the balance and found wanting? We are still the worshippers of physical force and material rewards. Our idols have feet of clay. Our courts still mete out limping justice. Our education drives itself into the grooves of money and the making of a living rather than the building of strong manhood and womanhood. We still fill the air of our modern Babylons with the strident cries of sensual satisfaction, and through partisan politics we have bartered our birthright and sold the moral leadership of the world for a mere mess of pottage. We satisfy our fleshy hunger, but too often fail to feed our famishing souls. Our much-vaunted civilization proves all too frequently in hours of crisis an unsubstantial dream, and, like our religion, it is too often but a thin cloak to cover the nakedness and selfish sordidness of perverse and pride-filled hearts.

Shall we travel over the same lowlands of luxury, effeminancy, corruption and decay as the nations and governments that have risen and fallen before us on the plains of history? If America forgets that the enduring greatness of our country is founded upon what is really elevated and great in the minds and hearts of our people, if she forgets that the essential integer of our country, the seminal principle of American government, the germ of our greatness as a people, is the independent, fearless, individual man—then she too must suffer the inevitable result.

But if we are obedient to the larger vision, if we ever comprehend that our country's greatness consists, not in the wealth of her inhabitants, nor the extent of her dominions, but in the fitness of its people to maintain justice, liberty and conscientious manhood through the agency of good government, if we strive to make every home a little democracy and every

school a little republic, if we can lay aside our petty partisanships and assume our rightful place in the brotherhood of nations, where nations no longer plot as rivals but plan as partners—then we will have taken a long step to that "far-off divine event"—

"When the common sense of most
Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
Rapt in universal law."

A THOUGHT

Must the yearnings of an ardent soul
Be lost in an empty mind,
And all the dreams of the distant goal
Pass out in darkness blind?

Must the cries of pleading voices near
Be hushed by a silent tongue,
And the hopes in our hearts so dear
To the moaning winds be flung?

Shall the passing of the fleeting years
Find the service of our time,
Towering above all human fears
In noble deeds sublime?

No, no, comes a voice from the deep
No bans shall keep me down,
I shall the bounds of service leap
And gain from toil a crown.

M. S. G., '22.

LAST WORD FOR THE YEAR FROM HALMAN HANKS

Dear Soder, Liza Lee, and everybody,

As you oil knoe an as Herr Jimmie Chiles, hour jurman professor, wood say: Der Mai ist gekommen, an with oil this hot whether I do not fele like studyin, writin, sayin my prayers, or doin nuthin. I am unsartin of everything except that I jest want to sit, sleepe, an lay down. But dese here professers say if I don't pass my xaminations I jest as well stay on the farm an not cum back here next year. So there! I am afraid that I am goin to be like Mark Twan's spider that Doctur Knotty Rembert is so fond of tellin every class about which stepped on a hot shuvel an looked about surprised an withered away. Just hav the bellows in shape when I come home so you can pump some more life in me.

The reason that I am writin you oil togethur is on account of some of that same Spring fever.

HAL.

RING OUT, YOU BELLS OF FREEDOM!

Ring out! You bells of freedom!
  Ring out! *My* heart is free!
'Twas once I loved a pretty maid,
With tend'rest note, her name I said,
  And she did care for me.

But now I'm broken-hearted;
  She chose another one,
And left me just a memory
Of loving times that used to be.
  But henceforth they are done!

Ring out! I say, your message!
  Your tidings glad and free!
I am no more her only choice!
No more shall I hear that sweet voice
  Proclaim her love for me!

Peal forth your note of comfort,
  Your note of bonny cheer!
She loves another's self, not mine.
And, gracious Father, be it thine
  To take away *my* care.

Ring on till day of judgment!
  Give goodness to each heart
That quickens at another's sight,
And which the *devil* cannot blight.
  Bitterness is *my* part. "314."

LET THINGS BE

Still sings the pretty mocking birds
  Among the oak leaves green,
And calls my youth with enchanting words
  To follow memory's ken.

The flowers grow along the brook
  In which the fishes play;
At them I must be content to look—
  I am not a child today.

And here's the pretty, white sand,
  But I cannot stoop to build
The dirt-houses of the enchanted land
  With which my youth was filled.

I cannot be a child again,
  Though memory wandered far,
And as I have left the childhood plain,
  Let things be as they are.

B. T. S., 22.

THE EFFECTS OF THE AUTOMOBILE ON CHARACTER

ONE hot, sultry day last summer I traveled alone through the country to a small town of about one thousand inhabitants. As I was riding slowly up Main street, suddenly some one called to me from the sidewalk, "You have a flat tire."

After thanking the gentleman for his information I got out and proceeded to examine the tire. To my dismay I found the inner tube torn absolutely to pieces by a long nail. As there was no mechanic in town I was forced to take off the tire myself. After my car was ready for use again I was in no shape to attend to the business which had brought me to town. I was hot, dirty, and in a bad humor. The result was that I did not successfully accomplish my errand. Of course this did not help my temper, and I regret to say that I drove home so recklessly that I broke a spring. I realize that such outbursts of passion are injurious to my character, and an automobile, in this case at least, was the cause of my outburst.

I have in mind another incident which helps to illustrate the effect of the automobile on character. I happened to be one of a crowd of boys and girls who were returning from a picnic in a car that a boy friend of mine was driving. When we were passing through what we thought was a side street of a large town, at a fast rate of speed, suddenly some one shouted, "Stop! in the name of the law!"

A policeman stopped by the side of the car and asked, "What do you mean by exceeding the speed limit?"

"How did we know we were going too fast?" promptly responded the boy who was driving. "Fords don't wear speedometers, you know."

"If you expect us to go twelve miles, you will have to work these roads," added another, trying to get the policeman in a good humor.

The policeman refused to be treated in this manner, however, and after saying to us, among other things, that everybody was telling him the same thing, he escorted us very cere-

moniously down Main street and into the door of the mayor's office. Thirty minutes later we issued forth again. This time we were not escorted by the policeman, but why not? We had been found guilty of exceeding the speed limit and the only alternative then left was to pay ten dollars for the upkeep of those miserable roads. After much pleading and many denials, we paid the ten dollars, part of which we borrowed from the girls. We immediately left town, a wiser but poorer crowd. Our denials, of course, did no good to our characters, but as my friend said, "The Ford simply would not go slow."

I know of a few men who received absolutely no fresh air until they bought cars; others that never went to church until they owned some kind of automobile. Some other men work on their cars during the spare moments and it seems to serve as a diversion for their minds, allowing them to forget their business; last of all there is the patient man, who spends a large amount of time keeping his car washed, greased and running smoothly. He finally begins to enjoy his automobile as much as some people enjoy a good horse. He is the only kind of a man that should run a car.

On the average I think the effect of the automobile is bad on the character, especially that of the salesman who sells it. The salesman often exaggerates the good qualities of a car and makes unreliable promises.

I think all will agree with me when I say that the words used most often around a car are: "It's enough to make a preacher cuss."

H. F. J. '23.

THE COURSE OF A BROOK

Rolling, swishing, swirling, tumbling,
Murmuring, gurgling, tinkling, eddying
Softly gliding, winding onward:
That is the course of a brook.

J. M. C., 22.

THE INFIDEL

'Mid mighty crags and lofty rocks,
  'Mid nature shining 'round,
Into the stillness of the night
  There comes to us a sound:

"There is no God—no One Supreme,
  There's nothing after life!
There's just a puny year or two
  For us here in a strife!

"We are our own—none master us,
  Our sovereign word holds sway,
And we deny a God who rules
  And makes both night and day!"

It is an infidel who speaks,
  Who says man is supreme.
Poor wretched creature, misinformed
  Is such a one—*I* deem.

Can he not see in hills and vales,
  In mighty mountain heigths,
In oceans, trees, and meadows wide,
  In days and wondrous nights,

That there *must* be some ruling pow'r,
  Some mighty being divine?
Poor puny fool that will not see,
  Or maybe he is blind!

J. M. C.

———o———

A COUTIN'

I'se a gwine ter buy a autermobile
  En a lot ob fixin's fine,
En tak myself a coutin'
  To dat purty gal ob mine.

Now she ain't lak de common run
  What's all stuck up en proud,
En neber t'inks ob speakin'
  To po' foks in a crowd.

She's jest so good en gentle lak,
  En's got sich purty ways,
Dat de mens wants nothin' bettah
  Den ter lub 'er all der days.

But somehow she jest nacherly
  Pass 'em fo' me,
En if she'll jest say de word,
  One happy nigger I'll be.

'Case I lub er bettah den my life,
  En I'se a gwine ter mek er mine,
En ride er in a autermobile
  En dress 'er mighty fine.

B. T. S., '22.

THE LETTER'S COMMISSION

Tell her, letter, won't you tell her
  Of my love for her today,
Of my love that each tomorrow
  Will find farther on the way?

Show her once for all my feeling,
  How I long for her to be
Mine forever and forever,
  And for her to love just me!

Speak to her a message fervent,
  Full of sweet, endearing words.
Give her joy and peace and comfort,
  Like as comes with singing birds.

Ask that she be true and faithful,
  That she long for *me* each day,
As I long to be beside *her*
  In this pretty month of May.

"IMA NUT."

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the member of the Junior or Senior Classes submitting the best short story from those classes, and also to the member of the Freshman or Sophomore Classes submitting the best short story from those classes. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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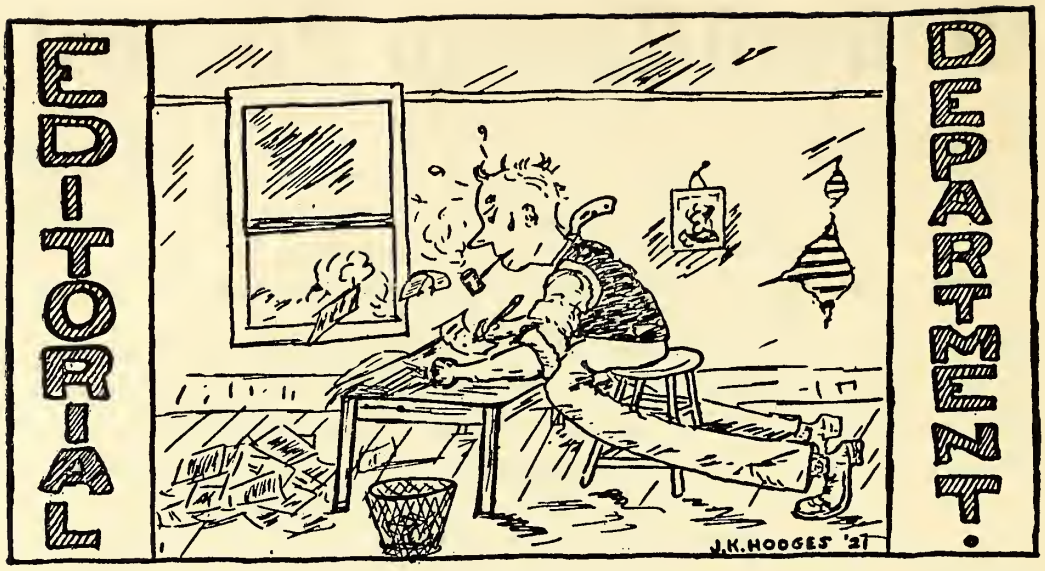

A. Stokes King ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
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It's Up to You

Too many college graduates, thru some misguided conception, have an idea that just because they have a college diploma the world owes them a living. A more colossal mistake could not be made. The fact that you have a college degree makes your task larger and the challenge greater. *You* owe the world a living and a good one at that. There is a tremendous responsibility resting upon the college man of today. Remember that when you came to college you left behind about ninety-nine others who could not or would not avail themselves of the opportunity of coming to college. Never before has there been such a demand for men—trained men—high-minded men—college men. And your college shares in this too. The success of an institution's graduates is the measure of that institution's success or failure. If its graduates are honored and respected, credit and commendation go to the institution. You had just as well make up your mind that whatever you go at, you've got to begin right at the bottom and work up. You must be content with long hours and small pay at first. After all, you get out of this world just about what you put into it and a little interest. Your employer will give you plenty of rope—you will either

make a ladder for yourself to climb or make it into a noose to hang yourself. It's up to you.

The Music Festival

The Spartanburg Music Festival was a brilliant success in every way. It is not necessary to add to that statement, for in a word that expresses the whole thing. And that is not unusual, for Spartanburg makes a success of everything it undertakes for the uplift and betterment of its citizens. Wofford students should be proud of the fact that they are in a town that affords such opportunities, for it is indeed a rare opportunity to be able to hear the best talent of the country and the world-renowned artists at your own door. Students should avail themselves of this opportunity and take advantage of the many treats which the culture and refinement of Spartanburg brings to us.

Farewell

With the publication of this issue the staff bids farewell for the year 1919-20. At the end of the year one naturally has a tendency to look back, to reflect and take stock. Looking back now, we first of all realize that we have made mistakes—many of them. Many of our plans did not materialize. Many of our hopes were never realized. This year, as all years, has had its round of joys and sorrows, of shadows and sunshine. But withal it has been a pleasant and a profitable year. We have fulfilled our obligations as best we could under handicaps. The management, as you know, has been very busily engaged with the college annual, and hence could not devote as much time to the JOURNAL as it would have liked. The management of two college publications is no small task, but rather merits your co-operation and sympathy, and fellows, did it occur to you that your college publications are just what you, the student body, make them? We live in a little community, our interests are common interests, what one student does affects every other student in college. Only by the earnest co-operation and honest en-

deavor on the part of the entire student body can any college put out a successful and interesting magazine. The lesson of co-operation is the *one* lesson that men have to learn if they expect harmony and success. Come back next year with the determination that at some time during the year you will contribute something to the JOURNAL, and will do your best to help in making your college paper second to none in the State. The publications are *yours* to reflect your ideas and opinions.

We wish to thank the members of the staff individually and collectively for the work they have done this year. They have been a loyal bunch and have stood by us, and we can wish for the new management nothing better than that they may have as loyal and as pleasant a personnel on their staff to work with as we have had. Good-bye and good luck!

OUR SENIOR POETS

There once was a lady from Guam,
Who said, "Now the sea is so calm
    I will swim, for a lark";
    But she met with a shark.
Let us now sing the ninetieth psalm.

J. C. Fowler.

There was a young lady named Hannah
Who slipped on a peel of banana,
    More stars she espied
    As she lay on her side
Than are found in the Star Spangled Banner.

V. C. Earle.

There was an old man with a beard.
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
    Two owls and a hen,
    Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard."

F. L. FitzSimons.

There was a young lady of Lynn
Who was so excessively thin,
    That when she essayed
    To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

R. W. Davis.

IMPERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

The proof of the wedding is in the alimony.

When a husband loses his temper he usually finds his wife's.

PSYCHOLOGY—It is easy enough to restrain our wrath when the other fellow is the bigger.

Autos rush in where mortgages dared to tread.

The proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way" is now changed to "When there's a bill we're away."

ATTENTION, MINISTERIAL STUDENTS—Recipe for a parson—

To a cupful of negative goodness
  Add the pleasure of giving advice,
Sift in a peck of dry sermons,
  And flavor with brimstone or ice.

—Life.

Headline in newspaper—"Wofford to purchase collection of fossils." Whether for the faculty or the Science Department is not announced.

Carlisle Hall hash is the connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom.

WANTED TO KNOW—Why it is that the more worthless a man is, the more fish he can catch.

There are two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS—She—"I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

He (absent-mindedly)—"Yes, my lamb."

Woodrow Ward (to "Sausridge" Davis)—"Have any of your boyish ambitions been realized?"

Sausridge Davis—"Yes; when my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be bald-headed."

"The evening wore on," continued the man who was telling the story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the would-be wit, "but can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I don't know that it is important," replied the story-teller. "But if you must know, I believe it was the close of a summer's day."

Murph (reciting in Bible)—"————an' the blind man saw him comin' an' ————."

Nelson, G. M. (in Chemistry)—"This solution contains copper and *alimony* (antimony)."

WANTED TO KNOW—Why, when "Polly" Parrot says grace in the dining room, he always asks the Lord to pardon our sins. Is it another case where the need is father to the thought?

Sophomore—Writin' home for money?

Junior—Nope!

Sophomore—Then what on earth are you taking all that trouble about? You've been working on that letter for two hours.

Junior—I'm trying to write home without asking for money!—Cartoons Magazine.

F. S. Snyder (to N. F. Kirkland)—"Kirk, can you read German this morning?"

Kirkland—"You bet I can. I can even read it between the lines."

ALUMNI NOTES

W. K. Suggs, '17, was on the campus recently. He is now a law student at the University of South Carolina.

E. S. Johnson, '19, was here recently. He is teaching school at Hodges, S. C.

T. D. Bailey, '19, is teaching school in the lower part of the state.

G. S. Ford, '19, and W. D. White, '19, are law students at the State University.

Grady Turner, '17, is with the Southern Bell Telephone Co., at Darlington, S. C.

T. M. Earle, '17, has entered the automobile business in Spartanburg, S. C.

W. W. Alman, '18, is cashier of the Bank of Union.

J. H. Nelson, '18, is an instructor in English at Cornell University.

J. H. Porter, '18, and J. R. Flowers, '18, are taking medical courses at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

G. D. Sanders, '18, is instructor and fellow in English at Cornell University.

R. K. White, '18, is teaching in Atlanta, Ga.

F. A. Buddin, '18, is preaching at Pamplico, S. C.

A. C. Finch, '18, is an instructor in the Wofford Fitting School.

W. H. Wallace, '18, and J. D. Wyatt, '19, are law students at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

W. C. Fridy, '18, is engaged in the furniture business in Spartanburg. He was recently married.

A. M. Graham, '18, is an instructor at Hastoc School and Cecil's Business College.

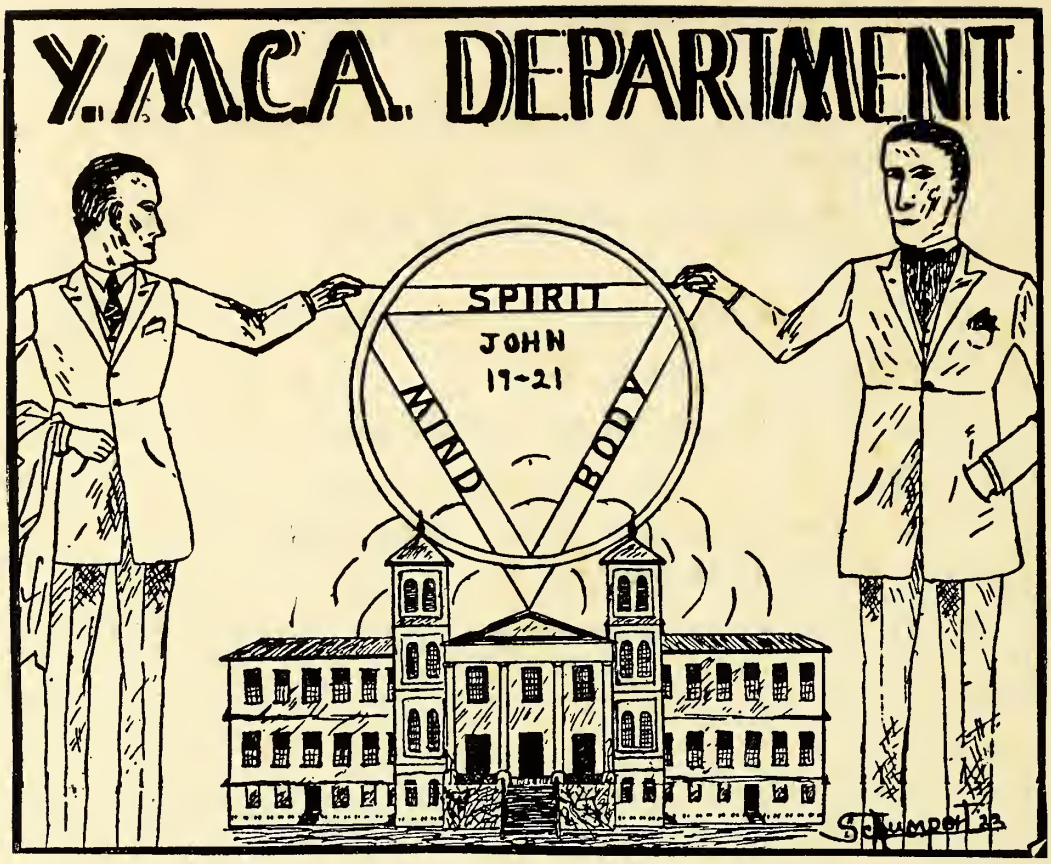
R. B. Burgess, '17, is connected with the Textile Industrial Institute.

E. O. Watson, '17, and J. C. Lanham, '18, are teaching at Carlisle School, Bamberg, S. C.

J. E. Ellis, '19, is taking a theological course at Emory University.

W. A. Love, '19, was on the campus recently. He is in business at his home town.

L. D. Hamer, '18, is teaching at Heath Springs, S. C.



T. J. Herbert.....Editor

APRIL SIXTEENTH

The scheduled speaker of the evening was unable to come, but those present were far from disappointed. Dr. Snyder gave a short talk on the duties of the students towards each other, stressing the responsibilities of each in such a manner as to impress it deep upon the minds of all who were so fortunate as to hear him.

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

The Association appreciating the fact that the meetings of the "Y" were becoming a little stereotyped, made somewhat of a change in the program. Messrs. W. Ward, W. Lever and M. S. Gleaton each gave a very interesting talk. All are glad to see such local talent and wish that those in authority would lay more stress on the speakers among the students themselves. This meeting showed that the "Y" is capable of supplying its own local talent to conduct its meetings.

APRIL THIRTIETH

The students had the extreme pleasure and privilege of hearing Mr. T. M. Lyles, of this city. Little do those who were absent from this meeting realize what a beneficial talk they missed. Mr. Lyles so explained the meaning of "Stewardship" that all of those present saw clearly the responsibility that rests upon each in relation to the honors placed upon one by his fellow students. Such topics as these never grow old. If the boys realized the good obtained at these meetings it would be impossible to keep them away. But for some unknown reason they seem to be asleep to their opportunities. We realize that after a hard week's work that one desires relaxation. But they seem not to understand the meaning of the campus "Y." This organization is not for a few of the students, it is everybody's "Y." All are contributing to its support, all should obtain every possible good from it that they possibly can.

MAY SEVENTH

On this Friday evening the attendance was unusually good. But there was a cause for this noticeable increase, Prof. Vermont, of Converse College, was to speak. Everyone went with high expectations of an exceedingly interesting talk. And Mr. Vermont's audience was far from being disappointed. The need and also the privileges of a strong manhood was the theme of his lecture, and this topic was dealt with in such a manner as to hold his hearers spellbound. The speaker made an effective appeal for a better standard of manhood. He showed the horrible results of those who have little regard for their character or even the character of others. Touching upon the unfairness of the double standard for men and women, he then pictured the reward of a clean, straightforward young man. Then he talked about the ability of young American men to appreciate real art, showing the need of cultivation of this part of the lives of men in order to make the best and most reliable manhood.

It is very unfortunate that this excellent address was not heard by the entire student body. It would have appealed to every class of real red-blooded American manhood.

Let us all be at the next meeting of the "Y"! Get behind and lend your shoulder to help push it to the front. It is your organization. Are you going to be a slacker?

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